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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXIII

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A Happy~
New Year

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Modesty is of the color of virtue.
Fish and visitors smell in three days.
There can be no Christianity where there is no charity.
The vicious obey their passions as slaves obey their masters.
Loving souls are like paupers, they live on what is given them.
A good principle was never found solitary in any human breast.
Prefer diligence before idleness, unless you esteem rust above brightness.
The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen.
The creed of the true saint is to make the most of life and the best of it.

Heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed
That man of man should ever stand in need.
—Theocritus.

We frequently pass from love to ambition but seldom from ambition to love.
Of evil men do more than they contemplate, and of good they contemplate more than they do.
Of all earthly music that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.
Every time a man smiles, but more so when he laughs, it adds something to the fragrance of life.
In praising or loving a child we love and praise not that which is, but that which we hope for.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath is rude.
—Shakespeare.

Whether we stumble, or whether we fall, we must only think of rising again and going on in our course.

To attack vices in the abstract without touching persons may be safe fighting, but it is fighting with shadows.

As well might a lovely woman look daily in her mirror, yet not be aware of her beauty, as a great soul be unconscious of the powers with which Heaven has gifted him.

New Years in Jim-Bob Gulch

By Addison Howard Gibson

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"H I, over there, Cinnamon! I want to interview you." "What you want interviewin' me, Alkali?" asked he of the cinnamon-tinted whiskers, as the big cow-puncher spurred his broncho forward. "My liver's all O. K. I ain't gone back on frijoles yet, have I?" "Ye bet you ain't, Cinnamon," replied Alkali, looking with approval upon his range partner's healthy, rosy face. "You're a livin', ridin' advertisement for this climate. But say! I want you to help me kind of diagnose the case of Jim-Bob Gulch."

"All right! Where'll we begin?" "With the little school ma'am," repeated Cinnamon turning a shade rosier at mention of the girl who had come from Chicago to teach the dozen children of the ranchmen along Jim-Bob Gulch in Arizona. "Why begin with her?" "Cause she wants it."

"Wants wot, Alkali?" becoming alertly attentive. "Wants us to turn over a new leaf and have some New Year's business up here in Jim-Bob Gulch. She was talkin' to me at Plunker's hop, the night you danced six times with her and Monte swore he'd shoot you if you didn't ring off. She says we're not settin' a proper wiggle in good citizenship before the Jim-Bob kids, never noticin' the President's proclamation to keep Thanksgivin'. Then we had nothin' stirrin' here on Christmas, and let them howlin' galoots over in Poor Dog Canyon have a tree and kill a Mexican. By razors! No wonder that school ma'am thinks we're droppin' behind the times some. And she wants us to help her get up a big New Year's dinner and invite all the Jim-Bobbers to line in for a social round-up."

"We'll help her, by beeswax we will!" yelled Cinnamon, sending a bullet whizzing toward the zenith to emphasize his declaration. "Help her? By razors, yes! There's Teddy a swingin' on the White House gate and just whoopin' up the affairs of this old nation in Rough Rider style. Ain't you and me a-goin' to keep our end up out here in Arizona and do somethin' for the good of our country?"

"That's right, Alkali." After a further conference on the subject in hand, Alkali and Cinnamon agreed that they each had only a very vague idea of just what the little school teacher wanted them to do for her. "She's the Brigadier General of this skirmish," said Cinnamon. "Let's ride over to Butler's ranch where she's stoppin' and get our orders."

"Now you said a lot just then," returned Alkali. "With a cowboy yell that echoed far up the gulch, they stuck spur to their ponies and went dashing off down the crooked trail toward Butler's. Arriving there they asked the Jap cook to tell Miss Temple they wanted to speak to her. Being a day of sunshine and warmth, Miss Temple received her visitors on the porch of the Butler ranch-house.

"How are the arrangements for our New Year's social progressin'?" she asked with one of her bewitching smiles, that made Cinnamon almost tumble over the bench where he was preparing to sit.

"The fact is, Miss Temple," began Alkali, after making several unsuccessful signals for Cinnamon to act as spokesman, "we're up a stump. We're willin' to do, if we know your plans."

In that sweet voice of hers, which made both Alkali and Cinnamon her devoted slaves, Miss Temple explained that she and Mrs. Butler thought it would be very nice to have all the people living in the gulch to bring baskets of provisions to a certain place and have a social New Year's time, finishing with an old-fashioned party that night.

"Now," she finished, "Mrs. Butler and I will see the women, and make all arrangements for the dinner. We will depend on you boys to provide or select the place, and also furnish some amusement as a sort of drawing card. And at

the same time let us not forget to do all we can to start the year right, to make the community better, and to make people happier."

"I don't think I got much missionary spirit in my hide," remarked Alkali, as they rode off with Miss Temple's instructions. "How about you, Cinnamon?"

"Same here, but if she told me to quit cussin' and say my prayers, I'd try hard to obey. Bet your life I would!"

"Say, Cinnamon, it's up to you and me to help her purify these Jim-Bobbers and start off with clean new leaves turned over for 'em this New Year. By razors, it is! And we have just four days and a half to make them arrangements in."

The half-day was used to discuss plans of "purification and entertainment," as Alkali expressed it, and to interest the cowboys all up and down the gulch in Miss Temple's observance of New Year's day. The idea caught like a wild fire among these lively fellows, and before night there was more than a score of them ready to serve under the little school ma'am's colors. The promise of something out of the ordinary to break the sameness of cowboy life was sufficient incentive to arouse these range riders to action, had they lacked the influence of Miss Temple's personality.

In the red-gold of the New Year's dawn, Alkali heading a force of cow-punchers rode down the trail of Jim-Bob Gulch and halted before a long building, made of adobe and stone, with the sign, "Beffer's Saloon," above the bullet-perforated door. By his mean treatment of customers and general unscrupulous methods of doing business, Pete Beffer had won for himself the dislike of the community and the undying enmity of the cowboys.

"Hello, Beffer, you agent of Hades!" yelled Alkali, pounding the closed door with his quirt. "Open to your New Year's guests."

The door was soon unbolting and cautiously opened by a half-dressed man with a coarse face and bleary eyes. In a gruff voice he demanded: "Wot's up?"

"This Brigade is, you ole dealer of rot-gut and damnation," returned Alkali. "Accordin' to Jim-Bob resolutions for New Year's you're booked to pull up your stake and go lopin' off down the canyon—you and your devilish dope. Sabot Jim-Bob is wakin' up. It don't want you and your rotten swill here to pervert morals any longer and it naturally won't keep you an hour longer. We want this casa grande to celebrate New Year's in, and you're well enough acquainted with this outfit to know we're takin' unadulterated business to you. Give possession peacefully, or Carrie Nationally we'll get the Oriental hump on us and go to extractin' corks and bungs."

Beffer was wise enough to refrain from answering this speech. He knew that he stood alone in a settlement of cattlemen that hated him generously, and after sizing up the committee, which looked more like an arsenal to the saloon-keeper than anything else, he called Jose, the Mexican boy, who sometimes helped him, to hitch the mules to the wagon. With the united assistance of the cowboys, in exactly forty-seven minutes by Alkali's "turnip," the contents of the building were loaded on the wagon and Beffer and his liquid goods moved down the canyon.

This having been accomplished to the satisfaction of Alkali, he detailed several of the "brigade" to clean the building, arrange seats out of boards, and put it in readiness to receive the Jim-Bobbers when they should arrive. Then calling Cinnamon aside, the leader said:

"Now we'll ride down to Nick's cabin and tell him he's got to do the entertainment act. By razors! It's a gol-sizzled mean ole galoot, who's in love with a nice woman, and has plenty to support a wife, and then won't do anything for the good of his country."

"I should say so," agreed Cinnamon, as they rode down the trail.

Approaching a little adobe dwelling that squatted like a lazy burro back among the rocks Alkali and his companion halted.

"Hello in there, Nick!" he called. There was a shuffling of feet inside the adobe,

The Best

By Jesse Clifford Bowman

Heart of love, with year hand in mine,
Your eyes aglow with faith divine,
When June's fair blossoms all are thine,
What lovest thou the best?
When love is new and hope is strong,
The joy of living is the song,
That throbs and pulses all day long
Within my eager breast.

Heart of mine, when the years unfold,
Their noontide sky on seas of gold,
And we gather harvests manifold,
What maketh life most dear?
Though deep the travail I have known
For hearts that beat against my own,
Now that around me they have grown,
It is their song of cheer.

Heart of hearts, when a crimson sky
Shows the end of the journey nigh,
And over the land long shadows lie,
What seemeth best to thee?
It is the thought of having won
Life's gift of love; and work well done;
The promise of the parting sun;
That seemeth best to me.

and soon a short little man with a semi-bald cranium and meek blue eyes, appeared in the doorway.

"Ain't you goin' over to the New Year's to-do?" asked Alkali.

"I'm feelin' extr'y this mornin'," answered Nick Gump, yawning sleepily. "I think I'll stay at home."

"Oh, git out!" exclaimed Alkali. "You got to go to the weddin'!"

"Weddin'?" opening his eyes in surprise. "I didn't hear nothin' about no weddin'."

"That's mighty queer, ain't it, Cinnamon?" Alkali said with a wink at his partner.

"Queer ain't no name for it," returned Cinnamon.

"Who is goin' to hitch up?" asked Nick Gump, showing interest.

"Jennie Turner is to be the bride," informed Alkali.

The little man in the door went very red in the face. Here he had been loving Jennie for five years, but had never had the courage to tell her. Now while he waited with trembling heart, someone else had carried off the prize.

"Who's she—Jennie—goin' to marry?" he managed at last to stammer.

"A moss-backed, knock-kneed ole bach called Nick Gump," announced Alkali.

"Me?"

"Yes, you, you lucky galoot. Now git ready and march like a lamb to the weddin' halter."

"What kind of a josh are you boys givin' me?" Nick said meekly.

"It's all straight goods, Nick," Cinnamon assured him.

"That's the snuff," Alkali approved. "It ain't everybody gits the helpin' you have. But it's New Year's and we've been appointed on the committee to make folks happy. Now you've been in love with Jennie ever since you come out of the Ark, but you're too gol-simmered bashful to ask her to be yours, when everybody knows she's refused a lot of good fellows to wait for you. Her dad's got a big family on his hands and he's playin' in hard luck. It'd been a help to Dad Turner if you'd take Jennie. Cinnamon here and me is turnin' over your New Year's leaf for you, and we aim to see there ain't any errors or omissions writ there agin ye. Sabot! Here's the license, Nick, it is, by razors!" producing a paper from his pocket. "The probate judge is a friend of ours, and so we hadn't any trouble gittin' it. And he said he knowed you and Dad Turner both voted for him last election, so he just throwed in his fees as a weddin' present with his New Year's wishes for a smooth ride without any buckin' over the big range of life. Git straddle of that cayuse now and ride with us over to Turner's."

"Geewhilleans, boys," Nick Gump began to whine in nervous misery, "I just naturally can't do that."

"Git right on that cayuse, I say!" commanded Alkali, drawing his six-shooter. "Cinnamon and me is informin' this New Year's resolution of yours, Nick, at the point of the bayonet, too."

With a groan of resignation to his fate, Gump climbed on his cayuse and rode between Alkali and Cinnamon on down the gulch. About a mile farther on they came to a cabin where an old, jolly-faced man in a corral was greasing the axle of a rheumatic-looking wagon. A stout, rosy-cheeked young woman of twenty-five, with dark, roguish-looking eyes, and wearing a neat blue calico gown, which was picturesquely pinned up, was holding the wagon wheel at the proper angle for the ranchman's manipulations.

"Hello!" greeted Alkali, reining in before the corral, "you folks goin' up to the New Year's social?"

"Yep," answered Dad Turner, adjusting the wheel, "I'm aimin' to drive the woinin folks over. We ain't never been to nothin' of the kind since we left Missouri. Jennie says she wants to show off her new hat she bought in Tombstone just before Christmas."

"That's no such thing, dad," denied Jennie bridling. "You're more anxious to go than we are. Ever since Miss Temple invited us, you've been starvin' up for that New Year's dinner."

"Come over to the bars, Jennie," said Alkali, "we want to see you."

Jennie came over and leaned against the corral bars, while Dad Turner began putting the harness on his mules.

"There's goin' to be a New Year's hitchin'-match," explained Alkali, "a weddin', and you mustn't miss it."

"Who's to be married?" asked Jennie, glancing half-shyly at Gump, who was fidgeting nervously on his broncho.

Cinnamon pointed his finger toward Nick. "Yes Nick's the bridegroom," said Alkali, "and he's just come over to invite you to help him find the bride. We have a license and we don't want to leave the people without no swell entertainment on this occasion."

Jennie blushed very prettily. Then she said archly:

"Nick ain't engaged to anybody at dad's ranch that I know of."

"No," Alkali answered quickly, "but the bashful galoot wants to be." Then aside to Nick he urged, "Now do a little turnin' of your own leaf."

"Well, Jennie," stammered Nick, "what do you say to—"

"Say to what?" she asked, her dark eyes provocatively roguish.

"To ridin' the range—no, to hitchin' with—"

then he stopped in confusion. "Who do you mean, Nick?" asked Jennie.

"Maybe he means me," said Alkali.

"Or more'n likely me," put in Cinnamon.

"No, I don't," exclaimed Nick, with a heroism born of desperation, "I mean me—myself. I want you to marry me, Jennie."

About two hours later, Nick and Jennie stood up before the little one-junger preacher, borrowed from Poor Dog for this event, and in the presence of the citizens of Jim-Bob were proclaimed man and wife. Cinnamon looked at Miss Temple's happy face, chewed his pink whiskers and sighed, and wished she'd let the preacher "say words" over them. But he dared not speak. She seemed so far above him, a cow-puncher without much schooling in books and with the wild speech and manners of the range. Even Alkali, as he looked around him at the happy throng in the renovated saloon, felt a yearning in his old heart for a respite of his own, formulating there, a sort of holy resolution, and wondering if the little school ma'am would approve his plans.

Feasting and old-fashioned games filled the day, and if the Jim-Bobbers' joy could be measured by good cheer, friendly feeling, and mirthful pleasures, then it was heaped up and running over. As Alkali said, "It was a gol-suzzled, howlin' Happy New Year's, by razors!"

STOP THIEF!

Don't let "Procrastination the Thief of Time" rob you of your opportunities

"Never put off till tomorrow what can and ought to be done today" is the most important and helpful New Year's resolution that you can make. Begin the new year right and put that resolution in practice today by sitting down right now, this very minute with pen or pencil (either will do) and filling out

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for 1911, a dainty wall ornament, as a holiday present.

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Washington and Lincoln COMFORT

for February will be a large, fine unusually interesting number. Besides helpful facts and anecdotes about these two greatest Americans, the example of whose patriotism is so much needed in these times of avarice and greed, it will contain an elaborately illustrated article on the remarkable career of General Steuben, the Revolutionary War hero in whose honor Congress has just erected a \$50,000 bronze statue, also a valentine story and other fascinating short stories. February COMFORT will be one of the best of the year. Don't take any chance of missing it by letting your subscription run out.

Home-Furnishing COMFORT in March

will equal or excel that big 48-page number of last March on which our subscribers complimented us so highly. A mine of useful suggestions that will interest every woman; but you will miss that too, if you let your subscription run out.

Tell your friends about these specially interesting features of the February and March numbers of COMFORT and get them to subscribe or renew and help you to earn a nice premium and win a cash prize.

It Will Pay You Big

to make a little hustle after these subscriptions and renewals this month. BUT RENEW or EXTEND YOUR OWN subscription first, if you have not already done so, and MAKE SURE OF THE CALENDAR AT ONCE, so to have it to show as it is a Big Help in getting subscriptions and renewals.

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January, 1911.



STRIKE!

But don't quit work; get busy and do something to make the world better and happier.

Strike hard and fearlessly at evil wherever the hydra-headed monster appears.

Strike at the great social evils of intemperance, licentiousness and gambling, and at the barroom so largely responsible for these three which ruin tens of thousands of homes every year.

Strike at monopoly whenever it shows a tendency to tyrannize or oppress, and at public graft and official corruption which it fosters.

Strike for the square deal, demanding that everybody shall get just what belongs to him and no more.

This much is no more than justice and common decency demand. The people, that is, the good people who constitute the vast majority, are for it; it is only a few, comparatively, who are against it.

Then why are these monstrous evils which are sapping the prosperity, the health, the morals of the country and menacing the very existence of the republic permitted to exist, and openly, scandalously and in defiance of law get in their ruinous work, day and night, week-days, holidays and Sundays?

It is simply because in every locality, in every state and throughout the nation the few who, like vultures, fatten on corruption and grow rich on the wages of sin are banded together and effectually organized to protect and promote their nefarious interests, while the great mass of the good people stand idly by and let the deadly work go on.

Why don't the good people rise in their might and stamp out these shocking and notorious evils? They could if they would, as the promoters of vice and the base politicians and faithless officials that protect them know full well, and they tremble whenever an effort is made to arouse the people to action.

Some people do not know the extent of the evil and the danger; others are too busy to take an interest; others are selfishly content to shun evil themselves while they let their weaker brothers and sisters fall victims. Is this Christian?

Others are afraid to take a decisive stand or an active part in the great battle for law, order and decency for fear of injuring their social, political or business prospects. This is unpatriotic, cowardly, shameful.

Thank God, most of the good people have the courage of their convictions and are ready and willing to strike and

strike hard when public evils and dangers are called to their attention and they are shown how to go about it to remedy them.

Just this is an important part of COMFORT's mission, to expose the evils that beset us as a nation, that threaten the home and lie in wait to corrupt and ruin the young, and to arouse public sentiment to the necessity of taking active measures for public safety.

To a considerable extent this is a thankless task largely unappreciated by those for whose good it is undertaken.

The following extract from a letter which I received last summer shows what bitter enemies COMFORT makes by its fearless stand in favor of the people's rights:

"If you dare to publish many such articles as those (4th of July Editorial and article by Uncle Charlie) were, you will land behind the bars. You have no right to print such stuff as that for the lower (laboring) class to read. They have no business reading it. It will tend to make them think on their condition and become discontented. You may say that you only printed the truth, which I admit, but my dear sir, we don't want the common herd to read the truth in such matters. * * A word to the wise is sufficient. You have had yours."

What do you think of that? And I haven't given you the worst part of that shameless letter because it was unfit to print.

How many others that prefer darkness to light because their ways are evil do you suppose would like to see COMFORT's publisher behind the bars for printing the truth and teaching the people to do their own thinking and to vote and work against the influences which threaten the general welfare and the happiness of the home.

But I am cheered by thousands of letters highly commending COMFORT's great work for the social, intellectual and moral uplifting of humanity as well as its splendid charity.

I am proud of COMFORT's charity, and mercy work so effectively conducted by Uncle Charlie through the League of Cousins and by means of the Wheel-Chair Club. The present field is so large that we need ten times as much as we can raise for the relief of the poor, the sick and the shut-ins, and I ask you all to help as liberally as you can during the coming year.

But remember that nine-tenths of all the crime, sickness, poverty and distress in this country is the result of vice in the individual or the parent, or of man's injustice and inhumanity to man.

Just think of the misery, sickness and distress for which drunkenness alone is responsible; while many other vices also destroy the parent and result in diseased and depraved children to pass the curse down through endless generations.

If we could once do away with vice, crime and dishonesty and establish in their place thrift, morality and honesty, so that everybody should do his part and receive what belonged to him for his wages and for his money, and neither money, time, nor health were wasted in dissipation there would be scarcely any need for charity, and the human race would soon become strong and well, independent and happy.

Remember then, justice even before charity, and while you minister to the needy with the hand of charity, strike with the mailed fist against vice, corruption, graft and oppression.

The latter is the harder task. The World applauds you when you feed and clothe the destitute children of the drunkard, but if you try to close the barrooms in order to remove the cause of destitution and to reform the drunkard you run up against the allied powers of Satan's kingdom.

Even the rum-sellers, the grafters and the owners of

the criminal trusts make a show of giving of their blood-stained money in charity in the hope of quieting public indignation.

The World wants not their charity, but demands, and in the end will have, their reform. That is the great battle which COMFORT is fighting in the interest of humanity, and in it COMFORT needs and should have the active support of every decent person.

By bettering the conditions of the home, by abolishing dishonesty in high places and suppressing the traffic in vice and immorality the evil influences which corrupt and lead astray the young would be largely removed and we might fairly expect to raise a generation of children practically free from crime and vice. Just think what that would mean. If we could only bring up the present generation of children to be good men and women the problem would be solved once and forever; the millennium would be attained; for once purified the World would never relapse back into sin, shame and disease.

It is hard to reform the grown-ups; but the confirmed criminals, beginning with the biggest and highest up, can and must be compelled by the strong arm of the law made active by an aroused public sentiment to desist from plundering and debauching the people; their bad example and the net of temptations with which they surround the young must be banished forever.

Save the young and you will regenerate the world. For this purpose it is necessary, not only to strike for the suppression of vicious influences, but also to interest, educate and strengthen the young to overcome temptation when met; and it is along this line that COMFORT puts forth its supreme efforts.

Do you know of any other magazine that does so much and in so many different ways as COMFORT to interest the young in innocent pastimes and useful accomplishments, to elevate their ideas, to strengthen their characters and to induce them to practice the Christian virtues which it teaches?

COMFORT aspires to be in the front rank of leaders in every movement for progress and reform, especially those which directly affect the material and moral welfare of the home, and will ever be true to its motto "Onward and Upward."

While COMFORT is entertaining, cheery and hopeful, looks on the bright side of life, inspires happiness and believes that the world is growing better and that right is gaining ground, it realizes that the present stage of progress has been reached only by centuries of effort and unremitting vigilance which must be kept up in the future in order to advance or even to hold our own.

Make the best of things and be happy; don't mourn over what you can't help; don't compromise with evil, and never be contented to let conditions remain as they are if you know they can be bettered. This is COMFORT's practical optimism, and happiness in the home can only be attained and maintained by battling for the principles which COMFORT advocates.

COMFORT's helpfulness should be brought into every home in the land, and could be if each of our subscribers would only do a little missionary work in its behalf. Don't you feel that you ought to help some?

I am doing all I can in giving you COMFORT at such a low price, so much and so good for the money. I can only go so far in extending its sphere of usefulness, and must rely on the co-operation of such of my subscribers as are interested in the good work which COMFORT is doing to assist me in introducing it to other homes which ought to be brought under its cheering and elevating influence.

Now, dear reader, if you are in sympathy with what COMFORT stands for and labors for, will you not strike a blow for the cause by getting me at least one new subscriber this month?

Better still, help yourself at the same time by getting a number of subscribers and earning some of the fine premiums described in this and the December number of COMFORT, and quite likely win a cash prize, too.

Don't forget that you can help the shut-ins, without expense to yourself, by sending COMFORT subscriptions to be credited to the Wheel-Chair Club.

I want all our old subscribers to have our beautiful 1911 Calendar, and you will receive one if you renew your own or send us a new subscription this month, and the new subscriber will receive the Calendar too.

Now let us all pull together and help boost the good work which COMFORT is doing.

I wish you all a prosperous and Happy New Year.

Your friend and publisher,

W. H. GANNETT.

BILLY BREECHES

The Boy Who Defended His Honor

By Elizabeth R. Carpenter

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WILLIAM BRENTWOOD, so called in school by his teachers, and so entered in the register of births in the family Bible, was one and the same with Billy Breeches, so called half in tenderness, half in chaff in the home circle. For, on the great and memorable occasion of Billy donning his first trousers, at the age of three and one half years, and proudly strutting into the library, chubby hands in pockets, Grandpop had suddenly dropped the evening paper he was reading, looked over his spectacles with amazement and delight, and cried:

"Billy Breeches, Billy Breeches! you're a boy at last!" and the soubriquet had clung to him ever since.

But this was four years ago, and the days for playing pick-a-back with Grandpop, or roaming all day through the woods, or fishing in the old pond with Grandpop were gone. For all good things must pass, such are the realities of life, and Billy was, as he proudly expressed it, "going on eight," and had started school, and in short, began to feel quite like a man.

One warm afternoon in early summer, Billy walked slowly up the path to the house. Mother was sitting out on the porch, rocking Baby Betty, as was her custom on fine days. She watched the little boy approach, with a welcoming smile. Billy went and stood before her, and took off his cap.

"Mother," he said, and his voice was ominously quiet, "Sandy Murray, the boy who sits next me in class, lost his gold pencil today, and he says I took it! and mother, some of Sandy's

friends waited after school, and when I passed they called me thief!"

Mrs. Brentwood looked intently at the boy, then, the sharp eyes of the mother seeing the suppressed misery on the little face, she suddenly gathered him into her arms.

"Mother's precious," she said tenderly, "they're bad wicked boys, nobody will believe them." But Billy's pent-up grief broke out at last and bursting into tears, he fled to his room.

Billy's mother stood irresolute for a moment, then went into the cool, dark parlor, where the old man was taking his daily nap. For Grandpop was not as young as he used to be, and sometimes the heat was almost too much for him.

EDITORIAL COMMENT. In his efforts to comfort Billy Breeches and to encourage him to cherish a good name above all else, did Grandpa do right in teaching him to fight even as a last resort in defense of his reputation? Was there not some other equally effective and more dignified method by which Billy might have satisfied his own sense of honor and acquired the esteem and admiration of his schoolmates. If Billy had not fought the bully would the boys have considered him a coward? If so, would the consciousness of that fact have tended to lower Billy's self-respect and degrade his sense of honor.

What would you have advised Billy to do if he had been your boy?

Boys naturally have a high sense of honor which by all means should be encouraged, but as they also have wrong ideas about fighting, such as makes duelling still popular in Europe, the situation described in this story presents a practical difficulty which is sure to arise in the bringing up of every boy. That is why we print the story, not to encourage fighting, which COMFORT discourages, but to set the children and the parents to thinking and devising a better way to settle such difficulties.

Write us your views. We want to hear from the boys and girls as well as from older folks. COMFORT will print some of the best of them.

EDITOR.

Today he sat tipped back in a big rocker, his slippers on the floor beside him, his little skull cap very much on one side, fast asleep.

Mrs. Brentwood gently awakened him, and told what had happened. The old man listened quietly, while two little pink spots appeared on his cheeks, for the Brentwoods were half French, and the French are as ready to resent an insult as a tinder-box to strike fire.

When she finished, he got up and walked twice the length of the room. Twice he pulled off his little cap and rumbled his hair the wrong way, a sure sign of strong emotion with him. Finally, with an air of determination, he reached for his cane and slowly mounted the stairs.

Billy lay on the edge of the bed, where he had thrown himself, his shaggy head buried in the pillow. The old man went over and sat down beside him.

"Hello, Billy Breeches, here's Grandpop come to talk to you."

Billy's head rooted deeper into the pillow and his crying broke out afresh: "They called me thief," he cried. "Oh, my, they called me thief!"

"Rascals!" cried the old man, angrily striking his cane upon the floor. "We'll fix 'em. Sit up beside me, Billy, and I'll tell you how we'll fix Sandy Murray. But first I'm going to tell you a story."

So Billy was coaxed to sit up beside Grandpop, while the two clasped hands, as true comrades should, and the old man began a wonderful story of the time when he lived away off in France, and was a young officer in the army. And, how a low "fellow" had insulted him, calling him by a much worse name even than thief. How Grandpop had challenged the fellow to apologize (that is to say he was sorry for his insult), or to fight, how the fellow refusing to apologize, the two had met in the early morning, by the edge of a forest called Fontainebleau, and had fought for twenty minutes, with a kind of sword called rapier, and how, at last, Grandpop had avenged his honor, and left the other man bleeding from his wounds in the dust!

Billy's eyes were round as saucers when the story was finished. "And did you kill him?" he asked in an awestruck voice.

"No," answered the old man, "the fight was not to the death, and I did not mean to kill him, but he carried the scars to his grave. And now, he continued, suddenly returning to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

A Few Words by the Editor

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL! The old year is dead, and a New year is born. The year that has gone, brought its trials, tribulations, sorrows, regrets and hardships more or less to all of us. Chastened by the experiences we gained in the last twelve months, let us resolve to profit by them, and make the year of 1911 as far as it is in our power, a year creditable to ourselves and useful and helpful to our fellows.

The past is dead, but its memories remain with us, and in the ashes of our failures and past mistakes, let us build again a temple of hope and high endeavor, and putting forth the best that is in us, solemnly consecrate ourselves to the service of God and humanity.

Let us keep our ideals unspotted from the world, lofty and pure, and write with golden letters in the sands of time for the year 1911 this resolution: "I will live to the best of my ability as I believe God would have me live. I will do the things I believe God would have me do, and if I fail it shall be through no fault of mine."

Don't let past failures discourage you, or engulf you in a sea of despair. Let not its ghost haunt you or shadow the pathway of the New Year, with its wraiths of blighted hopes and bitter disappointments.

You cannot undo the past, so over its ashes spend not your precious moments in vain regrets, but profit by the experience of your past failures and start anew with redoubled effort and renewed vigor, with a clean slate to make 1911 a year of noble effort and bright achievement.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
In spite of old sorrow, and older sinning
And troubles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

The year 1911 will be one of great interest from a political point of view, for on the fourth of March it will usher in a new Congress in which for the first time in many years the Democratic party will control the House of Representatives, so that after that date during the last two years of President Taft's administration the responsibility for all national legislation will be shared equally by the two great parties, for the Republicans will still hold a working majority in the Senate.

It has been evident for months past that the people had lost confidence in the Republican bosses in Congress because of their failure to give the country the promised reduction of tariff and their opposition to other important and much needed legislation.

The people seized the first opportunity which presented itself in the recent election to express their resentment by sending the Republican party to overwhelming defeat.

But in administering their chastisement the intelligent voters remembered with discriminating gratitude the little band of progressive Republicans, the so-called insurgents, in both branches of Congress who stood heroically for keeping the party pledges and could not be whipped into line by the abuse heaped on them by the self-constituted leaders nor by the withholding of their share of the federal patronage by the President.

These insurgents have been sent back to the next Congress with the stamp of public approval and their ranks have been augmented, while in most instances the places of the stand-pat Republicans have been filled by Democrats as the result of the election.

The will of the people has been expressed in no uncertain terms. Everybody knows it, and President Taft has publicly acknowledged it. Will the Republican party heed the admonition and avail itself of the opportunity which it still has to make good?

That is the question which is engaging public attention and which most of all interests and worries the President, who knows full well that upon it depends his hope of re-election two years hence.

The present Congress (elected two years ago with the President), in which the Republicans have full control of both branches, holds over until the fourth day of next March. This gives the Republican party a final opportunity to redeem its pledges and make good during the present session of Congress which opened on the sixth day of December.

Will the leaders get together and cut out those worst features of the tariff which everybody from the President down now condemns?

Will they give us the parcels post which COMFORT has been advocating for years, and the National Grange and Farmers' Union are now demanding? Will they even give us the rural delivery substitute which it is reported the Postmaster General now favors, or will they waste their time discussing the new scheme to raise the rate of postage on the monthly publications which keep the people informed as to what is going on?

Will they pass the conservation bill and save for the whole people what there is left of the natural resources of the nation? Or will they give to the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate the thousand million dollars' worth of Alaska coal lands which

this giant combination is trying to grab, and permit the forests, the water powers and mineral wealth on the public domain to fall into the clutches of the trusts?

Will they simplify and stiffen up the anti-trust law and the interstate commerce law so that it will be possible to convict and punish the big criminals?

Will they give us a law to prevent fraud in the issue of stocks and bonds, especially those of railroads?

All these measures have got to come sometime; the people demand them and are tired of waiting.

If those in control of the present Congress refuse, are not the people likely to look elsewhere for relief when they vote two years hence?

The evil and the good element is in both political parties. In the last session of Congress we saw certain Democrats, under instructions from their Tammany boss, voting with the Republican stand-patters in their effort to uphold the obnoxious tyranny of Speaker Cannon when the majority of the Democrats joined with the Republican insurgents to overthrow it.

But the signs of the times are full of hope and promise of better things. The lesson of the last election was an eye-opener and a warning to the corruptionists and stand-patters of both parties. It showed that the people demand of their representatives statesmanship instead of petty politics, and are bound to have it.

The great significance of the last election and the beauty of it consist in that it was a triumph of the independent voters rather than a party victory. And it was not a mere off-year happening. For years the independent, thinking voters have been growing in numbers and gaining in influence in both parties and from now on they will dominate the nominations, the policies and the elections in the interest of good government and progressive statesmanship regardless of whichever party happens to be in power.

And that is what COMFORT advocates,—for COMFORT is strictly non-partisan,—the awakening of the people to govern themselves, dethrone the bosses and drive corporate interests out of politics.

Under such a regime of nation-wide reform as we believe has already commenced, COMFORT confidently predicts the dawn of an era of prosperity in this country such as the World has never seen.

These are some of the things on which we pin our faith in wishing our readers a Happy New Year.

Comfort's Editor

From the Brink of the Precipice

By Ellen Chandler Harris

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THE old adage that "Experience teaches," is no doubt a true one, but not less so, is the fact that it is a dear teacher, and my own experience, hard as it has been, has often caused me to wonder if it is necessary for everyone to endure the many hardships, disappointments and failures that make up the vicissitudes of life, when perhaps a word of warning, a little well-timed advice or a bit of encouragement, from one who has passed through it all, might be just the guidepost to ultimate success or at least a danger signal on life's hard pathway.

My father died when I was a young girl, and while my people were comfortably situated, it was necessary for us all to find some means of gaining a livelihood. We came from a long line of blue-blooded, well-to-do ancestry, but through a mischance of Fate, we were left practically without means at the time of my father's death. Being the youngest, my life had been very much sheltered, too much so, I often think now, and I look back at those days of childhood, not with regret at their passing, but that a little training, a little kindly advice, perhaps the reading of such an article as this, in the days of my childhood, might have changed the current of my life to safer channels and been the means of saving me from the heartaches and discouragements that met me continually as I strove, bravely enough, to fight the stern battle of life.

I realize now, how inadequately I was equipped from the beginning, while my education had not been neglected, for my parents had been highly educated, and would have deplored ignorance in their children. I was totally unfitted to begin a career of any kind. Beinguntaught in the ways of the world, my ideas of love and marriage had been gained from ten cent novels, borrowed from neighbors and read in the seclusion of some daisied nook or beneath the spreading trees of my father's orchard. My mind was filled with sentiment and romance, for I was a dreamer by birth and had inherited a love of literature and language, poetry in particular, which amounted to a passion. But all this is not of which I wish to write most impressively, for it is with no desire to exploit my own individual successes or failures, but to give if possible, the word of advice; the well-timed warning, which, alas! was denied me when I most needed it.

I must have been born under a strange star, for I was a girl of impulse and guided by impulses; inconsiderate and impetuous.

After graduating at a nurses' training school, I was taken with a severe attack of typhoid fever, which, with complications, left me physically incapacitated to continue the work. I then entered a college of Massage and Dermatology and completed the course. In many ways I was expert in my line. In business and professionally I met both men and women, although I treated only women. Being a natural student of human nature I found among my patients and business acquaintances, many interesting characters and from such hypothesis, I drew conclusions that gave me a keen insight into the realities of life and the exigencies which one meets when they come face to face with the world-old problem, "What shall we eat and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

For a time when my work and felt elated at my apparent success, but most of my patients were transients in the town, and one by one dropped away. Many, indeed, were the days that I sat and waited for the sound of approaching footsteps, only to walk wearily to my room at night, not having earned enough money to pay for lunch or dinner. Night after night, I paced my hot, airless room like a hunted animal. "My God!" I cried, "must this be the end of all my ambitions and ideals, the end of all my aspirations and hopes?" Failure, black, miserable, hopeless failure, stared me in the face and back of its gaunt image I saw the smiles and sneers of enemies, the pity and sympathy of friends and few enough are the friends who stand by one to the end; they, too, drop away and sink, like cowardly puppies, in every direction at the first hint of approaching failure or adversity.

But through all this, I but clinched my hands the harder, sometimes, until from the quivering palms, the blood trickled, drop by drop, to the floor. It was an awful battle for a helpless,

It adds to the interest and value of this story for the reader to know that it is the truth as learned in the professional experience of the author, who is a doctor practicing a specialty, although the literary name under which she writes is not her real name.

heart-sick, discouraged girl to fight, alone in a great city.

Finally as a last resort, for I had tried to guard my reputation above all things, I began to treat men professionally. This I had avoided until grim necessity forced it upon me and now I shudder as I realize what that step meant for me, what it means for every girl who is struggling against so many adverse circumstances. The first two or three, that were recommended to me, to my surprise treated me with the utmost respect and courtesy; this was encouraging and I was thankful to receive the extra quarter or half dollar they left on my table after I had treated them. It meant, at least, something to eat and one's pride is at a low ebb when they are faint from lack of food. Soon to my surprise, I was doing well again, but, alas! It was of mushroom growth and of as little permanency. Most of the men who came to me, were not so desirous of the treatment, but enjoyed the physical gratification that being worked over by a girl gave them. I soon realized that the pleasing men in my work was much easier than pleasing women, who were prone to haggle over prices, tell of better results, obtained elsewhere, and usually found it necessary to make their husband's money go as far as possible. The first intimation I had of the real intent of my men patients came to me, when a Senator, whose reputation socially and politically, was of the best, said to me:

"How soon can you pack your suitcase, Miss —? I thought you might like to run down to Boston with me for a few days."

"Why, Senator —," I said, "it is kind of you to think of me, but I couldn't possibly leave business. You know that is of first importance to me."

"Never mind the business," he said, "I'll see to that, you just run along and get ready. It will be a delightful trip and will do you a world of good. You look like a drooping lily up here in this hot, airless place."

He was a married man with daughters as old as myself. I looked at him a moment, scarcely knowing what to say. I suppose most women would feel contempt at my hesitancy, but he was one of my first and best patients and losing him meant more worry and less money, and I needed money more than anything else in the world, more even than reputation or character, for no one would know or care whether I went to Boston with him or not. If I failed to pay my rent my landlord would sell my goods. If I failed to pay my board my landlady would turn me into the street, and being homeless and friendless would be a worse condition than the present, hard as it was.

Brought up and trained as I had been, his insult stung me to the quick. The blood surged, hot and burning to my face. I longed to tell him what I thought of so despicable an action on the part of a man, who posed before the world as a paragon of virtue; a social peer! Longed to tell him of the contempt I felt for him. He was applauded and lauded for his Christian character and for his earnest work in the church. The newspapers praised his sterling character, but surely they were not all blind to his hypocrisy. Not the man, but his money, made his position good. Society is ever willing to kneel and bow and make obeisance before the tainted, blood-smear idol of gold. The one shrine where prince and peasant, pagan and Christian, infidel and agnostic meet in common worship. In him the world saw only the humble sheep, kneeling reverently in his cushioned pew on Sunday, giving with bounteous hand to church and charity, and listened attentively to him as he arose in prayer-meeting and expressed a desire to "Lead a life acceptable in the sight of his Heavenly Father." But with clearer vision than the world, I saw the grinning teeth of the wolf, felt its hot breath on my face and saw the thirst for blood in its lolling tongue.

I looked at him calmly, fearlessly and without shrinking, "Senator —," I said:

"I could not think of going with you under any circumstances, I would enjoy such a trip, for in my soul are the longings for the good things in life, as strongly marked as in those

of your social strata. When I earn the money to go with, I shall be able to enjoy it fully as much as you."

He looked at me in surprise, then he said rather sneeringly:

"You've got a lot to learn yet, but it would be a pleasure to tame you."

I changed the subject directly. He paid me for the treatment but did not come again, I knew why.

Not one man out of ten ever came to me without attempting to kiss me, after the first few treatments. This I am confident was no fault of mine. For I am naturally dignified and reserved with strangers, and I hated familiarity of any kind, from them.

One time, a man, highly recommended to me, came in. He was a banker, very wealthy and of good reputation. He seemed to be a gentleman in every sense of the word, and I hoped I would not be disappointed in him. He was a foreigner and had that natural politeness and deference toward women that is a characteristic of those of the higher social strata. He was always considerate and kind and I grew to anticipate his coming as a pleasant break in the monotony of the day. One night, I had worked harder than usual, the day had been fearfully warm and the evening was even more humid than the day had been. Never being a strong girl, the hot weather always made me ill and miserable. I was subject to severe headaches which usually caused or preceded, spells of unconsciousness, lasting for an hour or more. He came that evening to get some work done, but seeing my pallor and evident weakness, he said he would not think of allowing me to work. His face showed sympathy and anxiety for me. It was the first time in all my long struggle, that anyone had expressed by word or look, a thought as to how I fared, either way. Neither had I expected it. But that night, I was heart-sick, homesick and longing for someone to pet and caress me; someone to care for me as they had in the old days at home. Father, mother, sisters and brothers, but, alas! They were gone. One by one they had drifted out on the silent sea of eternity into the oblivion of the "Great Beyond." I felt myself growing weak and before I could reach a chair, I sank unconscious, and would have fallen if he had not caught me in his arms. I do not know how long I was unconscious, but when I came to myself, the lights were on in the corridor. He had put me on the couch but still held my head against his shoulder. Such a great, broad shoulder as it was! I felt his face close to mine, his cool cheek pressed against my forehead, I had not yet fully regained my faculties, and the wrong, if it existed, did not present itself to my clouded mind. It was the first moment of pleasure; the first time that anyone had expressed real affection for me during all the long months. I was conscious that he was whispering words of love, burning and passionate, into my ear. Knew that his lips were pressing mine, tenderly, almost reverently. Finally I aroused myself enough to raise a weak, protesting, white hand to stop his caresses. He only drew me closer to him and pressed it to his lips. To be fair to him, I must say before proceeding, that although the years have come and gone and I am able to see things in their true light, he never intended to give way to his feelings. The worst and most dangerous part of it all was the simple fact that he did love me and not from any base desire on his part, to ruin me or to do me an injustice. I never treated him but that he slipped five or ten dollars in my hand and would listen to no words of protest when I insisted that it was too much for the work. I had thought that with my improved financial condition that the battles in my lonely room would end, but in every life, I believe, a conflict between the forces of good and evil, wage constant warfare, and to escape such a condition, is impossible. I realized, at length, that the struggle for bread was material—a physical need, hard enough, but it became colorless in the next instant followed the realization of my weakness in allowing a married man to kiss and caress me. My soul revolted at the thought, recoiled and shud-

dered at what might lie at the end of so dangerous and uncertain a path. But grim necessity, forever reached its gaunt hand toward me, clamoring in my ears, waking or sleeping, "Money, money, money." It seemed to shriek in my ears, day after day, and night after night.

How I escaped the less superficial sin, I often wonder. My powers of resistance seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and I felt as must a swimmer, who has braved the current for hours, suddenly finding himself being drawn by an undertow, moment by moment nearer his doom.

I had prayed in the beginning, hopefully and earnestly as I had prayed a golden-haired, glad-hearted child, at my mother's knee, in the little old village, far in the green New Hampshire hills. But gradually I lost hope and courage and faith, for no answer ever came and my prayer grew to a sobbing wail, lasting far into the night, with no one to hear or care, not even a saint in heaven. Is it a wonder that I grew cynical and doubtful? Would not anyone who had loved a father devotedly, who had obeyed His commandments faithfully and had been given by Him, a promise of help in every need, a promise to be with one "Even to the end of the world," grow defiant—perhaps more, when at the time of greatest necessity, when help was imperative, when failure and misery were about to come, asked for the fulfillment of all this and for their pleadings, prayers and tears, received no answer and no compensation? Show me the man or the woman whose faith can stand such a test as this! I do not believe that he or she exists.

By this time my financial condition had improved considerably through—the death of an aunt, and I had received a little money, which, with my increasing business caused me to worry less and less. But only through the bitterness of wakeful nights, of conflicts with my weaker self, with the call and lure of the Tempter ever near me, after a battle, long and awful with that force within, that held me a bond slave, did the better self, the soul of me, arise like Phoenix, from the ashes of a departed but unforgotten self, and the shackles that held my worn and bleeding hand fall from me and I am free! It cost effort—effort that I alone can know and realize.

"Yesterday, now, is a part of forever."

Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight, With glad days and sad days and bad days that never Can visit us more, with their bloom or their blight."

Through this I grew to realize that a professional career for a woman, except under the most favorable conditions, seemed almost an unwise step. For by nature we are weak, and only through a long process of evolution, step by step, century by century, have we grown into beings with will power, which among the newer developments of mankind, with strength to resist the natural impulses of the animal within us. For time was, long before the laws of man were drawn, when thewed and tusked, our savage ancestors dwelt in fireless caves, no line of differentiation marked the woman from the female.

Yet withal professional training teaches many potent lessons, separates the gold from the dross and from the white heat of effort, is wrought the strong iron of character.

Herein I have told of a few experiences in my life, those potent ones, that taught a lasting lesson. Briefly giving the story of one who walked to the very brink of the precipice and bending over for a moment, caught a glimpse of the white, harrowed, despairing faces, in the valley below. Heard the agonized wails of the wounded and dying. The prayers and curses that together rose upward, lost in the echo of the giant, insurmountable, cliffs that hung, jagged and threatening, above them.

Little wonder that I drew back in horror at the last moment, for I was possessed of a keener instinct than they: of stronger spirit. Although contempt may dwell in the hearts of the sinless, stainless ones of earth, if such there be, for this bounded, soul-sick, sin-polluted army of the under world, with sympathy of understanding, and forgiveness that comes with knowledge, I offer them a hand of sisterhood. Cover their bleeding wounds and ugly scars with the white mantle of charity and seek earnestly, at every opportunity, to reach a hand of love to the fallen brother or sister on life's hard pathway.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal-request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

LET me speak a word to those who send letters lacking name and address, also to those who give name but add a request that only the initials be used. It has often been with the greatest regret that I laid these letters aside, because they contained much that was helpful and instructive, and we want all of this material, and can get to live by. And so I must say emphatically that I cannot use such letters, and it would not be fair to the other sisters.

Several in writing have mentioned sending letters to shut-ins and inclosing either card or stamp for reply but receiving none. These have not been in the form of a complaint, but of course such treatment will discourage the writers.

Some one hundred pieces of mail are at the Mexico, Mo., post-office for Mrs. Flora E. Lane. Cannot the sisters send us in two hundred names during the month of February of people who are unable to subscribe to COMFORT but would enjoy having it in their homes? If so, we would be pleased to have them in order that we may make use of money given us for this purpose; that is to send COMFORT for fifteen months to those who cannot afford to subscribe.

In sending these names, it will be necessary to notify the persons that you are doing so, that they may know to whom they are indebted. Here is an opportunity to help the shut-ins.

Dear Sisters, the year 1911 is almost here, and it seems but yesterday that I was within a month of 1910, so quickly has the time gone by.

For me the year has been made up of what comes to most of us, the moments that are glad, and those that are sad, the same that comes to all when the thinking age has been reached. Among my happiest hours, have been those devoted to the perusal of the many good letters that reach me from you sisters. If you have profited by our corner, so have I.

In wishing you all a bright and prosperous New Year, I want to say that I hope to be with you the coming twelve months, and to quote from a letter received from Mrs. M. E. Riley, Beaverton, Oregon, lines I wish we might all carry in our minds:

"Keep a smile on your face, keep a laugh in your heart,
Let your lips bubble over with song,
'Twill lighten your load as you travel life's road,
And help other people along."—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:
I send you a little poem which I composed myself. I am now past fifty, and all that I say in these lines is true:

My Treasures

I hold in my hand this evening,
A box long guarded with care,
And oft I bend above it,
With silent tears and prayer.
Not all the gold in the mountain,
Nor yet, the pearls of the sea,
Could buy tonight the treasures,
This wee box holds for me.

Only a bunch of letters,
Worn and yellow with age,
And tears quickly gather
As I scan each written page.
One from a loving schoolmate,
Written thirty years tonight;
Dear Grace, it needs no letter,
To keep your memory bright.

And one from my dear old mother,
That mother so far away;
It says, "I hope my daughter,
You'll never forget to pray."
And one from the dear old father,
The last he wrote to me;
It ends, "Good night my loved one,
How I'd love your face to see."

Here's one, the last of my letters,
What need to read it again,
When every word that is written
Is stamped on heart and brain.
Here a broken band ring
Lies in its paper white;
Ah, I loved and kissed the giver
Just thirty years tonight.

Ah, me! here's a knot of ribbon
And a lock of golden hair,
Once it lay on the head of my baby,
My baby, sweet and fair.
But the mate to that knot of ribbon,
Lies on my baby's breast,
Far, far in God's acre—
Ah, me! but God knew best.

Slowly I lock up my treasures
As the sun is going down,
Leaving a lingering trace of light
On valley, hill and town.
Not all the gold in the mountains,
Nor yet, the pearls of the sea,
Could buy tonight the treasures,
This wee box holds for me.

Mrs. S. STEINER, Hanna, Wyo.
Mrs. Steiner. Your poem is beautiful and few of us will read it without recalling some treasure "With silent tears and prayer." Particularly impressive is the third verse with its paternal love and dignity of expression, and "My Treasures" is all that the name implies.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

Very many thanks to all who wrote me two years ago—except the dozen who sent "endless chain" prayers to be copied nine times. Had they signed their names I would have written them that Uncle Sam would not allow such threats to go through the mails. The sisters nearest to my heart are the flower lovers who sent me such lovely bulbs, seeds and plants. They have made many a day brighter.

Since writing before we have moved four hundred miles. It looks due to be on the coast, but it made us sickly.

All my life I've had chilblains, but have been almost cured by a hint I saw in COMFORT. (Slice raw white potato) sprinkle with salt, use the juice and let it dry in.

Young mothers, don't make trouble for yourselves by reading to your children nights until they fall asleep. In years to come there may be plenty of mending or sewing to be done after the little folks are put to bed. There might be shopping that had to be done. I have seen mothers try and try to get away from big children because they would not go to sleep. It's nice to sit down and rest a bit after dinner; read while they start to take their nap.

When you go to the city instead of buying candy to take home, invest in patent clothes pins (two dozen for a dime). They can't blow off the line, the spring acts the same whether goods are thin or heavy; they don't stain the goods like the old kind. If you want the children to keep track of their overshoes, put a different colored tape for each child on one of the pins and hang up behind kitchen door or in cellar way. They think it fun to snap the pin on the two rubbers.

Wash infant flannels, dry in kitchen and pull in shape, but don't iron. Hang out of doors in sun to air.

With each baking of white bread, make one loaf of rye, whole wheat, graham, cinnamon-buns or split rolls and see the children dance around and ask for more.

Those who like myself have to buy everything they use except water, can cut their laundry bill by getting flunk fat and rendering it out in oven. It makes the richest pie crust and is good to fry with. For frying potatoes I add ham or bacon fat or even sausage grease.

A good breakfast dish is mush with loose sausage or fat beef from steak or roast chopped fine and added. Slice, dip in flour and fry brown.

For car or sea sickness get a ten cent bottle of soda mint. You will find pleasure in your trip.

To the shut-ins who do drawwork for sale, try making lawn cap strings for baby's bonnet. If folks want cheap ones, do the hemming by machine or hand instead of hemstitching and add one to three rows of work at bottom.

I have a tube of blue-print paper to print pictures. Will send a bunch to some shut-in. On the back of each will state where taken. When they have looked at them a week they are to pass them on to another shut-in. Would have to pick out the names that could afford the postage.

Can't other sisters with a camera do the same? Seems to me a lot of prints would do lots of good. We that are well and can come and go, like to look at new pictures.

May your magazine always be published so we will receive our favorite COMFORT.

Mrs. CARIE (KELLEY) BUTLER, 228 Linden St., Pittston, Pa.

Mrs. Butler. I think many a shut-in will welcome your offer to send the blue prints for their pleasure and entertainment. The idea is splendid, and to help it along I will make any publication regarding it that you may suggest.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Will you admit a new Nebraska sister in your merry circle?

COMFORT has many interesting stories and helpful hints and I always read the stories to my husband, who enjoys them as much as I do.

I was twenty-two last year. I have no mother, but I have a good husband, twenty-five years old. We live on a homestead in Cherry Co., three and one half miles from town and our place joins the Rosebud Reservation.

We have no children, but it is my greatest desire to have a child. I would be happier and it would not be as lonesome when my husband is away.

Mrs. Rilla Morrison. What is the description and ages of your two little girls and boy. I would like to see their photographs.

Why is it sisters you seldom see a letter from Nebraska? Are there so few in this state that take the blessed name of Jesus?

I love to ride horseback and think it both safe and proper to ride astride.

My mother used to make picture frames of salt work, and if any sister knows how, I should be glad to learn through our corner.

To any sister who patches corn-busking mittens as I do, put something small and round, say a perfume bottle, in the thumb and finger and see how much it helps.

Mrs. CLARA V. KALKOFEN, Kilgore, Box 133, Nebr.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I am an interested reader of good old COMFORT and have often wanted to write, but just kept putting it off and postponing to the rest of you.

I have been bedridden since the summer with inflammation of the spinal cord, and at times my suffering is something awful, and then again I get better and think I am going to get well, but the least exertion puts me back worse than ever. I have taken a great deal of medicine with little benefit, so I am writing this letter thinking that some of the many sisters of COMFORT might know of a remedy that would cure me. If any of you do please write me and I will appreciate it with all my heart. I am forty-three years old.

Mrs. W. E. PHILLIPPE, Mount Ayr, R. R. 1, Iowa.

DEAR SISTERS:
I want to tell you all that I, too, enjoy COMFORT's pages. Your letters, particularly those from the shut-ins, appeal to me for I am in the last class myself. Though badly crippled with rheumatism and very helpless, I still read quite a good deal. I wish COMFORT came every week for it is long to wait a whole month.

I suffer constantly and at times very severely, but I do try hard to be patient and willing to bear what ever comes in the knowledge that "God knows best," though it is sometimes very hard to understand why we must endure so much.

I wish I could paint a pen picture for you lovers of nature of our grand old river and its wonderful falls. But I cannot do them justice at all. Suffice it to say that no one need to go to foreign countries, when we have such grand scenery right in our own borders. Our city is full of rushing life and business enterprise. I would like to describe our state and its great possibilities, but I have not a ready pen. Besides I fear the fate of this poor endeavor.

To my suffering sisters let me say, keep up your courage and trust in God's mercy. This earthly misery will end in His own good time. I wish I could send peace and comfort to you all.

Mrs. L. A. DENNIS, 926 Bridgeport Ave., Spokane, Wash.

DEAR SISTERS:
Years ago, when Aunt Minerva presided over her corner, I was a little girl and my mother took COMFORT.

Years went by and I was married and my husband's sister again brought my attention to COMFORT when I subscribed for it and hope I will never have to do without it again for it is more than any friend can be. I have learned more from its columns than from any other source; the letters are helpful, and I am especially interested in those that pertain to the children and home.

And let me say right here that there can be no harmony in the home unless husband and wife agree and are willing to sacrifice for one another. There is only one purse in our house, and I know as well as husband whether there is enough in it to buy all the necessities of life, and for knick knacks besides. I do not have a new hat and gown every Easter, and Christmas as some seem to think they ought to have; neither does "my John."

I am so sorry for all the poor shut-ins, but am unable to help many of you financially. Yet, let each of you know that I am up in northern Minnesota there is one who prays to "Our Father" for help and guidance in all our trials and sorrows.

I cannot keep the tears from flowing, for just one year ago today, the seventh of November, little Mabel Annie came to us, but on the fourteenth of December, the same year, we followed a little white casket with the words "Our Darling" on it, out into the "City of the Dead" and many and many a time have we longed for a "touch of a vanished hand" and "still voice" to comfort and cheer us. Our little one's funeral text was "God has given, God has taken, the Lord be praised." At first I couldn't understand the meaning of the words, but can see now that the Lord's way is best. I can't help but think of an old neighbor of ours, that said at the death of one of their

A Nation of "Rapid Fire" Eaters

The people of the United States are known all over the world as a Nation of dyspeptics. We don't take time to eat properly or to eat proper food. Everyone would live longer—be healthier, feel better, do better work, and do it with greater ease if more time were taken in eating and more UNEEDA BISCUIT eaten. UNEEDA BISCUIT are the most nutritious of all foods made from flour. UNEEDA BISCUIT are always fresh, clean, crisp and good. UNEEDA BISCUIT are muscle makers and brain builders. In short, the National Soda Crackers are

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seven, that "it seemed like one rung had gone out of the ladder. It was a hard place to get over." So it seems with the family ties broken, it is "a hard place to get over." However, the Lord has spared our two and one half year old girl, Isabelle Dorthy, to us, and she is such a comfort.

We live in Northern Minnesota where it is mostly pine timber and rather hard work to get our farm opened up to raise anything.

I was born in Minnesota, but have lived in Wisconsin and North Dakota. It doesn't matter much where I live you always find good people and good neighbors wherever you go, if you look for the good in them rather than the bad. However, as husband wishes to sell here, we would like to move to Missouri or Oklahoma. Would some sisters living in those states write to me? I promise to answer all letters.

I enjoy keeping house, and also like to work out of doors. I take care of the chickens and feed the calves, milk cows and help with the gardening. I try to be a companion and helpmate to my husband. We work together a good deal, I help him do his work, and he helps me with such wipings dishes and churning. In the evening I sew or knit while he reads aloud to me.

How many agree with me in not believing in tale bearers and gossips. You will find it best not to listen to them for if they are not true to others, why should they be true to you?

How many men and women remember their promises to "Do unto others as you would be done by," especially never listen to tales about your better half. Remember to "love, honor and obey," your husband as you expect him to "love, cherish and protect" you.

How many of you think it a shame for a poor working girl to accept money from her intended husband with which to purchase wedding garments and bedding before marriage? I for one can see no harm in it. This, of course, where the girl is homeless.

Can anyone tell me what to do for neuralgia in the face and head?

Mrs. B. Jewel, Stanchfield, Minn. I should like to hear from you, and learn more about those home-made rugs; should also like to exchange flower seeds with you.

Mrs. Ruth Hartwig. I know how to sympathize with you and should like to correspond. You should look on the bright side of things. I get the "blues" myself occasionally, but nearly always succeed in driving them away by reading the shut-in column and Uncle Charlie's "little preachment" or go outdoors and have a romp with "my girls." No, I don't think I am too old to play. We all need a little play for you must remember that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I do really enjoy making doll dresses.

Yes, Sister Ruth, we saw the comet, but I have seen many more beautiful. But then, they were not "Haley's comet," and meant to destroy the earth. Will some sister who has a pattern of a Teddy bear or kitten send it to me.

I am a lover of fancy work and my hobby is quilt piecing, rather odd isn't it? but I don't have much to do with as we are not rich in this world's goods.

May God's richest blessing rest on Uncle Charlie and his work and may he live long, for who could take his place? He is doing a great deal in the line of educating young America.

God bless you all in the wish of your friend, Mrs. ANNIE BREWER (nee HASKELL), Nymore, R. R. 25, Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I am sure there are many sisters in this state that read COMFORT, but I seldom see a letter from them.

I live across the river from Towanda, a small town nestled among the hills of old Bradford Co., situated on the banks of the Susquehanna river. We have good schools, also good Sabbath schools throughout the county and have just been awarded the banner from the State Sunday School Association.

Dear sisters, you who wear the white ribbon, let us hear about what you are doing through the corner; what you are doing for temperance. Our unions of Bradford Co. have presented to Towanda a drinking fountain, in the near future we hope to see a few white spots on the black map of Pennsylvania.

I have the honor of being born on the same day that Abraham Lincoln was, the 12th of February. I hope the sisters will remember me then with letters.

Uncle Charlie is doing a good work and will get his reward in the great beyond.

I remain in a loyal COMFORT friend.

Mrs. JOHN A. SCHULTZ, Towanda, R. R. 6, Penn.

DEAR SISTERS:
I come for information as many of the sisters do. Will someone please tell me how to prepare a sage lotion for the hair and state whether the tea is used alone or with other ingredients. Will the lotion stop the

hair from falling out? Will some sister please answer me personally?

Mrs. HELEN DANIEL, Waldo, Montgomery Co., Ga.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Many years ago—back before the Civil War—I owned a hymn book entitled "Select Melodies," in which there was a hymn or song entitled "The Fourth of July," these words also ending each stanza. I wish to possess a copy of this old-time hymn book, but must depend upon a second-hand copy as the book went out of print long ago. I also had another book which contained the beautiful song: "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," which had one stanza ending with the words: "Through the Portals of the Tomb," one verse reading as follows:

"If we knew the baby fingers, pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow—never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling catch the frown upon our brow;
Would the prints of rosy fingers vex us then as they do now?"

We take COMFORT at our home. Will any sister having the above book and song please write me?

Can COMFORT furnish a remedy against the worm that is damaging the corn so badly? Also the squash bug and worm that eats a hole in the tomato and crawls into the hole?

Mrs. FLAVIUS J. HENDERSON, Gentry, R. R. 4, Ark.

Mrs. Henderson. I should advise you to write to the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., as the most reliable source of information regarding the plant destroying insects. And should you be successful in obtaining valuable information, and have the opportunity of writing a letter to our corner on this subject, it would, I am sure be thankfully received.

I have at times heard quotations from the beautiful song "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and I sincerely hope you will find your requests through these columns. I, too, think that every sister would enjoy this old-time song.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for a good many years and I think it is the best paper yet, with so many good letters and helpful hints.

We have a small saloon and I hope the day will come when women can help to put them all out of existence. Not only the towns should be dry, but the county and state where the liquor is made. Many a wife, mother and home would be made happy if it were not for the saloons.

My husband is a well-driller and away from home a good deal of the time, and as we lost our only little baby girl, I sometimes feel very lonely. I have been keeping a little motherless boy, eight years old, and he is a great deal of company. I, too, grew to womanhood without a mother and sympathize with these little ones without one. Let us do what we can for them, for we never know how soon we will have to leave our own.

How glad we were to know that Mrs. Carrie Clark was getting along so well; we wish her a speedy recovery. Let us try and help the shut-ins all we can; just something to help brighten the lonely hours.

May the Lord be with each of you until we meet again in the prayer of your sister, Mrs. NINA MARLE, Dayton, Washington.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Will you admit an unknown COMFORT reader from W. Va.?

I am a widow twenty-eight years old and the mother of five children, the oldest eight years and the youngest two. My husband has been dead two years, the 29th day of December. I live alone with my little children and they are a great comfort to me.

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters, especially those on the training of children. I have received many helps from our paper, and I think more of it than any other paper I read.

I am striving very hard to live a true Christian life, and rear my little children right. I ask the prayers of all of God's children that read this. I feel that it would be a strength to me. I have to work very hard to support my children as we are poor people, but I am thankful to say that we have never had to suffer for anything yet. I have always been permitted to attend church and Sunday school when the weather was not too bad. I teach the card class and enjoy it greatly, for I love to teach the little ones anything that is right in the sight of God.

I would be glad to hear from any of the widowed sisters and will try to answer all.

With love and best wishes for each sister, Mrs. ZONA ROBERTSON, Craney, W. Va.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

DAVID HARUM

A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

David Harum, the shrewd country banker and horse trader of Homeville, N. Y., began life as a friendless orphan, poor and despised. With the scantiest rudiments of education, by industry, energy and natural ability he made his way in the world unaided and at middle age, when the story opens, had accumulated a handsome property. He is a widower and his widowed sister Mrs. Bixbee, known as "Aunt Polly," makes her home with him. His unique wit and cunning are displayed in the famous horse trade, so humorously told in the first two chapters, in which he worships the deacon and even up an old score. John Lenox, a young New Yorker reared in luxury, while his father lived was liberally supplied with money to indulge his somewhat erratic inclinations. After two years in college followed by a year and a half in business he had spent two years in Europe; on his way home he finds as passengers on the steamer Julius Carling, Mrs. Carling and her sister Miss Mary Blake, his boyhood sweetheart, and renews his acquaintance. Mr. Carling, a sufferer from nervous prostration, is a great care to the ladies, and Lenox wins their good graces by entertaining their patient and giving them an opportunity to rest. The following winter John makes his home with his father and divides his time between studying law and courting Miss Blake at the Carling home where he is heartily welcomed by all the family. By springtime Mr. Carling's health requires more travel, and his wife and Miss Blake are to accompany him. Lenox determines to propose to Miss Blake before her departure, but is prevented from calling by the suicide of his father, so he writes her a note and she writes him in reply, but he never receives her note because Jackie Carling puts it in his pocket and forgets to mail it. Thus their correspondence ends, each supposing the other does not care to continue it.

John discovers that his father's suicide was caused by the loss of almost all his property. Thus compelled to earn his living John goes to work as clerk for David Harum.

CHAPTER XII.

AND so it came about that certain letters were written as mentioned in a previous chapter, and in the evening of a dripping day early in November John Lenox found himself, after a nine hours' journey, the only traveler who alighted upon the platform of the Homeville station, which was near the end of a small lake and about a mile from the village. As he stood with his bag and umbrella, at a loss what to do, he was accosted by a short and stubby individual with very black eyes and hair and a round face, which would have been smooth except that it had not been shaved for a day or two. "Goin' t' the village?" he said.

"Yes," said John, "that is my intention, but I don't see any way of getting there."

"Carry 'em over fer ten cents," said the man. "Carry 'em right back the deppo. Got 'ny baggage?"

"Two trunks," said John.

"That'll make it thirty cents," said the native. "Where's your checks? All right; you c'n



IT WAS A LONG CLUMSY AFFAIR WITH WINDOWS AT EACH END.

jest step 'round an' git in. Mine's the only rig that drew over tonight."

It was a long clumsy affair, with windows at each end and a door in the rear, but open at the sides except for enamel cloth curtains, which were buttoned to the supports that carried a railed roof extending as far forward as the dashboard. The driver's seat was on a level with those inside. John took a seat by one of the front windows, which was open but protected by the roof.

His luggage having been put on board, they began the journey at a walk, the first part of the road being rough and swampy in places, and undergoing at intervals the sort of repairs which often prevails in rural regions—namely, the deposit of a quantity of broken stone, which is left to be worn smooth by passing vehicles, and is for the most part carefully avoided by such wheeled conveyances as are broad enough to drive round the improvement. But the worst of the way having been accomplished, the driver took opportunity, speaking sideways over his shoulder, to allay the curiosity which burned within him: "Guess I never seen you before."

John was tired and hungry, and generally low in his mind. "Very likely not," was his answer. Mr. Robinson instantly arrived at the determination that the stranger was "stuck up," but was in no degree cast down thereby.

"I heard Chet Timson tellin' that the feller comin' f'm N'York to work in Dave Harum's bank. Guess you're him, ain't ye?"

No answer this time; theory confirmed.



AS HE STOOD WITH HIS BAG AND UMBRELLA HE WAS ACCOSTED BY A SHORT AND STUBBY INDIVIDUAL.

"My name's Robinson," imparted that individual. "I run the princeple liv'ry to Homeville."

"Ah!" responded the passenger. "What d'you say your name was?" asked Mr. Robinson, after he had steered his team around one of the monuments to public spirit.

"It's Lenox," said John, thinking he might concede something to such deserving perseverance, "but I don't remember mentioning it."

"Now I think on't, I guess you didn't," admitted Mr. Robinson. "Don't think I ever knowed anybody of the name," he remarked. "Used to know some folks name o' Lynch, but they couldn't a ben no relations o' your'n, I guess."

This conjecture elicited no reply.

"Git up, goll darn ye!" he exclaimed, as one of the horses stumbled, and he gave it a jerk

and a cut of the whip. "Bought that boss of Dave Harum," he confided to his passenger. "Fact, I bought both on 'em of him, an' dum well stuck I was, too," he added.

"You know Mr. Harum, then," said John, with a glimmer of interest. "Does he deal in horses?"

"Wa'al, I guess I make out to know him," asserted the "princeple liv'ryman," "an' he'll git up 'n the middle o' the night any time to git the best of a hoss trade. Be you goin' to work fer him?" he asked, encouraging to press the question. "Goin' to take Timson's place?"

"Really," said John, in a tone which advanced Mr. Robinson's opinion to a rooted conviction. "I have never heard of Mr. Timson."

"He's the feller that Dave's lettin' go," explained Mr. Robinson. "He's ben in the bank a matter o' five or six year, but Dave got down on him fer some little thing or other, an' he's got his walkin' papers. He says to me, says he, 'if any feller thinks he c'n come up here f'm N'York or anywhere else,' he says, 'an' do Dave Harum's work to suit him, he'll find he's bit off a dum sight more'n he c'n chew. He'd better keep his gripsack packed the hull time, Chet says."

"I thought I'd sock it to the cuss a little," remarked Mr. Robinson in recounting the conversation subsequently, and in truth it was not elevating to the spirits of our friend, who found himself speculating whether or no Timson might not be right.

"Where you goin' to put up?" asked Mr. Robinson after an interval, having failed to draw out any response to his last effort.

"Is there more than one hotel?" inquired the passenger.

"The's the Eagle, an' the Lake House, an' Smith's Hotel," replied Jehu.

"Which would you recommend?" asked John.

"Wa'al," said Robinson, "I don't gen'ally praise up on no more another. You see, I have more or less dealin' with all on 'em."

"That's very diplomatic of you, I'm sure," remarked John, not at all diplomatically. "I think I will try the Eagle."

Mr. Robinson, in his account of the conversation, said in confidence—not wishing to be openly invidious—that "he was dum'd if he wa'n't almost sorry he hadn't recommended the Lake House."

It may be inferred from the foregoing that the first impression which our friend made on his arrival was not wholly in his favor, and Mr. Robinson's conviction that he was "stuck up," and a person bound to get himself "gen'ally disliked," was elevated to an article of faith by his retreating to the rear of the vehicle, and quite out of ordinary range. But they were nearly at their journey's end, and presently the carryall drew up at the Eagle Hotel.

It was a frame building of three stories, with a covered veranda running the length of the front, from which two doors gave entrance—one to the main hall, the other to the office and bar combined. This was rather a large room, and was also to be entered from the main hall.

John's luggage was deposited. Mr. Robinson was settled with, and took his departure without the amenities which might have prevailed under different conditions, and the new arrival made his way into the office.

At the end of the counter, which faced the street, was a glazed case containing three or four partly filled boxes of forlorn-looking cigars. At the other end stood the proprietor, manager, clerk, and what-not of the hostelry, embodied in the single person of Mr. Amos Elright, engaged in conversation with two loungers who sat about the room in chairs tipped back against the wall.

A sketch of Mr. Elright would have depicted a dull, "completed" person of a tousled baldness, whose dispirited expression of countenance was enhanced by a chin whisker. His shirt and collar gave unmistakable evidence that pyjamas or other night-gear were regarded as superfluities, and his most conspicuous garment as he appeared behind the counter was a cardigan jacket of a frowsiness beyond compare. A greasy neck scarf was embellished with a gem whose truthfulness was without pretence. The atmosphere of the room was accounted for by a remark which was made by one of the loungers as John came in. "Say, Ame," the fellow drawled, "I guess the feller was more skunk bidge 'n pie plant 'n usual 'n that last lot o' cigars o' your'n, wa'n't the?" to which insinuation "Ame" was spared the necessity of a rejoinder by our friend's advent.

"Wa'al, guess we c'n give ye a room. Oh, yes, you c'n register if you want to. Where is the dum thing? I seen it last week somewhere. Oh, yes," producing a thin book ruled for accounts from under the counter, "we don't alwus use it," he remarked—which was obvious, seeing that the last entry was a month old.

John concluded that it was a useless formality. "I should like something to eat," he said, "and desire to go to my room while it is being prepared; and can you send my luggage up now?"

"Wa'al," said Mr. Elright, looking at the clock, which showed the hour of half-past nine, and rubbing his chin perplexedly, "supper's ben cleared off some time ago."

"I don't want very much," said John; "just a bit of steak, and some stewed potatoes, and a couple of boiled eggs, and some coffee." He might have heard the sound of a slap in the direction of one of the sitters.

"I'm afraid I can't commodate ye fur the steak an' things goes," confessed the landlord. "We don't do much cookin' after dinner, an' I reckon the fire's out anyway. P'raps," he added doubtfully, "I c'd hunt ye up a piece o' pie 'n some doughnuts, or somethin' like that."

He took a key, to which was attached a huge brass tag with serrated edges, from a hook on a board behind the bar—on which were suspended a number of the like—lighted a small kerosene lamp, carrying a single wick, and, shuffling out from behind the counter, said, "Say Bill, can't you an' Dick carry the gentleman's trunks up to thirteen?" and, as they assented, he gave the lamp and key to one of them and left the room. The two men took a trunk at either end and mounted the stairs John following, and when the second one came up he put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket suggestively.

"No," said the one addressed as Dick, "that's all right. We done it to oblige Ame."

"I'm very much obliged to you, though," said John.

"Oh, that's all right," remarked Dick as they turned away.

John surveyed the apartment. There were two small-paned windows overlooking the street, curtained with bright "Turkey-red" cotton; near to one of them a small wood stove and a wood box, containing some odds and ends of sticks and bits of bark; a small chest of drawers, ser-



AT THE OTHER END STOOD THE PROPRIETOR, MR. AMOS ELRIGHT.

ving as a washstand; a malicious little looking-glass; a basin and ewer, holding about two quarts; an earthenware mug and soap-dish, the latter containing a thin bit of red translucent soap scented with sassafras; an ordinary wooden chair and a rocking-chair with rockers of divergent aims; a yellow wooden bedstead furnished with a mattress of "excelsior" (calculated to induce early rising), a dingy white spread, a gray blanket of coarse wool, a pair of cotton sheets which had too obviously done duty since passing through the hands of the laundress, and a pair of flabby little pillows in the same state, in respect to their cases, as the sheets. On the floor was a much used and faded ingrain carpet. In one place worn through by the edge of a loose board. A narrow strip of unpainted pine nailed to the wall carried six or seven wooden pegs to serve as wardrobe. Two diminutive towels with red borders hung on the rail of the washstand, and a battered tin slop jar, minus a cover, completed the inventory.

"Heavens, what a hole!" exclaimed John, and as he performed his ablutions (not with the sassafras soap) he promised himself a speedy flitting. There came a knock at the door, and his host appeared to announce that his "tea" was ready, and to conduct him to the dining-room—a good-sized apartment, but narrow, with a long table running near the center lengthwise, covered with a cloth which bore the marks of many a fray. Another table of like dimensions, but bare, was shoved up against the wall.

Mr. Elright's ravagement of the larder had resulted in a triangle of cadaverous apple pie, three doughnuts, some chunks of soft white cheese, and a plate of what are known as oyster crackers.

"I couldn't git ye no tea," he said. "The hired girls both gone out, an' my wife's gone to bed, an' the wa'n't no fire anyway."

"I suppose I could have some beer," suggested John, looking dubiously at the banquet.

"We don't keep no ale," said the proprietor of the Eagle, "an' I guess we're out o' lawger. I ben intendin' to git some more," he added.

"A glass of milk?" proposed the guest, but without confidence.

"Milkman didn't come tonight," said Mr. Elright, shuffling off in his carpet slippers, worn out in spirit by the importunities of the stranger. There was water on the table, for it had been left there from supper time. John managed to consume a doughnut and some crackers and cheese, and then went to his room, carrying the water picher with him, and, after a cigarette or two and a small potato from his flask, to bed. Before retiring, however, he stripped the bed with the intention of turning the sheets, but upon inspection thought better of it, and concluded to leave them as they were. So he passed his first night in Homeville, and, as he fondly promised himself, his last at the Eagle Hotel.

When Bill and Dick returned to the office after "obligin' Ame," they stepped with one accord to the counter and looked at the register.

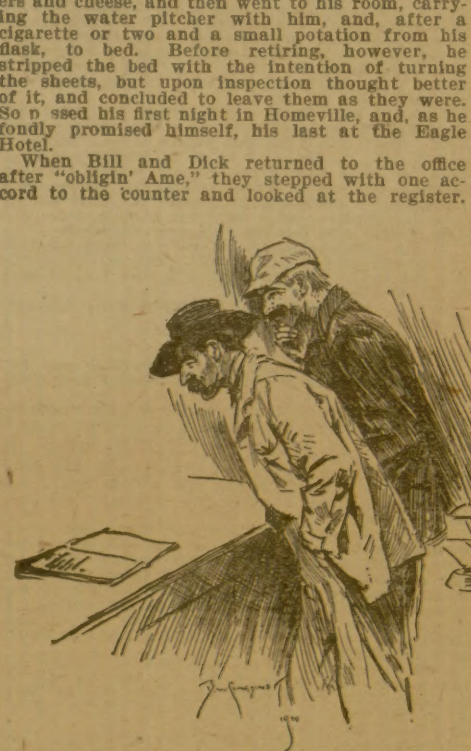
"He didn't sign his name after all,"

"Why, darn it," exclaimed Bill, "he didn't sign his name, after all."

"No," said Dick, "but I c'n give a putty near guess who he is, all the same."

"Some drummer?" suggested Bill.

"Naw," said Richard scornfully. "What'd a



BILL AND DICK LOOKED AT THE REGISTER. "HE DIDN'T SIGN HIS NAME AFTER ALL."

"Got any idee what you'll have to do up here?" asked Chet.

"Only in a general way."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Timson, "I c'n tell ye; an', what's more, I c'n tell ye, young man, 't you

drummer be doin' here this time o' year? That's the feller that's ousted Chet Timson, an' I'll bet ye the drinks on't. Name's Linx or Lenx, or somethin' like that. Dave told me."

"So that's the feller, is it?" said Bill. "I guess he won't stay 'round here long. I guess you'll find he's a little too toney fer these parts, an' in pertic'lar fer Dave Harum. Dave'll make him feel 'bout as comf'able as a rooster in a pond."

"Lord," he exclaimed, slapping his leg with a guffaw. "d'you notice Ame's face when he said he didn't want much fer supper, only beefsteak, an' eggs, an' tea, an' coffee, an' a few little things like that? I thought I'd split."

"Yes," said Dick, laughing. "I guess the ain't nothin' the matter with Ame's heart, or he'd a' fell down dead. Hullo, Ame!" he said when the gentleman in question came back after ministering to his guest, "got the Prince o' Wales fixed up all right? Did ye cut that pickled el'phant that come last week?"

"Huh!" grunted Amos, whose sensibilities had been wounded by the events of the evening. "I didn't cut no el'phant ner no cow, ner rob no hen-roost neither, but I guess he won't starve 'fore mornin'," and with that he proceeded to fill up the stove and shut the dampers.

"That means 'git,' I reckon," remarked Bill as he watched the operation.

"Wa'al," said Mr. Elright, "if you fellers think you've spent enough time droolin' 'round here swapping lies, I think I'll go to bed," which inhospitable and injurious remark was by no means taken in bad part, for Dick said, with a laugh:

"Well, Ame, if you'll let me run my face fer 'em, Bill 'n I'll take a little somethin' for the good o' the house before we shed the partin' tear."

This proposition was not declined by Mr. Elright, but he felt bound on business principles not to yield with too great a show of readiness.

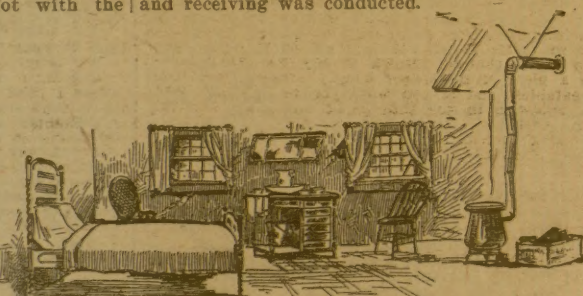
"Wa'al, I don't mind for this once," he said, going behind the bar and setting out a bottle and glasses, "but I've gen'ally noticed that it's a damn sight easier to git somethin' into you fellers 'n 't is to git anythin' out of ye."

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning at nine o'clock John presented himself at Mr. Harum's banking office, which occupied the first floor of a brick building, some twenty or twenty-five feet in width. Besides the entrance to the bank, there was a door at the south corner opening upon a stairway leading to a suite of two rooms on the second floor.

The banking office consisted of two rooms—one in front, containing the desks and counters, and what may be designated as the "parlor" (as used to be the case in the provincial towns) in the rear, in which were Mr. Harum's private desk, a safe of medium size, the necessary assortment of chairs, and a lounge. There was also a large Franklin stove.

The parlor was separated from the front room by a partition, in which were two doors, one leading into the inclosed space behind the desks and counters, and the other into the passageway formed by the north wall and a length of high desk, topped by a railing. The teller's or cashier's counter faced the street opposite the entrance door. At the left of this counter (viewed from the front) was a high-standing desk, with a rail. At the right was a glass-enclosed space of counter of the same height as that portion which was open, across which latter the business of paying and receiving was conducted.



THE APPEARANCE OF THE ROOM PROMISED A SPEEDY FLITTING.

As John entered he saw standing behind this open counter framed, as it were, between the desk on the one hand, and the glass inclosure on the other, a person whom he conjectured to be the "Chet" (short for Chester) Timson of whom he had heard. This person nodded in response to our friend's "Good morning," and anticipated his inquiry by saying:

"You lookin' for Dave?"

"I am looking for Mr. Harum," said John. "Is he in the office?"

"He hain't come in yet," was the reply. "Up to the barn, I reckon, but he's liable to come in any minute, an' you c'n step into the back room an' wait fer him," indicating the direction with a wave of his hand.

Business had not begun to be engrossing, though the bank was open, and John had hardly seated himself when Timson came into the back room and, taking a chair where he could see the counter in the front office, proceeded to investigate the stranger, of whose identity he had not the smallest doubt. But it was not Mr. Timson's way to take things for granted in silence, and it must be admitted that his curiosity in this particular case was not without warrant. After a scrutiny of John's face and person, which was not brief enough to be unnoticeable, he said, with a directness which left nothing in that line to be desired, "I reckon you're the new man Dave's ben gettin' up from the city."

"I came up yesterday," admitted John.

"My name's Timson," said Chet.

"Happy to meet you," said John, rising and putting out his hand. "My name is Lenox, and they shook hands—that is, John grasped the ends of four limp fingers. After they had subsided into their seats, Chet's opaquely bluish eyes made another tour of inspection, in curiosity and wonder.

"You alwus lived in the city?" he said at last.

"It has always been my home," was the reply.

"What put it in your head to come up here?"

"It was at Mr. Harum's suggestion," replied John, not with perfect candor, but he was not minded to be drawn out too far.

"D'ye know Dave?"

"I have never met him," Mr. Timson looked more puzzled than ever.

"Ever ben in the bankin' bus'nis?"

"I have had some experience of such accounts in a general way."

"Ever keep books?"

"Only as I have told you," said John, smiling at the little man.

"Got any idee what you'll have to do up here?" asked Chet.

"Only in a general way."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Timson, "I c'n tell ye; an', what's more, I c'n tell ye, young man, 't you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT about twenty-two years and will try to write once more. I am going to tell you when we first began to read it, the paper was a small one, with Aunt Minerva and her owls and Billy Todd as leaders.

I have learned a great deal in reading it that long, not always a subscriber myself but some of my family have taken it.

I will tell you that I have seven girls, all married now and have families, and most of them still take COMFORT and all think it the best of papers.

As it is the fashion to tell of one's self, I will say I am not very tall, but I weigh about one hundred and seventy or thereabouts, am nearly seventy years old, am almost a cripple from rheumatism, yet I am going to stay young as long as I can in mind. I believe in being lively, that it makes one feel joyous, hopeful and happy.

I do sympathize with the sick and afflicted shut-ins, but God knows what is best, and I know He will not put more on us than we are able to bear, if we only trust Him and be patient and obey His holy will. I pray that all will be well at last. The more we suffer in this world, the sweeter will be the rest in eternity.

MRS. M. J. MISNER, Andover, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you allow an old admirer to add a few hints on the "Best way of doing things around the home"; also tell you how to make the lunch basket look better and more appetizing?

First then, let me say there are three important things to keep strictly in mind to lighten the work about the house and they are: "A place for everything and everything in its place," "don't half kill yourself cleaning and scrubbing only to turn about and dirty up again," and last, "don't be all day doing what you can easily and with a little forethought do in an hour."

If you are without a kitchen cabinet, you can save yourself a great many steps by putting up a nice shelf directly over your kitchen table, and on this shelf keep all sorts of articles needed in everyday cooking, such as baking powders, soda, salt, pepper, lard and spices. Keep these set up nicely in a row and if each be kept in empty baking powder cans and a label pasted on the front, you can reach up and put your hand on the article wanted instead of going across the house for each separate article. The lard can be kept in a stone jar, but lacking this, a tin syrup pail or granite pail bought for a few cents and having a tight lid will do admirably. Then under this shelf you can, with the aid of a few nails and three or four narrow strips of board or laths, make a wall crate for your pie-and-cake plates, also lids for the various kettles used in cooking. These can all be arranged in a row and if kept bright and clean add to the attractiveness of the kitchen. Then have a little shelf right over or beside the stove for coffee, tea, salt and pepper and see how easy it will be to reach them, and last but not least, don't take down every article on the shelves and set them down; put each back in its place as soon as used from.

And then don't take your hands, nor the dishes from the dishpan and drain them across the freshly scrubbed floor, and don't take the hands from the washbowl and let the water drip across the floor to reach the towel hung on a nail or roller in some out-of-the-sight place. Hang the towel beside the washstand and see how much longer your floor stays clean.

Now if you all think I have said enough or too much I'll tell you that anyone having to put up lunches year in and year out certainly have a hard problem to face. I have faced it myself for four years, putting up lunches for my husband. If the sisters will boil the meats and slice them cold and make sandwiches, they will find their troubles somewhat overcome. Then there are the jellies, jams and good butters, also preserves, all of which make excellent spreads for sandwiches. Then there are eggs fried and hard boiled which are sliced across and laid between bread sprinkled with salt and pepper taste delicious cold and a little onion minced fine improves them if liked.

And to help along make the sandwiches small and after lining the basket or pail with tissue or oiled paper taken out of the empty cracker boxes, lay in the sandwiches, then pie, fruit or cakes and cover over with the same paper and see how much better your lunch tastes than if thrown in any way unadorned with a piece of newspaper hastily crushed down over the eatables, and if you would be real dainty, wrap each sandwich in the thin paper and place carefully in the basket.

Wishing success to you all, I am with love,
MRS. FRANCES HOYLE, 1705 Charlotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have three coon kittens that I must dispose of, and thought that perhaps some nearby sister might like to have them. I should not want them to travel too far as they would suffer. Of course whoever sends for them must pay the express.

MRS. F. COOKSON, Albion, Maine.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

With a hope not to crowd out better matter, I feel like chatting with you a while.

I do enjoy your letters so much and dear Uncle Charlie, God bless him. I wish it were in my power to do something substantial for him, but I realize such words from one that is powerless to do much are of little value when we are needy, but good wishes and a prayer for his life and strength to be spared to us long, is just about all I can do at present.

I so often wish I could say something to the young sisters that would help to tide them over rough places when they notice the monotony of existence in their daily routine of duties that almost engulf our very lives. With all the courage we can muster to our assistance, sometimes we are almost ready to throw up our hands in despair and say, ah, it is no use.

Dear sisters, I am not talking without knowing for I have done the three meals a day for sixty years, caring for eight children, besides an orphan I took to rear.

Many times we wonder if life is worth the living, for human nature is a little rebellious at times and there are few of us that have the patience and endurance to ride down every obstacle and mount on the rock of serenity and that is powerless to do much are of little value when we are needy, but good wishes and a prayer for his life and strength to be spared to us long, is just about all I can do at present.

But life is worth living, for what mother is there that doubts, with the loving baby's arms around her neck, and the sweet, velvet touch of the innocent lips on her cheeks? Yes, a thousand times, for we can lie down at night and know our duties have been well performed and not a regret to weary us, and when the little ones that have been our comfort and hope are snatched away from our embrace, and we have to see the loving little form that was so full of life and joy in the cold embrace of death, it makes us feel it was good to have them if only for a short time so they can return to the Father to give Him praise.

I had a friend that by the death of her husband was left penniless with six small children, the oldest a lad of ten. She returned from the funeral with a sad heart to a cold, desolate home. She said her heart was so heavy she knew not how to be reconciled. When they were preparing for bed she called the little fatherless ones around her knees and engaged in prayer. When she arose from her weary knees, her oldest boy, Billy, slipped his little ragged arm around her neck and kissed her and said: "Mother, don't worry, I will make you a nice home," and he was true to his promise. He went the next day and began by blacking boots and climbed up until in a few years he bought a lovely home, within one block of our home, and she lived in comfort the balance of her life.

I have almost forgotten how long I have been writing, but will close just as soon as I can.

Let me imprint this blessing on your tired minds, that you are the noblest work of God, that He fashioned your body like His glorious body and gave you the most sacred mission on this earth: to bring children into this great and grand old world. That without mothers we could not have human beings here long. That you have the privilege of cultivating those little minds, for no one can train or influence a child like a mother. So as mothers, let us praise and adore His holy name for the blessed privilege.

I often think of a Jewish saying that "God could not be everywhere, therefore He made mothers."

Children look into your eyes and listen to your dear voice and cherish the feeling of even a mere single touch that is bestowed by the gentle hand of a mother. Dear mothers, make much of it while you have the pure and untarnished love of the innocent children.

Napoleon said, "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

Abraham Lincoln said, "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my mother."

Now cheer up and disperse the clouds that have hung so heavily over your head.

Dear sisters, I fear I have overstepped the bounds and abused our privileges, but the subject is inexhaustible. With a blessing for all concerned, and a prayer for all we are duly bound to pray for, I must close. MRS. LEWIS FARIS, 628 Pearl St., Lincoln, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a cripple and a shut-in during the winter months. I should be very glad to receive reading matter, magazines and books, and will return the favor with flower plants if they care for them.

MISS MOLLE WORKMAN, Lavalette, R. R. 1, W. Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I live in the old Indian Territory and although I speak poor English, I come with a letter to tell you that I have taken COMFORT seven months and like the paper so well.

I live on a farm ten miles from town and should be all alone in this wide world were it not for my children who keep me laughing all the time. I am poor, and have neither father, mother, sister nor brother, and sometimes I can't help shedding tears when I think that they have all died and left me.

Won't the sisters please write me? Your friend, MRS. ANNIE CHILDERS, Broken Arrow, R. R. 3, Box 46, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Won't you please give me a seat for I must have a chat with you this fine morning.

Jack Frost has come and painted our lawns and forests. I dislike cold weather and often wish I lived in a warmer climate, but still taking everything into consideration I wouldn't give up dear Oklahoma for any other state.

I enjoyed Mrs. Strausback's letter and the way she described Salt Lake makes me want to visit that city.

I certainly do sympathize with the shut-ins and wish I could help them all. I have been in poor health the last six years and get very downhearted at times, but when I read of so many that can't work or even walk, I feel very thankful that my lot isn't any worse.

We have been married six years and God saw fit to take from us our only little one.

My parents died when I was sixteen, leaving five children besides myself. I have kept house and cared for them ever since, and my baby sister, sixteen years old, is still with me.

About four years ago we moved into town. Our farm consisted of one hundred and sixty acres. I like the dear old country life and have spent many happy hours there, and of course, many sad ones, too.

I don't believe there is anyone who has had more trouble than I. Life has been a hard struggle, but I am cheerful and live in hopes of a brighter life in the world next. I have been a Christian, finding peace and comfort through trusting in my Redeemer.

I like to do fancy work as well as to piece quilts, and it may seem old-timey to some of you sisters, but I like to do anything my mother used to do. I have six tops that are ready to quilt. I also enjoy flowers. I will be twenty-nine years old next June.

MRS. ROZETTA LOGAN, Wister, Oklahoma.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and find it a great help as well as a comfort.

I live in the far West in the state of Oregon, and this is a fine state.

I am twenty-three years old and have been married four years November 7th. I have a good home, a good husband and a dear baby boy twenty months old, born on Washington's birthday.

We are training our baby as a physical culturist and he is a strong, healthy boy. He loves sunshine, fresh air and exercise. I have almost given up continually and has nothing to eat except the plainest and simplest foods. His baths are not omitted. Let any mother who has sickly children try this plan and I am sure they will find it a great help and it will save many a doctor's bill.

How my heart aches for the poor shut-ins. May God bless Uncle Charlie in the great work he is doing for Mrs. O. L. DONALDSON, 1530 Bellvue St., Salem, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first attempt to write to this corner and I am going to write on the Woman's Rights' subject.

Now I think if Mrs. Thompson were here in Canada where I live, she would greatly feel the need of Woman's Rights. And then too, she could appreciate the rights she enjoys in the states where I once lived.

Now I will explain how it is here: A man can sell his property without the wife's signature. She owns nothing at all. The husband owns everything. Wouldn't it be exasperating to go out on a home-stead and live with your husband, work hard, to get a home for your babies, and then when you have everything comfortable for the husband to say "Well, I guess I'll sell this place to Mr. Jones." Now he could take all the money and spend it over the bar or squander it any way he pleased, and very well any woman knows that when her husband hasn't any money, the cupboard will soon be empty.

Dear Mrs. Thompson, don't oppose Woman's Rights, but give them a boom every time you can. We are not neglecting our duties if we go to the polls and vote, but doing justice to ourselves and babies. John may go and vote in the forenoon while I tend the babies. Then John may stay at home in the afternoon and tend the babies while I go and vote.

Hurrah for Mrs. Fairbairn! I am with you every time! In Washington's time things were different than they are now. There weren't so many evil places. It didn't take an education to vote for Washington. All our men that are put up for President aren't like Washington, nowadays. The world advances and so must we. We don't have to hoe corn because our grandfathers did it. Mrs. Thompson doesn't think women need rights, come to Canada and get your fill of men's right and then you will say as I do, I am going back to the states where we can call ourselves somebody.

If a husband dies here and leaves no will, half of his property goes to his people. The rest of it goes into the hands of an administrator and is handed out to the widow as though she were a dumb animal.

I say hurrah for Woman's Rights! Why should a man have more rights than a woman? Will some of you anti-suffragists explain?

Mrs. Thompson spoke of the school law and who made it; perhaps if the women had made it, it would have been much better. Give us a show and see what we can do. I can point out to you places that are not governed by any law and yet men make the law and they never say "wow!" Most of our so-called officers often indulge in the same and stand ready to deny a decent woman any right at all. Shame on us all if we haven't got sense enough to demand the rights which belong to us. Let's hear some more on this subject.

MRS. MARY E. WIERTE, Castor, Alta, Canada.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been acquainted with COMFORT for a long time, so now I am going to add my little mite, though I don't want to crowd out one of those good, motherly letters. Of all the papers I have read, COMFORT is the best and I love every page of it. There is always so much good advice for us young mothers.

I have two dear little girls and one mischievous boy, but I love him. Our happiest hours are when I have time to play with the children.

Mothers, don't feel too big to play with the little folks, for I think there is nothing that will draw mother and children together like getting on a level with them.

Well, I suppose you sisters are wondering what I look like. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and eighty-two pounds. Have brown eyes, light brown hair, and always hunt for the bright side of every cloud, for it's there if you will only look for it.

I see in the October COMFORT that several sisters don't approve of the Jeffries-Johnson way. Well, I don't either, but while you are getting after the prize fighting what are you going to say about football? I think that is worse than the other, don't you? There have been twenty-seven killed that I know of, and I don't know how many more in playing football, and one killed in the ring. So I don't know but think my boy would be as safe in the ring as he would be playing football.

Sister Bertha Priest. This is the way I make rugs: I take a nice big gunny sack and put it in a frame the same as you would a quilt. Fix it good and strong, then make a hook out of an old rubber or celluloid comb, filing a hook into one end of it. Tear your rag into half-inch wide strips and hook them through the sack and pull them up as high as you think you would like it. I like this way of making rugs for you don't have to sew your carpet rugs. You can also mark out some design with a piece of chalk; they are quite pretty.

MRS. EDITH M. WEAVER (nee CLOAKS), Hillsboro, Oregon.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

How many of you bake the old-fashioned New England pork and beans. It's a favorite dish in Maine and cooked as follows: Soak over night in tepid water one quart of dry beans. (Any kind is good; yelloweyes and pea beans the most commonly served.) Cover well with cold water and boil gently until by "blowing" on a spoonful the skins will crack and roll. Drain. Into the bottom of a four quart vessel (earthen is the best) that can be tightly covered, put one pound of salt pork, two tablespoonfuls of molasses and two of sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Fill vessel with in three or four inches of the top with beans. They will swell considerably more and you want room for water. Cover with boiling water and bake ten hours, and longer still is an improvement. Add boiling water as it boils out. Never let the water get below the top of beans as it spoils them. Never allow them to boil over as you lose the best part. Let the water boil down to just where you can see it when time to serve. The secret of good beans is to cook long enough and steadily, and never allowing them to "boil down."

I am going to try Mrs. Campbell's "Brown Stew" which I am sure will be delicious. I think "for a change" that to add more water, celery tops, potato, rice and carrots (just a little of each) would be delicious.

Hot stews of all kinds are wholesome and nourishing, and especially so in winter. They "warm over" and by adding dumplings the second day, you have a new dish.

The most inexpensive cuts of beef, lamb or veal make the best of stews, and they are a good meal in themselves.—Ed.

BROWN STEW.—Cut one pound of meat in small pieces, roll in flour and fry brown in a little butter. Pour over this hot water sufficient to cover. Season with salt and pepper and gently stew three hours in a closed kettle. This makes the toughest meat tender and delicious.

BEEF LOAF.—Two pounds of round steak ground fine. Add one egg and salt and pepper to taste. Press into a bowl or small pan that can be tightly covered and steam two hours.

MRS. GRACE E. CAMPBELL, Andover, Box 43, Maine.

SCALLOPED POTATO.—Fill a baking dish with layers of thinly sliced potatoes, covering each layer with a few slices of onion, a little butter, salt, a dash of pepper and cover with bread crumbs. When dish is full within an inch of the top, pour over enough sweet milk to nearly cover. Bake one hour and a half. Do not have oven too hot. Some prefer flour in place of bread crumbs.—Ed.

JOHNNIE-CAKES.—Mix together one cup of meal, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, pinch of salt. Add one egg beaten light and one cup of sweet milk and lastly beat in two tablespoonfuls of warmed shortening.

MRS. J. B. RUCKER, Palmyra, Wis.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Mix and sift one cupful of graham flour, one cup of white flour, one quarter cup of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one half teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually, while stirring, one cup of milk, one egg well-beaten and one teaspoonful of warmed butter. Fill gem tins two thirds full and bake twenty-five minutes. MRS. FRANK FISHER.

POTATO BEER BREAD.—Make your starter two days before baking as follows: Pare two medium-sized potatoes and grate. Use one handful of hops, or a sprig of tansy (I like tansy best) in about a pint of boiling water and let steep a few minutes. When nearly cold strain onto potatoes and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of salt. When lukewarm add a yeast-cake, which has been soaked in a few spoonfuls of lukewarm water.

BREAD.—Boil and mash five potatoes and add two large batter spoonfuls of sugar and one of salt and pour in potato water and stir thoroughly. In the evening add the "starter" already prepared. Sift five or six quarts of flour into your dough tray or pan. Save out one quart can of the beer for next time. Strain the remainder into the flour and mix. Let rise, then knead and make into loaves. Rise in the pans and bake one hour.

Usually I make my beer in a gallon crock, using water enough to make it full, which will make six loaves and a pan of biscuits.

Grate a raw potato into the "starter" every three or four bakings and it will not sour, or "run out."

MRS. E. R. BUFFINGTON, Shepherd, Mich.

SIMPLE FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one half cup of molasses, one half cup of shortening, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of cloves, one cup of chopped raisins. Beat all together and add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one cup of hot water. Beat in three level cups of flour.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—One and one half cups of strained apple sauce, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half nutmeg and one teaspoonful of soda. Beat together and add two cups of flour and one cup of raisins.

APPLE SNOW.—Peel and grate one large sour apple, sprinkling over it a small cup of powdered sugar as you grate it to keep it from turning dark. Break into this the whites of two eggs and beat it constantly for half an hour; take care to have it in a large bowl as it beats up light and stiff. Beat this in a dish, and pour a fine, smooth custard around it and serve. Or, make a layer cake and use as filling with the remainder heaped on top.

MRS. MAMIE WERNER, Clayton, Mo.

PUT CAKE.—One cup of granulated sugar creamed with one half cup of butter, add two well beaten eggs and one half cup of milk, then one and one half cups of sifted flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been stirred. Add one cup of chopped walnuts and bake in shallow tin. When done, and while hot, mark in squares and put half a nut in each square.

MISS M. J. DANIELL, Rochester, N. Y.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Twelve oranges, two lemons and eight pounds of sugar. Cut oranges in small bits, rejecting seeds only. Put to soak over night with seven pints of water. On the following morning put oranges on with juice of lemons and boil until tender, then add sugar and boil to thickness desired.

ANNA HUNTLY, Montverde, Florida.

DUTCH CREAM.—Soak one half cup of tapioca in cold water over night. Drain off in morning and cover with boiling water. Simmer on back of stove until clear. Then add one cup of sugar, one half can of pineapple, juice of one lemon and white of one egg well beaten. Serve with whipped cream.

MRS. EDNA EISENBERG, Ladark, R. R. 3, Ill.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—To one cupful of mashed sweet potato, add one tablespoonful of flour, one half cupful of sugar, yolk of one egg, one half teaspoonful of ginger, a pinch of cloves and nutmeg and one cupful of sweet milk. Line a deep pie tin with rich crust and when ready to pour custard in, beat the white of egg very stiff and beat well into the custard. Make the top a rich brown.

MRS. CARRIE (KELLEY) BUTLER, 228 Linden St., Pittston, Pa.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of warmed shortening (lard, or butter and lard mixed) and beat well. Pour one cup of boiling water over four teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of strong vinegar (or add more if not strong). Flavor with vanilla and add just four enough to handle. Roll thin.

MRS. JOHN WENFILL, Chicora, Pa.

CRUST FOR TWO PIES.—One pint of flour, a little salt and one even teaspoonful of baking powder. Thoroughly work in lard about the size of a large hen's egg and add water enough to just roll out. Roll thinner than you would without baking powder, otherwise it would be too thick when baked.

JOSE SHERRY, Eaton, Ind.

VINEGAR CANDY.—Three cups of white sugar, one half cup of water and one half cup of vinegar stirred together and boiled until a little dropped in cold water will harden. Pour into buttered plates and let cool until it can be handled, and then pull until white.

MRS. JOE M. PHILLIPS, 14 North I street, San Mateo, Cal.

NUT CANDY.—Melt one pound of brown sugar on the back of stove and pour over nut meats. When cold break into pieces.

MISS LOUISE E. KRIVSKY, Racine, R. R. 2, Box 91, Wis.

CHOCOLATE BARS.—Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of white sugar, two thirds cup of grated chocolate, one half cup of cream and butter size of an egg. Boil together until it threads from spoon. Have ready one pound of English walnuts broken fine, take candy from stove, add flavoring and beat until it begins to stiffen, when you add nuts and quickly put into buttered tins. When partly cool, cut into bars.

MRS. B. J. LAWSON, 317 Lafayette St., Jefferson City, Mo.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Guess what we're going to have for dinner!

And the man will guess wrong nine times out of ten, because "mince pie!" sounds too good to be true. It used to be that mince pie was just a "state occasion dessert"—for Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's only, because it was an all day's job to make the mince meat and it cost like sixty—but now, with

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

it's just as easy to make mince pie as any other dessert, and it is much more delicious and wholesome, as it always was. None Such is just the same old-fashioned, pure, rich, home-made mince meat—with the hard work and trouble and high cost taken out.

TWO-PIE PACKAGE, 10c.
AT YOUR GROCER'S

Every 10 cent two-pie package of None Such Mince Meat is kept sweet and clean by a paraffine wrapper sealed by a stout pasteboard box.



MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter, a man of wealth, knowing his days are numbered, reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, his early love, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and to tell him something when he becomes of age, also his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill, and while the nurse and Walter keep watch Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," slips through a crack in a quiet desk and is lost to sight. With a sigh of relief Edmund closes the desk. The father dies without making more known of his wishes for Walter and revealing his ancestry. A search is made for the will. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of book-keeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year, and Edmund regards it as a matter of disrespect that the son of another woman is installed on an equal footing with him. Walter realizes his hard position. He goes to the city, meeting a young girl, who, through his assistance, escapes injury. He applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. After three months of close application Walter asks for evening office work. Making rapid strides, Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence on the banks of the Schuylkill. He requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. He knows the name is Gordon and is surprised to meet the young girl of his dreams—a sister of Robert Gordon. Walter gives Mr. Gordon valuable information regarding the plans and as he leaves encounters Edmund Carpenter, who accompanies Ruby to a party. He is surprised to meet Walter.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW REVELATION.

EDMUND CARPENTER had met Ruby Gordon at a brilliant reception given by a mutual friend during the previous winter.

It was the young girl's first season in society and she was as fresh, beautiful, and charming as it was possible for a debutante to be.

Of course she at once attracted a great deal of attention. She was not one of your regulation society belles, whose one ambition has always been to "come out" at a certain time, and whose education has been conducted solely with reference to that subject. She was natural, sweet, and pleasant, with a mind of her own, and plenty of spirit to speak out her honest opinions, and to show her approval or disapproval of the modes and customs of society, and the many admirers who crowded around her.

Edmund Carpenter had been fascinated from the first moment of their meeting.

He had frequented fashionable circles for a number of years, and showered attentions upon many belles without even having been captured by one; but he thought he had never seen anyone so lovely as Ruby Gordon. She was not yet eighteen, and was like a sweet, wild rose; her spirits were light as air, every movement was full of unstudied grace and she was quick and keen as a brier in conversation and repartee. Besides all this, it was a well-known fact that she was quite an heiress, independently of being the sister of the wealthy Robert Gordon, Esq., who occupied an enviable position in Philadelphia.

Young Carpenter was what might be called a handsome man. He possessed a fine form—tall, strong, and symmetrical—a well-shaped head, surmounted by rich, dark hair, regular features, and fine, intelligent black eyes. He was well educated, polished and affable in manner, and possessing large wealth, was deemed a "great catch" in society. But no one, as yet, seemed to possess power to secure more than friendly attention from him; for, notwithstanding the fact that he was twenty-six years of age, he had never been engaged, and no one had thought him likely to be, until Ruby Gordon appeared upon the scene. He was attentive to all the belles alike—rode, danced, flirted with and sent flowers to the many but no one in particular.

But from the moment of Ruby Gordon's entrance into society, a change seemed to come over him. He hovered about her continually; he had no eyes or ears for anyone else, and devoted himself to her exclusively, while he appeared to regard the attentions of others as an infringement upon his rights.

People began to talk about it—to say that Edmund Carpenter, the "male coquette and flirt," had been captured at last, and so it seemed.

Robert Gordon was not displeased with this state of things; indeed, he viewed them with complacency.

He had long known and respected Ralph Carpenter, as everyone else had done, he believed he must be a worthy son to have had so noble a father.

He was, as we have already seen, extremely fond of his young sister, who was fifteen years his junior; indeed, she was more like a daughter to him, and he had humored her every wish ever since his widowed mother's death, which had occurred ten years previous, when she had commended the delicate child to his care, and begged him to guard her faithfully from the evils and storms of life.

He had been true to his trust—so true that he had almost made an idol of her; and now he could not repress a thrill of pleasure, as he became conscious that the wealthy young millionaire seemed likely to choose his treasure from the galaxy of beauties in their circle, and thus secure to her a position second to none in the city.

It was not Edmund Carpenter's wealth and position alone that influenced him, for Ruby would have these if she never married at all; but he had been pleased with the young man, and although he knew there was considerable difference in their ages, yet he argued that he was all the better calculated to take care of her from that very fact.

He had always said he would never dictate to her in a matter so important to her interests; she should be free to choose for herself—to decide regarding her own happiness, and he would have sanctioned her choice of any worthy and honorable man, without regard to possessions or station.

Once or twice he attempted to sound Ruby regarding her sentiments toward her suitor.

"It seems to me that young Carpenter is getting quite friendly in this neighborhood, Ruby," he remarked, with significant emphasis, one evening after the gentleman had made a protracted call.

"Oh, he only dropped in to bring me a book that we were talking about the other day," Ruby responded, but with an extra color in her cheeks. "Isn't it a trifle strange, *petite*, that you should prefer his society to that of others nearer your own age?" asked Mr. Gordon, bending a searching glance upon the fair face that was so dear to him.

"I like people who talk sensibly to me, Robert," she returned, with an expressive shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Sensibly?" he replied, in surprise.

"Yes, most of the young men whom I meet in society talk such nonsense."

"Such as what, for instance?"

"Oh, about my hair, my eyes, my 'pretty feet,' and 'lovely dancing,' comparing them with somebody else's imperfections, and all manner of absurd chatter. I despise flattery and compliments."

"Oh, Ruby! when you always come to me to be told how pretty you look, before you go any-

where, and seem to like it, too!" retorted her brother, roguishly.

"Well, of course," she answered, laughing and blushing, "you love me, and you always mean what you say."

"True," replied Mr. Robert Gordon, with an amused smile, while he was sure that the same could not be said of many of her admirers; "but how does Mr. Carpenter's conversation differ?"

"He talks to me as if he thought I possessed some brains; as if he imagined I could think of something besides dress, and dancing, and gaiety. He is fond of music; so am I. He can tell you the name and something of the history of almost any eminent composer. He knows a good deal about arts and artists. Then it is really quite like a review lesson to hear him talk upon history, both modern and ancient, while the standard authors are like household names to him."

"You enjoy his society then?"

"Yes, I enjoy talking with him. It is a relief after listening to the small talk of some of the others."

This was rather doubtful praise, Mr. Gordon thought; not at all what a young girl should bestow upon the man whom she was learning to love. But he was not satisfied to drop the subject just yet.

"Mr. Carpenter stands well, Ruby. He is rich, handsome, and well educated, and I suspect that you are very much favored by his attentions. I feel rather proud of his preference for you."

Ruby blushed at this, but looked grave.

"Yes, he is well educated and rather good-looking, and he is pleasant company," she said, musingly; "but—"

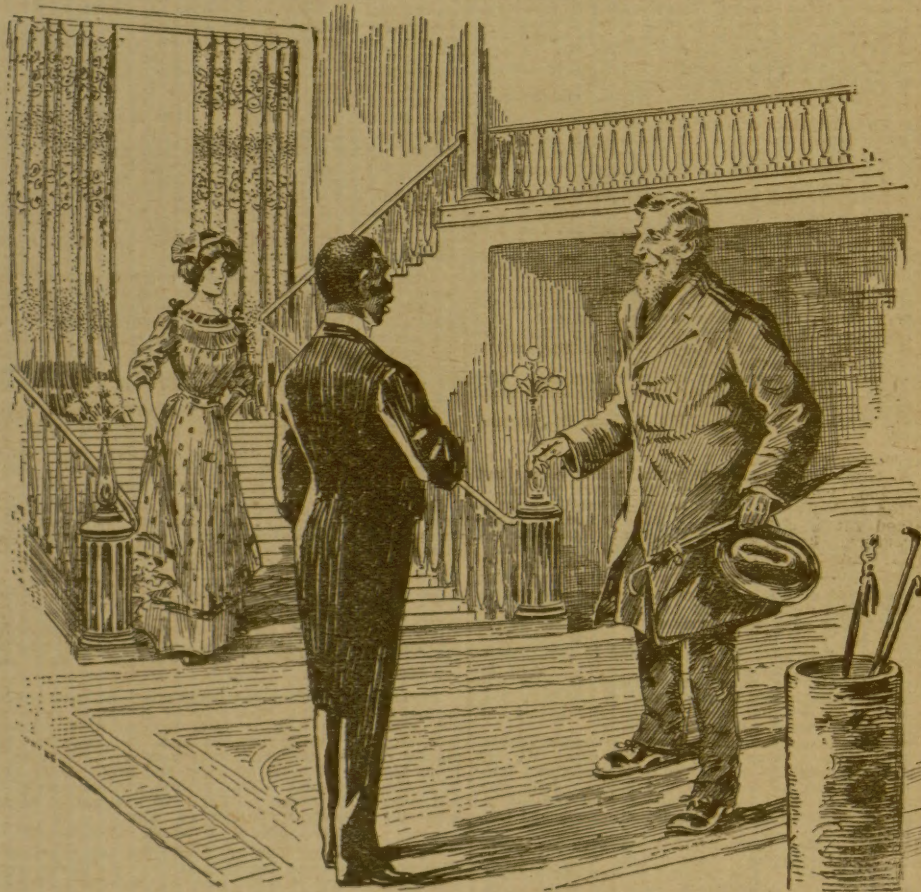
"Well, but what?" questioned her brother, watching her expression closely.

"I am not quite sure he is a very good man," was the rather startling reply.

"What do you mean by that, *petite*? I have never heard a word against Mr. Carpenter's character."

"Of course not; neither have I. But, somehow, when he gets to talking upon some subjects he expresses himself in a way that I do not like. He is hard and cynical. He is not sympathetic and charitable, as I think every good man should be, and he is sometimes overbearing and— and not just kind toward people in humble circumstances."

"You must not be too critical, Ruby."



SHE HAD BEEN PASSING THROUGH THE HALL AS THE STRANGER ENTERED, AND CAUGHT SOMETHING OF WHAT HE HAD SAID.

"No, I hope I am not, Robert," replied the young girl, lifting her earnest face to her brother, "but I believe I have high ideals. I could never really like or respect anyone who was not noble or good at heart. I might enjoy a man's society because of his intellectual ability; but I could not admit such a one to my confidence and friendship, if he were not possessed of honor, integrity, and kindness of heart."

"And do you consider that Mr. Carpenter is devoid of those attributes?"

"I should not like to say just that, Robert, and yet he says and does a good many things that jar upon me."

Robert Gordon was surprised. His sister was showing him a new phase of character today. He had no idea that she possessed so much penetration; that she was in the habit of thinking and reasoning so profoundly, or of weighing the character and motives of people so nicely.

He knew that she was good and kind and gracious toward everyone; but he had always believed that it was natural to her, rather than that she had been actuated by any special regard for principle.

She was so invariably bright and happy, so care-free, that he had never imagined her pretty head could ever be seriously troubled by the more serious questions of duty and obligation.

It was like a solemn revelation to him, and made him feel as if he had been guiltily neglectful not to have sought to know before more of her inner life. He feared that he had treated her too much as a child, a pet, a plaything, and thus starved her, when he should have fed her with strong meat suitable for a more fully developed nature.

But it was a new bond between them, and drew them nearer than ever to each other.

He reached out his hand, and laid it gently on her shoulder.

"It is well to set your standard high, dear," he said, "but we must not forget that everybody is human, and we have need to exercise toward others that charity which 'covereth a multitude of sins.' I will confess that I have been pleased with Mr. Carpenter's preference for you, for I have considered him a worthy young man; and if—mind, my pet, I would not influence you a feather's weight—if he should find favor in your eyes, it would give me great satisfaction. He is wealthy. He owns a beautiful estate not far from the city; and it would be a great comfort to me to have you so pleasantly settled, while thus, Ruby, I could always have you near me."

"Robert!" cried the young girl, with a startled, crimson face, "I have never thought of anything like that, I am not yet eighteen years old, and—"

"I know, dear, that you are very young, and under any other circumstances I would not

have spoken so plainly. But I have eyes. I can see that Mr. Carpenter will not be content to remain long in a state of single blessedness, if he can gain the prize that he covets, and so, Ruby, I have said this so that you may not be taken unawares."

There was another and stronger reason why Robert Gordon had tried to sound his sister's feelings. From time to time he had warnings that all was not as well with him as he could wish, or as it should be with a man of his years.

Severe pains in his left side, certain sensations as if his heart suddenly turned over and then ceased its action entirely, made him fear that he might not remain long in the world to care for his beautiful, orphaned sister, and he experienced a strong desire to have her happily settled in life before any ill should overtake him and thus leave her without a protector and at the mercy of unprincipled fortune hunters.

He had been correct in his suspicions; Edmund Carpenter had resolved to win lovely Ruby Gordon for his wife, if possible.

She was not only beautiful in form and feature, charming in manner, winning every heart by her sweetness, piquancy, and grace, but nobility itself in character and principle. He had been astonished, as his acquaintance with her progressed, at the depth of thought which she manifested, the intellectual ability which pervaded her conversation and shone forth in all her deeds and bearing.

He had never met anyone like her, and he had set his whole heart upon making her his wife and the mistress of his elegant home.

With this object in view, it is not strange that he sought to mask the baser elements of his own nature, carefully governing his language and deportment, when in her presence, and exerting every art and fascination of which he was master to achieve his cherished purpose.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.

In October, a leading paper of the city announced that "one of our noted poets—whom, as this incident is a true one, we shall call Mr. Whitfield—was to be in town shortly, and that Mr. Robert Gordon and lady would extend to him their hospitality in the form of a grand recep-

bright scarf or muffler wound about his throat, while he carried a huge cotton umbrella in one hand.

His face was ruddy with health, and remarkable for its benevolent, good-natured expression, and he smiled affably as the shining African suavely appeared to invite him to enter.

"Is Mr. Whitfield, the poet, here tonight?" questioned the stranger, nimbly stepping into the vestibule before the astonished usher could take breath.

"Yes, sah; Mr. Gordon receives for him tonight, sah," responded Mr. Coffee, drawing himself up with imposing dignity, and dexterously planting himself in the doorway leading into the hall, as if to bar the intruder from trespassing further.

"I know it—I saw it in the paper more'n a week ago—that he was going to give him a big time, and I've come to have a look at him," and without more ado the man stepped boldly through the inner door, pushing resolutely past the astonished usher, deposited his umbrella in a beautifully painted receiver, removed his hat and gloves, unwound his gray-colored scarf from his throat, and began to look about him with curious interest.

"Excuse me, sah," said the perplexed darky, approaching him, "but did you have cards for dis reception, sah?"

"Cards! you don't mean to tell me that they sell tickets for the show, do you?" demanded the newcomer, looking nonplussed at this unexpected question. "Well," he added, "I am beat; but if that's the game, I guess I can settle," and plunging his hand into one of his capacious pockets he drew forth a handful of silver and held it out to the man.

"There; help yourself," he said; "I shan't be particular about the amount, for, you see, I've come three hundred miles to get a squint at the chap that makes the best verses that ever was writ, and I can't be disappointed, nohow."

Thomas Jefferson Coffee eyed the handful of gleaming silver wistfully, but shook his head with an air of grave rejection.

"I'm afraid it won't do," he replied, dubiously;

"you see, dis am a private reception, and nobody can be admitted unless he has a particular invitation."

"Jeff!" called a sweet voice just at that instant, "come here a moment," and looking up, the two men saw Ruby standing not far from them.

She had been passing through the hall just as the stranger entered, and she had caught something of what he had said.

Jeff obeyed her call, and in a low tone explained what had occurred, while the young girl's face dimpled with amusement, and her eyes gleamed with merriment over his account.

"Of course we must manage some way to let him see Mr. Whitfield, if he has come such a long distance," she said, after thinking a moment. "I'll go and speak with him, then you can show him to the library, while I ask Mr. Gordon to arrange an interview for him."

Miss Ruby's word was law in the house, and the man bowed assent to her command, though with a broad grin on his face, which disclosed two rows of huge white teeth, as he began to scent the fun of the affair.

Ruby, her kind heart all aglow with sympathy for this rough, but appreciative stranger, who had come three hundred miles to see the poet whom he loved, approached and addressed him.

"Good evening, sir," she said. "Jeff tells me that you are anxious to see Mr. Whitfield, who is our guest tonight."

The man looked her over, an expression of admiration and delight, mingled with something of reverence at her exceeding loveliness, sweeping over his good-natured countenance.

"Yes, miss," he answered, "I read in the paper—we take the *Weekly Press*, you see—that Mister Gordon was going to give him a big reception, and I thought 'twould be the best chance I'd ever have to see him, so I've come. The colored gentleman," with a wave of his hand toward Jeff, which, together with the considerate title bestowed upon him, won that individual's heart for all time, "asked me if I'd got cards. I didn't know it was a regular ticketed show. I went to Washington once to see the President, and nothing was said about tickets; but I'm willing to pay what's right if I can only see the man that's walked right into my old heart with his sweet way of saying things."

Ruby had hard work to restrain her smiles at the man's simplicity, and the idea of her brother having a "ticketed show" under any circumstances; while she wondered what her aristocratic sister-in-law would say to this novel name bestowed upon her gorgeous reception for her noted guest.

But she was deeply touched by the stranger's evident reverence for the poet, and she resolved that he should not be disappointed, if she could help it.

"I think my brother will be very glad to manage it for you," she replied kindly; "and I am sure that Mr. Whitfield will appreciate the trouble that you have taken to see him. Jeff will show you to the library while I go to find him."

But the bell rang again just then for some late-comer, and Jeff had to attend the door, so Ruby, anxious to get the unpolished visitor away from his conspicuous position in the hall, added:

"Come this way, please, and I will show you."

"Are you Mr. Robert Gordon's sister?" he asked, as he turned to accompany her.

"Yes; my name is Ruby Gordon."

"They'd better have called you a pearl; you look more like one," he returned, his round, gray eyes expressing his delight in her beauty. "We used to think our Anna was wonderful good-looking," he added, with a sorrowful curve of his lips and a quaver in his voice, as he spoke the name, "but she couldn't hold a candle to you."

Ruby smiled and flushed; but she knew the compliment was sincere, if it was roughly expressed, and she could not help but smile.

"Then you have a daughter?" she remarked, as she quickened her steps toward the library.

"No, not now. Anna died more'n a year ago; but she was a sweet, good girl, and we put one of his verses on her tombstone," replied her companion, with a significant gesture toward the drawing-room, whence came the sound of many voices.

"Was she your only one?" Ruby asked, gently, while her fair face was full of sympathy for his loss.

"Yes; we haven't a chick nor a child left, and mother and I are considerably put about to know what we shall do with the property when we get through with it," he replied, with a sigh.

"There," said Ruby, wheeling forward a comfortable chair, but feeling a trifle embarrassed at the confidential turn the conversation was taking; "sit here, please, for a few minutes. And now, if you will kindly give me your name, I will bring my brother and introduce him to you."

"Ruggles, miss—Owen Ruggles, of Redville; and I'm sure you're very kind."

Ruby glided from the room, closing the door after her, for she knew that her proud sister would be greatly mortified and disturbed if it should become generally known that an uncouth stranger had intruded himself at her reception; while she also knew that if a reporter should get hold of it, the accident would be a dainty morsel to be served up, for the delectation of the hungry multitude, in the morn'g papers.

She found her brother engaged in quiet conversation with the poet himself.

With her face all aglow, and her eyes gleaming, she glided to his side, slipped her hand within his arm, and whispered:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

Here there my honies! A Happy New Year to you all. Well, here we are again in the same old spot. A little older, a little wiser, a little more experienced, and let's hope a little better all around. Now hop up into my lap while we have a little New Year's chin. Do you remember how with deep emotion, the Israelites of old gazed on the Promised Land which they had been trying so many years to reach? You can imagine their feelings after all those years of trial, tribulation, hardship and suffering, as they neared the goal of their long terrible journey. Now in my mind's eye I can see that expectant host, spying out the land, and wondering what that land was to hold for them in the coming year.

It's a long stretch of thousands of years from Moses of old to January the Wunth 1911, but here we are just as were the hosts of Israel, traveling along the highway of time, just a continuation of that endless procession of humanity of which the Israelites of old were merely a part, each plodding along with his burden of care, and each straining his eyes and gazing expectantly into the New Year of 1911, which like the promised land of old, lies before us with its 365 virgin days, which are ours to live well or ill as we decide, and to live out and complete or not as God may decide.

To the young folks, a New Year does not mean much. When we are young life seems a million miles long, and the passing of a year rather delights us, as young folks all want to grow up and be old folks, while old folks burdened with the weight of years, and recalling the care-free joys of youth, want to be young again. New Year's day is a tremendously important occasion for young as well as for the old, for youth, though it seems long is brief as a summer's day, and gone before we've even tasted a tithe of its sweets. The average length of human life in this country is only forty years. Only a very, very few live to see even the twentieth milestone of life. This being the case, the passing of a year is a solemn event and one of vast importance. We should never forget that the moment we commence to live we begin to die. That need not scare anyone, as the higher life begins where this one leaves off.

Well, 1910 is gone, and it's a dead issue! We can't undo the past though thousands of us would if we could. Father Time is a gentleman of vast experience, and he is willing to give advice to anyone who cares to listen. This is what the venerable old gentleman who has brought us all to the brink of another year has said: "I want to say to you: 'Here is a New Year for you, and I hope you'll make good use of it. Some of you made a horrible mess of the year that is past. If I had my way I'd close up your Time Book right away and finish your evil careers here and now, but the Higher Power I serve bids me be merciful so I'll give you another chance and another year to make good in. Live this year right, or I shall lose patience and swing my scythe in your direction, and you will be no more. For thousands of years I've marshaled the hosts of humanity and led them from milestone to milestone along this old highway of Time. Every year (and bear this in mind), the human army I've been leading has shown a decided improvement. The human army of 1911 for instance is a better one than that of 1910. There are more smiling faces, fewer black sheep and a healthier, happier, more prosperous atmosphere pervades the whole outfit than it did a year ago. Time's highway is a thoroughfare of progress, remember that. Now while we stand on the threshold of 1911, let me give you a little advice on how to live in the New Year. Wipe the old slate clean, and let's begin all over again."

"Be thoughtful, be kind. Do all the good you can whenever you can to whomsoever you can. "Be temperate in drinking, eating and speaking. "Think right, act right and do right. "Be charitable in your thoughts as well as your deeds. "Be merciful in your judgment, and merciful to all animals and feathered creatures. "Be fair, square and upright in all your dealings. Live and let live, and don't lie and cheat for the sake of making a few dollars, for money earned that way never did anyone any good. "Don't waste your time knocking your neighbors and criticizing others and being still live so that your example may help your more imperfect brethren to overcome their own shortcomings and measure up to that standard of perfection which, by God's help you are trying to reach. "Don't take advantage and impose upon those who are weaker than yourself, because circumstances have given you the opportunity to do so. Be thrifty, but don't be miserly. Don't hoard your money for others to squander after you are dead. What's the use of dying rich? Get some good out of your money. Avoid luxury but seek comfort. Live the simple life. It's the only life worth while. Use your money to make others happy, and don't every time you give away ten cents, pay fifty dollars to a brass band to make your meanness known to the world. You are the steward of your wealth, not its owner. The greater your wealth, the greater your responsibility to man and God. Remember that you can't take a dollar of your wealth with you when my scythe cuts you down. Help the needy, sick, afflicted, and protect, cheer and comfort the feeble and aged. Charity covers a multitude of sins, and remember that to cover your sins, and this means every one of you, you will need a charity blanket as big as a circus tent."

"Be a Christian, and be a Christian you must be Christ-like. Just going to church won't make you a Christian any more than going to a circus will make you an elephant. Get all the innocent fun and pleasure you can out of life. You can smile, and enjoy life and still be a Christian. God didn't intend the Devil and his followers to have all the good times."

"Do your best to make this world a better place to live in, and you can do that by working hard, voting right and fighting oppression, corruption, wrong, graft, plunder, privilege and rottenness wherever and whenever you find it."

"Fill your heart with love for all humanity. If you make a mistake don't get discouraged. If you sin, don't think you are beyond redemption. All that God expects of you or any man or woman is that they do the best they know how. If you fail begin all over again. God knows you are weak, and He is willing to help you to a fresh start. Keep your head in the air, look up, not down, out, not in. Have high ideals, and if you do not live up to them live as near to them as you can. Whatever you find to do in

this world that is worth while, no matter what it is, do it with all your might. Smile and let the sunshine of your presence warm the hearts and brighten the lives of those about you. Don't despair—despair is the annex to Hell.

"Do as I have advised, and though life may be short, and full of cares, let that not dishearten you. This life march of yours is but a day in the calendar of Eternity. As soon as this march is over, if you march right, I shall lead you out of this old world of misery to a brighter land, where care, suffering, sorrow and tears are no more. Now good by till 1912, and if you want to be happy, healthy and wise, mind you take the advice of your old friend, Father Time."

Now I've told you how to live the year 1911. As a first step towards living the year right, join COMFORT'S League of Cousins. Put our League rules in front of you, and you will have something to grip you and keep you from going astray. This is the finest and most helpful organization in the world. There are plenty of sunshine societies in existence and they do lots of good, but this is the only organization that gets real money for the needy sick of the land. Some of our shut-ins last year received hundreds of dollars, and that's going some. This year I hope we shall do still better.

Wheel chairs are badly needed. Send in a subscription on your birthday to the Wheel-Chair Club. Make that a New Year's resolution.

Please don't stick pins in your letters. Hundreds of people send twelve-page letters, the bottom of one page pinned to the top of another. Most of the pins are of brass and as dangerous as a rattlesnake bite if they puncture the skin. One of these pins last October nearly cost me my life. Night after night wet antiseptic dressings had to be applied to one of my hands. The anguish, sleeplessness and misery that that infected hand caused me will not be forgotten for many a long day. These pins are not only deadly dangerous but utterly useless, for all have to be removed before a letter can be read.

Those who want their names put on our correspondence list, must write their names on separate slips of paper together with age and full address. Requests for correspondence that are put in the middle of sixteen-page letters are ignored. People who go out of the way to make other people trouble never get any attention in this world. Be thoughtful. Be kind.

Uncle Charlie's glorious one hundred and sixty page book of poems can be obtained for a club of four subscriptions at twenty-five cents each. A new edition of Uncle Charlie's Song Book has just been put on the market. It is now better and grander than ever and still to be obtained for a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT. Full particulars about the new song book and also the new edition of the poems will be found at the end of this department. Don't miss it. It is of vital interest to you all. Now for the letters.

MODA, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE: I received my membership card and button all O. K. and thought them fine. I am sixteen years old, black headed, gray eyed, am five feet six inches tall. I live within two miles of the Tennessee river and within about a mile of Cedar Bluff. My father and mother are both living. My father is a minister of the Gospel. Well Uncle, I like COMFORT fine, and like the League best of all. Uncle if the women could go to the Poles and vote, we would have a better time. There are a few men who have got the money and some haven't got any at all. If the rich man would some of his money to the poor and needy, it would do a heap more good than spending it on foolishness and luxuries.

Hoping to hear from all of the cousins, I remain, Your nephew, AMBA B. JOYCE.

Your suggestion, Amba, as to the women going to the poles to vote is somewhat ambiguous, puzzling, mystifying and in need of elucidation and explanation. Why you want the women to go to the Poles and vote I really do not quite understand. Of course I am heartily in favor of women voting, but why you want them to go to the Poles to vote is a mystery. One would almost think you had a grudge against them, and had made up your mind that this would be an easy way to get rid of them, for it strikes me that if all the women in America went to the Poles to vote most of them would be frozen to death and scarcely one of them would ever get back. If a woman wants to vote, I don't see why she should not vote in her native land. I don't see what could possibly be gained by sending the dear souls to those horrible and uncomfortable regions the North and South Poles. You mention the Poles, so it is evident you want some of them to go to the North and some to the South Pole. I presume as you live in Tennessee, it would be the South Pole for yours. Another thing, if all the women went to the Poles to vote, it would take them at least a year to go there and another year to come back, even if they were lucky enough to get back, and just imagine what this country would be without its women—a womanless nation is unthinkable. Wouldn't there be an awful lot of yapping if papa had to get up in the morning, light the stove, get breakfast for himself and the kids, nail shingles on the holes in the seat of Willie's pants, souse the baby with paregoric, solder up the holes in Liza Jane's stockings, and do all those thousand and one things that a woman has to do? No, if the women want to vote, we will find a more convenient place than the Poles for them to do the job in. If you had suggested that the men go to the North and South Poles to do their voting, I would endorse your suggestion, Amba, heartily, for as far as I can see their votes do precious little good. Every four years there is an awful lot of hot air shot off, but after the voting is over, we are still face to face with the same old dreary grind, the same old sin, poverty, disease, wretchedness, anxiety and worry; the same enormous prisons filled to the brim with criminals; the same old sections of town crowded with white slaves; the same sweat shops filled with consumptive women and girls; the same grafters holding down the soft snaps; the same bunch of bums around the whiskey counters; the same old patient toiler with his dinner pail filled with stale crusts, and his pay envelope containing pitifully small wages; the same smug-faced ministers dishing out doctrinal sermons to sleepy congregations; the same old hordes of legal parasites fleeing and then betraying their poor clients and their rich ones too, if they get the chance; the same old food trusts stuffing us with tough steaks and decayed eggs at famine prices; the same old political pariahs passing as patriots, selling the people who pay them to the corporations; in short the same old intolerable conditions, which

men's votes might rectify and don't, because they don't hold their public servants to account, and don't hold the power of government in their own hands. They scream on election day then go to sleep for four years, wake up and scream some more and sleep four more years. Once every half century they get a big grouch, and have a general clean up, heads broken and blood spilt, then they go to sleep again. Now Amba, if you permit the women to do their voting at the poles instead of the Poles (North and South) we will get some results and life will be better worth the living for all of us. Billy the Goat says that possibly you mean let the women go to the Poles, that to Poland, to register their votes. That would be a very enjoyable ocean trip and I am sure all the ladies would be tickled to death with it. They would be gone just long enough to make the boys mighty anxious to get them back, and if you will pay for the steamship tickets I have no doubt this can be arranged. Billy the Goat also says that you might mean telegraph and telephone poles. This would bring the voting proposition nearer home, and every woman would have the pole in her back yard and do her voting right on the premises. That surely ought to satisfy the men. You are a lucky boy, Amba, to have a minister for a father. You have at least a chance to imbibe a little Christianity, and that is more than millions have.

BOTTINEAU, R. R. 3, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: This beautiful morning has inspired me to send a greeting to you Uncle, and all my unknown cousins scattered about on the great continent.

I am a new member of the C. L. O. C. and anyone can be proud of the honor of being your niece or nephew, Uncle. Received my lovely button and membership card and think they are fine. It's a very nice lesson you teach us Uncle, and I hope all of us cousins will do what the card tell us. True as steel, you are doing some very grand work, and I want to congratulate you. May your life be long and happy!

I live among the hills and woods of a little mountain (called Turtles) in the northern part of North Dakota. A few miles farther north will take me into Canada, and perhaps I might shake hands with a COMFORT cousin if I went over there. I am native born and have never been out of the state but would like to see some of the other states in this grand Union, especially those along the coast. Being so far north the winters are long and cold and the summers short and hot. Barely any fruit is raised around here, the principal crops being wheat, oats, barley, flax and any kind of vegetables. So Uncle, if you will come north here I will feed you radish and onions, and see how long you can stand it.

Will tell you a little of my home and family. Father and I (being the only child left at home) live on a farm eight miles from the county seat, quite a small station. I enjoy farm life and would not care to exchange my country home for one in the city. Wonder how many of the cousins agree with me? I have two brothers, one in Washington, the other in Dakota, also two sisters, both married, one older and one younger than myself.

Our dear mother died about seventeen years ago, so we have not had much of a mother's care and I don't think very many understand what they have in a good mother and father before they are taken away. I can sympathize with those who have lost a dear one, and only they can exactly understand the heart ache of those left to mourn the loss. I feel for all the cripples and shut-ins, and wish I could send a ray of sunshine into some lonely heart.

I would like to chat with some of the cousins, and let me ask you all one question. How many of you cousins are "temperance"? I am one myself and hope never to break my promise. There is nothing to my knowledge that ruins a person more than strong drink. Think of the millions of homes ruined where drinking exists. The drunkards of the future must come from the boys of the present. So boys if you want to be a noble man and not a slave or devil, touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating liquors. And to the girls I say if they would be more strict and shun strong drink there would be less drunkards. Now for the girl that marries a man that drinks. What can she expect after marriage? Can she ever expect to have a happy home? She's like a bird in a cage. She is sold to the drunkard, and the drunkard will soon sell her for a keg of whiskey and the rest you all know.

I am something around twenty-two years young, am five feet six inches tall and weigh one hundred and seventeen pounds in weight. Ain't I doing nicely for my height? Hope some of the cousins will call on me by mail, by cards or letters and I will try to answer all.

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With best love and wishes to you Uncle Charlie and many cousins I will close by wishing you all good luck. Your cousin, MAGGIE VIKAN. (No. 31,781.)

Maggie, your letter is exquisitely written. You are some writer all right. It must be quite romantic living among the hills and woods of a little mountain, and it would be still more romantic, Maggie, if you lived among the mountains and woods of a little hill. Turtles is a queer name to give a mountain. I hope while you're on it, it won't turn turtle. That diet of radishes and onions would suit me all right as I'm very fond of both. Unfortunately my digestive organism is not what it used to be, and now if I even attempt to eat a cracker I have to have three doctors sit on my chest to keep it in place. I never think of onions without shedding tears. I lost a bride and a million dollars through onions. A millionaire's daughter saw me playing the hero in a melodrama and got an awful crush on me some years ago. Soon I began to receive the faintest, sweetest, little mash notes. From the tone of those letters, I knew her heart was mine and I had her lashed to the mast! She told me she had a million in her own right, and I had that million all salted and spent even before we met. At last a meeting was arranged. I had my teeth manicured, face kalsomined and my graceful form was upholstered in a suit that was loud enough to be heard all over town. An hour before our

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

hain't no idee of what you're undertakin', an' ef you don't wish you was back in New York 'fore you git through I ain't no guesser."

"That is possible," said John readily, recalling his night and his breakfast that morning.

"Yes, sir," said the other. "Yes, sir; if you do what I've had to do, you'd do the hull darned thing, an' nobody to help you but Pete Hopkins, who don't count for a row o' crooked pins. As fer Dave's concerned," asserted the speaker with a wave of his hands, "he don't know no more about bankin' 'n a cat. He couldn't count a thousan' dollars in an hour, an' as fer addin' up a row o' figgers, he couldn't git it twice alike, I don't believe, if he was to be hung 'fore."

"He must understand the meaning of his own books and accounts, I should think," remarked John.

"Oh," said Chet scornfully, "anybody c'd do that. That's easy 'nough; but as fur 's the real bus'nis is concerned, he don't have nothin' to do with it. It's all ben left to me: chargin' an' creditin', postin', individule ledger, gen'ral ledger, checkin' off the N'York accounts, drawin' off statements, f'm the ledgers an' bill-book, writin' letters—why, the ain't an hour 'n the day in bus'nis hours some days that the's an hour 't I ain't busy 'bout somethin'. No, sir," continued Chet, "Dave don't give himself no trouble about the bus'nis. All he does is to look after lendin' the money, an' seein' that it gets paid when the time comes, an' keep track of how much money the's here an' in N'York, an' what notes is comin' due—an' a few things like that, that don't put pen to paper, ner take an hour of his time. Why, a man'll come in an' want to git a note done, an' it'll be 'All right,' or 'Can't spare the money today,' all in a minute. He don't give it no thought at all, an' he ain't 'round here half the time. Now," said Chet, "when I work fer a man I like to have him 'round so 't I c'n say to him: 'Shall I do it so? or shall I do it so? shall I? or shan't I?' an' then when I make a mistake—anybody's liable to—he's as much to blame 's I be."

"I suppose, then," said John, "that you must have to keep Mr. Harum's private accounts also, seeing that he knows so little of details. I have been told that he is interested in a good many matters besides this business."

"Wa'al," replied Timson, somewhat disconcerted, "I suppose he must keep 'em himself in some kind of a fashion, an' I don't know a thing about any outside matters of his'n, though I suspicion he has got quite a few. He's got some books in that safe" (pointing with his finger) "an' he's got a safe in the vault, but if you'll believe me—and the speaker looked as if he hardly expected it—"I hain't never so much as seen the inside of either one on 'em. No, sir."

"I hain't no more idee of what's in them safes 'n you have. He's close, Dave Harum is," said Chet with a convincing motion of the head: "on the hull, the closest man I ever see. I believe," he averred, "that if he was to lay out to keep it shut that lightnin' might strike him square in the mouth an' it wouldn't go in an eighth of an inch. An' yet," he added, "he c'n talk by the rod when he takes a notion."

"Must be a difficult person to get on with," commented John dryly. "I couldn't stan' it no longer," declared Mr. Timson with the air of one who had endured to the end of virtue, "an' I says to him the other day, 'Wa'al, I says, 'if I can't suit ye, mebbe you'd better suit yourself.'"

"Ah!" said John politely, seeing that some response was expected of him; "and what did he say to that?"

"He ast me," replied Chet, "if I meant by that to throw up the situation. 'Wa'al, I says, 'I'm sick enough to throw up most anythin', I says, 'along with bein' found fault with fer nothin'.'"

"And then?" queried John, who had received the impression that the motion to adjourn had come from the other side of the house.

"Wa'al," replied Chet, not quite so confidently, "he said somethin' about my requirin' a larger sphere of action, an' that he thought I'd do better on a mile track—some of his hoss talk. That's another thing," said Timson, changing the subject. "He's all fer hosses. He'd sooner make a ten-dollar note on a hoss trade than a hundred right here 'n this office. Many's the time right in bus'nis hours, when I've wanted to ask him how he wanted somethin' done, he'd be busy talkin' hoss, an' wouldn't pay no attention to me more'n 's if I wa'n't there."

"I am glad to feel," said John, "that you cannot possibly have any unpleasant feeling toward me, seeing that you resigned as you did."

"Cert'nly not, cert'nly not," declared Timson, a little uneasily. "If it hadn't a' ben you, I would a' had to ben somebody else, an' now I seen you an' had a talk with you—Wa'al, I guess I better git back into the other room. Dave's liable to come in any minute. But," he said in parting, "I will give ye piece of advice; You keep enough laid by to pay your gettin' back to N'York. You may want it in a hurry," and with this parting shot the rejected one took his leave.

The bank parlor was lighted by a window and a glazed door in the rear wall, and another window on the south side. Mr. Harum's desk was by the rear, or west, window, which gave view of his house, standing some hundred feet back from the street. The south, or side, window afforded a view of his front yard and that of an adjoining dwelling, beyond which rose the wall of a mercantile block. Business was encroaching upon David's domain. Our friend stood looking out of the south window. To the left a bit of Main Street was visible, and the naked branches of the elms and maples with which it was bordered were waving defiantly at their rivals over the way, incited thereto by a northwest wind.

We invariably form a mental picture of every unknown person of whom we think at all. It may be so faint that we are unconscious of it at the time, or so vivid that it is always recalled until dissipated by seeing the person himself or his likeness. But that we do so make a picture is proved by the fact that upon being confronted by the real features of the person in question we always experience a certain amount of surprise, even when we have not been conscious of a different conception of him.

Be that as it may, however, there was no question in John Lenox's mind as to the identity of the person who at last came briskly into the back office and interrupted his meditations. Rather under the middle height, he was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a clean-shaven, red

face, with—not a mole—but a slight protuberance the size of half a large pea on the line from the nostril to the corner of the mouth; bald over the crown and to a line a couple of inches above the ear, below that thick and somewhat bushy hair of yellowish red, showing a mingling of gray; small but very blue eyes; a thick nose, of no classifiable shape, and a large mouth with the lips so pressed together as to produce a slightly downward and yet rather humorous curve at the corners. He was dressed in a sack coat of dark "pepper-and-salt," with waistcoat and trousers to match. A somewhat old-fashioned standing collar, flaring away from the throat, was encircled by a red cravat, tied in a bow under his chin. A diamond stud of perhaps two carats showed in the triangle of spotless shirt front, and on his head was a cloth cap with ear lapets. He accosted our friend with, "I reckon you must be Mr. Lenox. How are you? I'm glad to see you," tugging off a thick buckskin glove, and putting out a plump but muscular hand.

John thanked him as they shook hands, and "hoped he was well."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Harum, "I'm improv'in' slowly. I've got so 'st I c'n set up long enough to have my bed made. Come last night, I s'pose? Anybody to the deepo to bring ye over? This time o' year once 'n a while the's no nobody go over for passengers."

John said that he had had no trouble. A man by the name of Robinson had brought him and his luggage.

"E-up!" said David with a nod, backing up to the fire which was burning in the grate of the Franklin stove. "Dug' Robinson. 'D he do the p'lite thing in the matter of questions an' gen'ral conversation?" he asked with a grin. John laughed in reply to this question.

"Where 'd you put up?" asked David.

John said that he passed the night at the Eagle Hotel.

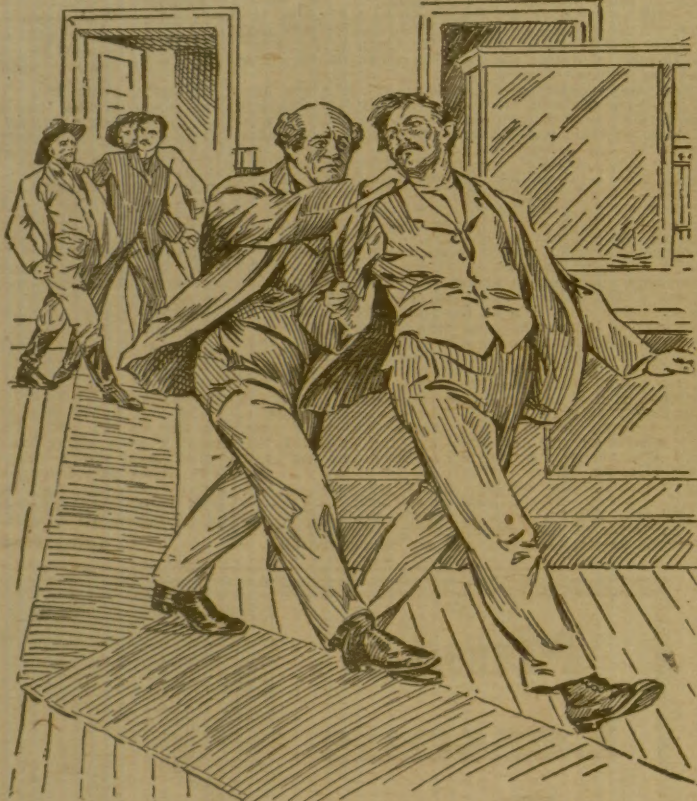
Mr. Harum had seen Dick Larrabee that morning and heard what he had to say of our friend's reception, but he liked to get his information from original sources.

"Make ye putty comf'able?" he asked, turning to eject a mouthful into the fire.

"I got along pretty well under the circumstances," said John.

Mr. Harum did not press the inquiry. "How'd you leave the gen'ral?" he inquired.

"He seemed to be well," replied John, "and



DAVID, WITH AMAZING SWIFTESS, RUSHED HIM THROUGH THE DOOR.

he wished to be kindly remembered to you."

"Fine man, the gen'ral," declared David, well pleased. "Fine man all 'round. Word's as good as his bond. Yes, sir, when the gen'ral gives his warrant, I don't care whether I see the critter or not. Know him much?"

"He and my father were old friends, and I have know him a good many years," replied John, adding, "he has been very kind and friendly to me."

"Set down, set down," said Mr. Harum, pointing to a chair. Seating himself, he took off his cap and dropped it with his gloves on the floor. "How long you ben here in the office?" he asked.

"Perhaps half an hour," was the reply.

"I meant to have ben here when you come," said the banker, "but I got hendered about a matter of a hoss I'm looking at. I guess I'll shut that door," making a move toward the one into the front office.

"Allow me," said John, getting up and closing it.

"May's well shut the other one while you're about it. Thank you," as John resumed his seat. "I hain't got nothin' very private, but I'm 'fraid of distractin' Timson's mind. Did he int'duce himself?"

"Yes," said John, "we introduced ourselves and had a few minutes' conversation."

"Gin ye his hull hist'ry an' a few relations throwed in?"

"There was hardly time for that," said John, smiling.

"Rubbed a little furniture polish into my character an' reputation?" inquired Mr. Harum.

"Most of our talk was on the subject of his duties and responsibilities," was John's reply.

"Don't callate to let on any more'n he callates to," thought David to himself.

"Allowed he run the hull shebang, didn't he?"

He seemed to have a pretty large idea of what was required of one in his place," admitted the witness.

"Kind o' friendly, was he?" asked David.

"Well," said John, "after we had talked for a while I said to him that I was glad to think that he could have no unpleasant feeling toward me, seeing that he had given up the place of his own preference, and he assured me that he had none."

David turned and looked at John for an instant with a twinkle in his eye. The younger man returned the look and smiled slightly. David laughed outright.

"I guess you've seen folks before," he remarked.

"I have never met any one exactly like Mr. Timson, I think," said our friend with a slight laugh.

"Fortunately them kind is rare," observed Mr. Harum dryly, rising and going to his desk, from a drawer of which he produced a couple of cigars, one of which he proffered to John, who, for the first time in his life, during the next half hour regretted that he was a smoker. David sat for two or three minutes puffing diligently, and then

took the weed out of his mouth and looked contemplatively at it.

"How do you like that cigar?" he inquired. "It burns very nicely," said the victim. Mr. Harum emitted a cough which was like a chuckle, or a chuckle which was like a cough, and relapsed into silence again. Presently he turned his head, looked curiously at the young man for a moment, and then turned his glance again to the fire.

"I've ben wonderin' some," he said, "pertic'lerly since I see you, how 't was 't you wanted to come up here to Homeville. Gen'l Wolsey gin his warrant, an' so I reckon you hadn't ben gettin' into no scrape nor nothin'," and again he looked sharply at the young man at his side.

"Did the gen'ral say nothin' of my affairs?" the latter asked.

"No," replied David, "all 't he said was in a gen'ral way that he'd knowed you an' your folks a good while, an' he thought you'd be jest the feller I was lookin' fer. Mebbe he reckoned that if you wanted your story told, you'd rather tell it yourself."

CHAPTER XIV.

Whatever might have been John's repugnance to making a confidant of the man whom he had known but for half an hour, he acknowledged to himself that the other's curiosity was not only natural but proper. He could not but know that in appearance and manner he was in marked contrast with those whom the man had so far seen. He divined the fact that his coming from a great city to settle down in a village town would furnish matter for surprise and conjecture, and felt that it would be to his advantage with the man who was to be his employer that he should be perfectly and obviously frank upon all matters of his own which might be properly mentioned. He had an instinctive feeling that Harum combined acuteness and suspiciousness to a very large degree, and he had also a feeling that the old man's confidence, once gained, would not be easily shaken. So he told his hearer so much of his history as he thought pertinent, and David listened without interruption or comment, save an occasional "E-um-m."

"And here I am," John remarked in conclusion. "Here you be, fer a fact," said David. "Wa'al, the's worse places 'n Homeville—after you git used to it," he added in qualification. "I ben back here a matter o' thirteen or fourteen year now, an' am gettin' to feel my way 'round putty well; but not havin' ben in these parts fer putty nigh thirty year, I found it rather lonesome to start with, an' I guess if it hadn't a' ben fer Polly I wouldn't a' stood it. But up to the time I come back she hadn't never ben ten mile away f'm here in her hull life, an' I couldn't budge her. But then," he remarked, "while Homeville ain't a metropol'is, it's some a different place f'm what it used to be—in some ways. Polly's my sister," he added by way of explanation.

"Well," said John, with rather a rueful laugh, "if it has taken you all that time to get used to it, the outlook for me is not very encouraging, I'm afraid."

"Wa'al," remarked Mr. Harum, "I'm apt to speak in parables sometimes. I guess you'll git along after a spell, though it mayn't set fast rate on your stomach till you git used to the diet. 'Say,' he said after a moment, "if you'd had a couple o' thousan' more, do you think you'd a' stuck to the law bus'nis?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied John, "but I am inclined to think not. General Wolsey told me that if I were very anxious to go on with it he would help me, but after what I told him he advised me to write to you."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes," said John, "and after what I had gone through I was not altogether sorry to come away."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Harum thoughtfully, "if I was to lose what little I've got, an' had to give up livin' in the way I was used to, an' couldn't even keep a hoss, I c'n allow 't I might be willin' fer a change of scene to make a fresh start in. Yes, sir, I guess I would. 'Wa'al,' looking at his watch, "I've got to go now, an' I'll see ye later, mebbe. You feel like takin' holt today?"

"Oh, yes," said John with alacrity.

"All right," said Mr. Harum. "You tell Timson what you want, an' make him show you everythin'. He understands, an' I've paid him fer't. He's agreed to stay any time in reason 't you want him, but I guess," he added with a laugh, "t you c'n pump him dry 'n a day or two. It hain't rained wisdom an' knowledge in his part o' the country fer a consid'able spell."

David stood for a moment drawing on his gloves, and then, looking at John with his characteristic chuckle, continued:

"Allowed he'd ben drawin' the hull load, did he? Wa'al, sir, the truth on't is 't he never come to a bill yet, 't 't wa'n't more 'n a foot high, but what I had to git out an' push; nor never struck a turn in the road but what I had to take him by the head an' lead him into it." With which Mr. Harum put on his overcoat and cap and departed.

Mr. Timson was leaning over the counter in animated controversy with a man on the outside who had evidently asserted or quoted (the quotation is the usual weapon: it has a double barb and can be wielded with comparative safety) something of a wounding effect.

"No, sir," exclaimed Chet, with a sounding slap on the counter, "no, sir! The's ain't one word o' truth in it. I said myself, 'I won't stan' it, I says, 'not f'm you ner nobody else, I says, 'an' what's more,' says I—"

The expression in the face of Mr. Timson's tormentor caused that gentleman to break off and look around.

The man on the outside grinned, stared at John a moment, and went out, and Timson turned and said, as John came forward, "Hello! The old man picked ye to pieces all he wanted to?"

"We are through for the day, I fancy," said our friend, smiling, "and if you are ready to begin my lessons I am ready to take them. Mr. Harum told me that you would be good enough to show me what was necessary."

"All right," said Mr. Timson readily enough, and so John began his first day's work in David's office. He was surprised and encouraged to find how much his experience in Rush & Company's office stood him in hand, and managed to acquire in a comparatively short time a pretty fair comprehension of the system which prevailed in "Harum's bank," notwithstanding the incessant divagations of his instructor.

It was decided between Timson and our friend that on the following day the latter should undertake the office work under supervision, and the next morning John was engaged upon the preliminary of the day's business when his employer came in and seated himself at his desk in the back room. After a few minutes, in which he was busy with his letters, he appeared in the doorway of the front room. He did not speak, for John saw him, and, responding to a backward toss of the head, followed him into the "parlor," and at an intimation of the same silent char-

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acter shut the doors. Mr. Harum sat down at his desk, and John stood awaiting his pleasure. "How'd ye make out yestidy?" he asked. "Git anythin' out of old tongue-tied?" pointing with his thumb toward the front room.

"Oh, yes," said John, smiling, as he recalled the unceasing flow of words which had enveloped Timson's explanations.

"How much longer do you think you'll have to have him 'round?" asked Mr. Harum.

"Well," said John, "of course, your customers are strangers to me, but so far as the routine of the office is concerned I think I can manage after today. But I shall have to appeal to you rather often for a while until I get thoroughly acquainted with my work."

"Good fer you," said David. "You've took holt a good sight quicker 'n I thought ye would, an' I'll spend more or less time 'round here fer a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

meeting, I discovered I had a large hole inside that needed attention, and I filled it up with steak and onions. Then I sallied forth to meet the lady who owned the million dollars. Our correspondence had been of such an intense nature that the post-office authorities had to carry it in asbestos mail bags and play a hose on the bags while they were in transit. When we met she fell upon my shoulder. Three seconds later she fell on the street. She screamed "Onions!" once, and I had to ring for the ambulance. She was unconscious for several days. The doctor informed me that she had onionitis of the brain. The Board of Health arrested me and disinfected me inside and out. I've always had it in for onions ever since. I agree with all you say, Maggie, on the liquor question. Liquor is poison, and its sales should be prohibited. Whiskey should be put in the same class with morphine, opium, cocaine and other deadly poisons. As a drug whiskey is all right. It is a splendid heart stimulant in time of physical collapse, but there its use ceases. To see millions of men mopping up this deadly poison as a beverage, wild, wicked and awful. If men must have stimulant, a light beer containing not more than two and a half per cent. alcohol, just enough to preserve it, or the lightest of California wines would be all they would get if I had my way. People say if they drink beer they will want whiskey later on. I reply, make it so they can't get whiskey. Prohibit its manufacture if necessary. Mind, I don't advocate the use of beer not on your life, but I do realize the fact that there are millions of people the world over who would be utterly miserable without their glass of light beer with their dinner and supper. There are millions of people who can, and do drink beer without abusing it, strictly temperate folks who never touch any kind of liquor. It is a moot question whether the law has any right to deprive people of their dinner and supper beer if they want it. That beer though, should be so devoid of alcohol that a man could not get intoxicated on it if he drank a thousand barrels. It would positively have to be a temperate beverage. It may be news to many of our readers, but it's a fact nevertheless, that you never see drunkenness in Italy, where wine is universally consumed. Consular reports substantiate this statement. The saloon as it exists today I would wipe out of existence. In its place I would establish refreshment and rest rooms, where people could sit down and have tea, coffee, soft drinks, eatables, and if they called for it, temperance beer of the character I have before mentioned. I would have no bar, but would have plenty of magazines, writing materials and good reading matter around, and would do all I could to give the place an air of refinement, so the man would not be afraid to take even his wife and children to it. I believe it is more than possible that eventually the liquor question will be solved along these lines, along the lines of temperance rather than of prohibition, and speaking of temperance, I believe in temperance in all things, temperance in eating as well as drinking. Intemperate eating causes even more deaths than intemperate drinking. I know people who would not allow beer or whiskey in the house, but they will stuff themselves with every kind of abomination, topped off with cup after cup of coffee or tea, both of which by the way are stimulants and as injurious and poisonous as some alcoholic beverages, and after they have gorged themselves until they can gorge no longer, and are stuffed so full they can hardly move from the table, they will dare to call themselves temperate people, and regard the man next door who drinks a bottle of beer, with horror. Now that's not consistent is it? The difference between over indulgence in food and over indulgence in drink is that food destroys the body, while drink destroys both soul and body, and so I'm with the prohibition movement until whiskey at least is banished from the land, and beer is made absolutely harmless. Whether the millions who want their light, practically non-alcoholic beer have as much right to have it as those who want their coffee and tea is a question that will have to be thrashed out later on. I want to see a healthy, happy, temperate nation. Just how we are going to bring that about no one quite knows. Prohibition may do it, let's hope it will. Every year however the task will grow lighter and easier for the whole world is gradually sobering up. Drinking men are not wanted in any line of effort today. Employers of labor will not hire them. Nobody will trust them. The struggle for living today is too keen for any man to handicap himself with the curse of alcohol. Men are beginning to understand that they simply cannot afford to drink even if they wanted to, and when men find it does not pay to do a thing they will eventually quit it. The man who runs the bar on one of our biggest trans-Atlantic liners was visiting me the other day. He was bewailing the fact that the old school of hard drinkers had passed away. "People nowadays," he said, "drink only light beer or mineral water. We seldom sell whiskey. Things are not as they used to be." No thank God, they are not. If women would absolutely insist that lips that touched liquor should never touch theirs, the death knell of the liquor business would be rung right away. Women hold the key to the situation, and they should use it, but remember temperance means more than liquor temperance. It would be well if people would practice temperance of language, temperance of speech, and be temperate in their judgment of others. Many of the most intemperate people in the world are people who never touch alcoholic liquor of any kind.

HAMBURG, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you please make room on your loving lap for a sad little girl of nine years of age, who has lost her papa. Lost him not by death, but he left his home last June a year ago, and we have never heard of him since. Now you and the cousins are wondering why he left mama and me. Well, the tale, gambling got the best of him. He got away with all the money he could get, then left. He was a railroad man. He got a pass for mama and me to go to Texas to visit mama's uncle, and it was while we were gone that he left home. Oh, Uncle Charlie, you don't know how sad it was for mama and me when we came home, and papa not there, for oh, we did love him better than our lives. Well, I must not make my letter too sad. We are at the present time making our home with mama's uncle, who is eighty years old. Mama is not what you would call a strong woman. I am nine years old, light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. I love music, can play quite a number of pieces by note on my piano, although I have never taken any lessons, also love elocution. I have won two medals for speaking, one silver the other of gold, but I am not able to take lessons in either. I am in the third grade at school as I have never been able to go a full term yet. I have a pair of white rabbits and they have five of the cutest little baby rabbits you ever saw and I love them.

I would like a postal shower. Your loving niece and cousin,
JEWELL KNOWLTON.

Jewell, dear, I can't tell you how sorry I feel for you and your mama. Your letter is indescribably sad. It is too bad that you at your tender years have been robbed of your father, and your young life, which should have been all sunny brightness, should have thus early been clouded with grief, suffering and sorrow. How any creature worthy of the name of man could desert his family in the cold-blooded way your father has deserted you and your mother, passes my comprehension. I am glad you wrote me, Jewell dear, and told me your sad story, for I want all the young men of Comfort's reading family, to take your experience to heart, and see to what depths of degradation the accursed vice of gambling will bring a man. Gambling and drink are the twin fiends of perdition, children of the devil. Any man who indulges in gambling is bound to plunge headlong to ruin. It would matter little if the gambler were to ruin only his own life, in fact the sooner such people get

off the earth the better it would be for humanity at large, but the trouble is in this world, there is scarcely a man or woman who can go to ruin without blasting lives and dragging others to ruin with them. Drunkards and gamblers care not whose lives they ruin. Their vicious habits soon dull all their finer qualities. They are deaf to the pleadings of conscience and they care for nothing except to gratify the cravings of the fiendish thing which has taken possession of them. Gambling soon ruins a rich man, and for a poor man to indulge in this vice, is tantamount to committing suicide. I am delighted to say that the State of New York has abolished all race track gambling, but not until thousands of young men have been ruined by indulgence in this so-called sport. Even Nevada and Deadwood have abolished gambling. Soon the horde of scrofulous parasitical sports, a class of fiends who fatten on the victims of the white slave traffic and who do more to add to that class of wretched unfortunates than all the rest of mankind put together, will have to go to work and do something in the way of honest labor for a living. Alas, Jewell, dear, these reforms have come too late to help you. My heart aches for your poor mother. God alone knows the agony of her heart. I do not know where your papa is dear, but I do know that he is a thoroughly unhappy man. Though his conscience may be slumbering, there must be times when that pretty little face of yours haunts him, and when he could give worlds to take you in his arms and beg you to forgive him for the wrong he has done you and your mother. The older he grows the more unhappy he will become. The law of compensation is ever at work, no human can escape from reaping the harvest of his misdeeds. In sacrificing you and your mother, your father sacrificed the most precious things on earth, the love and devotion of wife and child. Nothing on earth can ever compensate him for that loss. He realizes that now, and he will realize it still more as the years roll on. In a few years the scales will fall from his eyes, and then perhaps too late he will see the terrible mistake he has made. When that day comes and he awakes to a realizing sense of his own misdeeds, God pity him. You dear, must be brave. Be all the comfort you can to your mother, and when she is alone and you see the tears stealing into her eyes, go and put your arms around her neck, and tell her not to grieve. Tell her that a papa who would desert you and your mama is not worth crying about anyway.

1421 MIKON AVE., DES MOINES, IA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a girl from Des Moines, Iowa. My grandma has taken the Comfort for I don't know how long, and she likes it very much. I weigh one hundred and twelve pounds and I am only eleven years old. Dark complexion and dark eyes. The fair is now going on and Tuesday is soldiers day and I am going with my Grandpa. He's an old soldier. I often hear him talk about Vicksburg and Cumbrun Gap, and up Red River with Banks. My Grandpa knows lots of war songs and is favorite piece is The Texas Rangers and I also would like to see it in print. I hope you won't throw through in the waist basket.

RUTH BURHAM.

Come all you Texas Rangers, where ever you may be
A story I will tell you that happened on to me.

When at the age of sixteen I joined this jolly band.
We marched from sio ontiona down to the Rio o Grand.

Our captain he informed us perhaps he thought it right
Before you reach you river my boys you'll have to fight.

I seen the rebels coming, I heard them give the yell,
My feelings at that moment, no human tongue can tell.

I seen there glittering Ballunts, the bullets round me
halled,
My heart is sank within me, my courage almost failed.

I seen the smoke ascending, it must of touched the sky,
My feelings at that moment, now is the time to die.

I heard the bugles sounding our Cap give the command,
Two arms! Two arms! he shouted, and by your horses stand.

It was full five hours before the strife is o'er,
They like a bed unwounded I never saw before.

There layed as jolly Rangers, as ever left the west,
Now sleeping by there comrades may they forever rest.

I thought of my old mother who in tears to me did say,
To you they are all strangers, with me you had better stay.

Ruth, I have printed your letter exactly as it was written, also the poem "The Texas Rangers." Your writing, for a little girl of eleven, is excellent, but I know lots of little boys and girls two years younger than you who could beat you at spelling, and I know lots of boys and girls years older than you who cannot spell at all. There is one thing that is very appealing in your letter, and that is your devotion to your grand father. I know you are the idol of his heart and that he loves you all to bits, and I am sure you think he is the greatest soldier hero that ever lived, and mind, dear, you are always to think so. It is better to have a real, live hero in the family and know him and love him, brighten his declining years and be his little sweetheart, than to go wild over and worship heroes in books. I would just love to see grandpa, telling his war stories and singing his battle songs to you. Surely there could be no prettier or more inspiring picture in all the world. Now, before discussing that war song, I want to remind you for saying, "Grandma has taken the Comfort." How a little girl going to school can say "Has taken" I don't know. Suppose you say "has taken." You speak of "Cumbrun Gap." You listen the next time Grandpa gets reminiscent, and you'll find that it's Cumberland Gap, and as to going up the Red River with Banks, of course the river had banks, or it could not have been a river. Now for that poem: "The Texas Ranger." I know Grandpa sang it all right, but I've nearly had fourteen fits the way you have got it down. You say "we marched from sio ontiona down to the Rio o grand." But I have been wondering where sio ontiona could be, but for the life of me I could not locate it. Then a happy thought hit my think box, and it struck me that you meant San Antonio. I suppose the Rio o Grand is our old friend the Rio Grande. I've been wondering why you put that o in between Rio and Grand, and have come to the conclusion that that is where grandpa takes a long breath, puts in a musical flourish, and lets out an extra "o" for your benefit. You say: "I seen the rebels coming." My dear you should say "saw." "I seen" is terrible. It is one of the most detestable slips in American speech. I saw, or I have seen are correct, but never "I seen." A little further on you say "My feelings at that moment." I think you mean "feelings," my dear, not "feelings" though I guess "feelings" more accurately describes the condition of some of the soldiers at that time, than any other word you could have used. In verse five you say "I seen their glittering Ballunts." Do you know I studied over that Ruth for a long time before I tumbled to the fact that you meant "glittering bayonets." Instead of "glittering Ballunts." I am afraid you must have a considerable amount of cotton wool in your ears when Grandfather is singing, or you'd be able to interpret some of his words better. That reminds me, when I was a child one of the first prayers I learned to lip used to conclude with this sentence: "Be with us all over more, Amen." Well do you know it always seemed to me that they said "Be with the saw." Instead of "Be with us all" and "Be with the saw" was the way I interpreted that prayer until I was old enough to read and found out my mistake. I hope kind Providence forgave me for requesting all the powers of Heaven to "be with the saw ever more Amen." My youthful experience makes it easy for me to understand, how you have managed to get Grandpa's song all tangled up. A little later on in the poem you say:

"Our Cap" (I presume that is the captain) "shouted two arms, two arms!" I am wondering why he shouted "Two arms." Maybe somebody had shot his off and he wanted another pair. Whenever I did any fighting I always used to shout "Two legs, two legs!" and the whole bunch of us used to beat it to the rear. That's the only sensible way to fight, run for it. Anyway, let us all hope that the captain got those two arms. It must have been pretty tough on the man who had to give his arms up to accommodate the captain. After the battle I presume the captain was hugging his best girl with somebody else's arms. You almost never can tell. Later, Ruth, in your poem it says: "They like a bed unwounded, I never saw before." Do you know my dear, Maria, Billy the Goat and myself, studied over that for an hour until we got wise to just what you meant. What Grandpa really said must have been this: "The like of dead and wounded, I never saw before." I know Grandpa will laugh as much as we have when he reads your interpretation of his lyric efforts. I have not space, Ruth, to publish all of the "Texas Rangers," but what I have pushed I am sure our readers have enjoyed immensely, and we all hope that Grandpa will live long, and that every year he lives you will be by his side to cheer and comfort him on his journey to that beautiful land where battle flags are furled and war is no more.

PURSUITSVILLE, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a little girl twelve years old, have brown hair, gray eyes; am four feet seven and a half inches tall and weigh eighty-one pounds. I live on a farm. We have two horses two cows, three hogs, and a good many chickens. My mother is dead. I live with kind people. I have one sister and three brothers. They all are scattered around at different places. We are picking our winter apples now. I am by myself today. We are done thrashing this year. I can make pies sweep the house and go after the cows. Our school is going to begin in October. I don't know what day. I go to Sunday school whenever I can. The church is a good many miles from our house. We do not have very many scholars in our school. I have four dolls and a teddy bear and one kitten. This is my fourth letter and none of them have been in the paper. I have been to school two winters and never missed a day. I am in the fifth reader. One winter I went by myself most of the time. We canned one hundred and one cans of peaches. We did not get very many berries this year.

Hoping that you will excuse my mistakes, I remain,
Your niece,
FLAREY F. LILLIE.

Flarey, I don't know if I have your name spelled correctly or not. The writing in your letter is very good, but you seem to have got cold feet or cold hands, when you signed your spontaneous and patriotic appellation at the finish. Out of every hundred League membership cards we send out, a dozen come back owing to illegible writing or insufficient addresses, and by the way that reminds me of something very funny that happened the other day. We had an application for League membership from a young lady who wrote her Christian name Francis. When the League cards were made out from the record book, the individual who made out the cards, naturally concluded that Francis was a boy, and put his, instead of her. In a few days' time, back came a letter from an indignant young lady calling us a bunch of luncheads, etc., and telling us we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for not knowing that Francis was a girl's name, and Francis was a boy's. Of course that was our cue to have fourteen fits. I fell out of bed. Billy the Goat in a fit of hysteria swallowed the furnace. Maria chewed holes in the carpet, and Toby ate three inches off his tail. Well, we gave the young lady a new card, and we'll let her continue to remain in blissful ignorance of the fact that she is using a man's name, and is turning up her nose scornfully at the name she ought to use. Francis female, and Francis male if you please. Flarey I am exceedingly sorry that death has deprived you of your mother. That is a sad, sad loss, dearie, and the extent of that loss you will never realize, and it's well that you do not, or your little heart would break. I am glad that you are living with nice, kind people. So many motherless children are thrust into institutions, or made drudges for selfish men, men who call themselves fathers, but are in reality slave drivers. Men who are too mean to employ a

housekeeper. Flarey you say in your letter that you are "thrashing this year." Will you please let us know how you thrash a year? I suppose you take January by the neck, and February by the seat of the pants and lambaste them eh? Was 1910 such a bad year that you had to chastise it? I am of the opinion that you mean you have finished thrashing for this year, though of course I may be wrong. I hope 1911 will be a good year for you, and you won't need to lay violent hands on it. I know a man who stole a calendar the other day. What did he get? Why, he got twelve months of course. In your letter you say: "I can make pies sweep the house and go after the cows." My dear, if you can do that you are one wonderful girl. I would give half my life to see a peach pie sweeping the house, and a pumpkin pie chasing the cows. That would surely be some fun. You are certainly some wonder in the pie making line, Flarey. The only thing I have ever known a pie to do was to cause indigestion. I remember some years ago, that I ate half an acre section of four pies, peach, apple, mince and pumpkin, just before going to bed one night. After I had eaten the pies and had them stowed safely in my hash tank, trouble arose. It appeared (and that was something I did not know) that the peach and the pumpkin pie had been on bad terms for some years, and naturally when they found themselves in close proximity in my mush receptacle, there was something doing in the trouble line, right on the jump. Angry words passed between the peach and the pumpkin pie. Each called the other names entirely unprintable even in pie literature. Then the peach pie grabbed the pumpkin pie by the neck and the pumpkin pie retaliated by landing a sock-dolager on the peach pie's nose. Then there was a general mix up, the mince and apple pie butted into the game, and the whole four fought for the pugilistic pie championship of America, using my tummy as their battle arena. Fortunately a doctor with the aid of a stomach pump, relieved me of the combatants, and all four are now doing ten days in the pastry jail for disorderly behavior. Now, Flarey, that is my experience with pies, and the experience is not likely to be repeated, for half the year I am living on graham crackers and milk. Sometimes I get ambitious and tackle an egg. They are all strictly fresh and cost sixty cents a dozen. It is never safe to lift off the lid of one of these archaic eggs, unless you hold your nose and open the window. The egg trust buys these eggs from the farmers at twenty cents a dozen, keeps them for months until they are rotten and then sells them to us New Yorkers, for forty cents more than they paid for them. If we find a chicken inside any of them, they charge us two dollars apiece for spring chicken. A great world, this, Flarey, isn't it? Now, by, by, dear, I wish you joy with your educated pies, and as long as you don't eat one I guess you'll be all right.

RATON, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
May I sit down on the floor by your side and chat with you? I wouldn't ask to sit on your lap for fear you would refuse me and then I'll take pity on you, I weigh one hundred forty-four pounds. I have dark hair and blue eyes, am fifteen years old, was born in Houslerana. Have lived in Florida, and I have been "a little Alabama coon" for over ten years, and I have lived in Texas, and now I'm the girl from the Golden West. Somewhat of a rambler am I not? May I bring my bird cage up and sit it by your chicken coop, for any old place I can hang my hat is home, sweet home to me.

I love flowers and music don't you Uncle? That is my greatest pastime—tending my flowers and learning my music.

I am glad you are still with us, for I don't know what we would do without you. This is a fine place Uncle, it is 5568 feet high, and just the place for people with consumption, it being so high and dry. My mother is a "lunger"—that is what they call consumptives here. She has been here about six months. Anyone can get well or prolong their life by coming here if they come before it is too late, but they can never live in a lower climate after being here. Of course they can visit back in lower altitudes, but it isn't safe to try to live there. It is so dry here it just dries up the old lungs and makes them set well. There isn't much garden truck that will grow here unless it is irrigated, but one place can't have all the advantages.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Danderine

GROWS HAIR
and we can

PROVE IT!

A lady from Minnesota writes:
"As a result of using Danderine, my hair is close to five feet in length."

Beautiful Hair At Small Cost

HAIR troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

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It penetrates the pores quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

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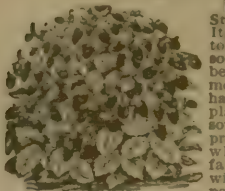
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Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and
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Strawberry is a great curiosity.
It grows rapidly, and will begin
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and fall, a pint of berries
having been picked from one
plant as late as October. Seeds
sown in the house in winter will
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For only 10c we will send 100 Everbearing Strawberry
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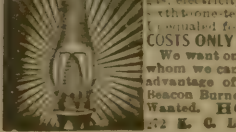
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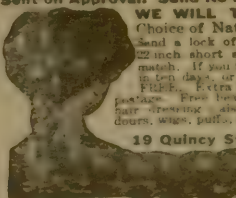
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common coal oil. Gives better light than
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tenth the cost. Fits your old lamp.
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COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS
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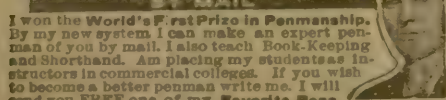


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and Chain

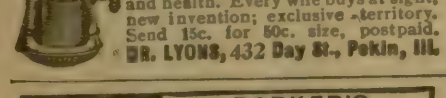
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I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship.
By my new system I can make an expert pen-
man of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping
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positions in commercial colleges. If you wish
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send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens,
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My Sanitary Coffee
Maker produces pure,
sweet coffee, needs no
stirrer, never wears out.
Saves coffee, money
and health. Every wife
buys at sight.
New invention; ex-
clusive territory.
Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.
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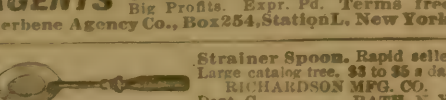
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray
Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases, itching,
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Sold and Shipped Everywhere.



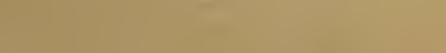
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Send 10c. for 100. All kinds of Entertainment. Latest Songs,
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fect figure. Big money maker. Send 25 cents for
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The Smoothie Co., 30 E. 21st St., NEW YORK CITY, Dept. 1.

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90c monthly. Combination.
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Big Profits. Exp. Pd. Terms free.
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Strainer Spoon. Rapid seller.
Large catalog free. \$3 to \$5 a day.
RICHARDSON MFG. CO.,
Dept. C, BATH, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

DEAR SISTERS:
As I have seen so many letters asking for help,
I thought I would see if some of the sisters could help
me.
I am a great sufferer from what the doctors call
nervous trouble. I have tried many doctors, but they
have not helped me. My trouble came from my
hips down to my feet. I feel a burning sensation, a
throbbing and drawing of the nerves. Some of the doc-
tors call it neuralgia, others nerve exhaustion.
Now if any of the sisters can help me I would be
so thankful for I am in bed most of the time.
I am the mother of eight children, the oldest twenty-
eight, the youngest twelve. We live on a poor hun-
dred acre dairy ranch in the San Joaquin valley.
This is a dairy and fruit country. Some of the finest
oranges in the state grow in this valley.
I would like so much to receive letters from the
sisters for I get very lonesome. I will answer all
who write and tell them what I can about California.
If the sisters would like some palm seeds, I will
send to all who send postage. I always look forward
to COMFORT and enjoy reading the sisters' letters.
MRS. S. E. CLIFFORD, Tulare, Box 113, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
It is now a year since I wrote my last letter to
you, and since that time I've had various experiences.
Last winter my husband took up a homestead in
Alta, Canada, and in the spring we moved onto it
after selling the most of our household goods and
other things which we could not take along. But
I had not been there long before I failed in health,
both the water and climate disagreeing with me. Final-
ly I was obliged to return to Minnesota, and I am feel-
ing well again and gained fifteen pounds in weight in
two months.
But you can realize that I am very lonely when I
tell you that my husband is out there yet holding
the claim, while I am here on our little farm place
all alone save for our little son six years old, and
without near neighbors.
I now think that people are very unwise to go to a
new country, to set up a homestead and imagine they
are going to get rich, because I can assure you that
they have to pay dearly for it, if they value their
health and time, and especially those that have a
little home and start already. In a few years anyone
can go out and buy these lands when the homesteaders
have proved up, as there are lots of them. I am
sure that with a few reasons, thinking they have made
some money; and I suppose they have, but it was
certainly hard earned.

I only hope that my husband will make up his
mind to come home again, as I can't live out there and
it is dreadfully lonesome here—so all alone. I have
kept myself busy knitting stockings to sell and trying
to make my living that way. Next summer I shall
try to raise chickens and will be quite busy out
around, then it would be help to me as well as com-
pany to have someone like that, and if any of you
readers know of anyone that is alone in the world
or has a hard time making their living, write to me
and probably we can help one another.

MRS. E. A. NORTON, Verdale, R. R. 2, Box 65, Minn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of your paper for a number of
years; a silent one until now. I enjoy the Sisters'
Corner and get many helpful hints. Look and you
will find just what you want.
I see the opportunity to help a little and will send
two subscriptions. I created toward the wheel-
chair fund. I think Uncle Charlie and W. H. Gan-
nett are doing a noble work. May success be with
them always.
To brighten a carpet, put a half cupful of turpentine
into a pail of water, dip the broom in this and sweep.
You are sure to be highly pleased with the result.
For sore throat, use a jar of salt, pepper and
vinegar, with a pinch of alum.
For a sick stomach, try lime water, using just enough
lime to make the water taste of it.
A cupful of hot water slipped a half hour before
meals is excellent for stomach trouble. Also stand
erect, place the hands on the hips and turn as far as
you can to the left ten times, then to the right in the
same way; this exercises the muscles.
I have some flowers seeds saved from my garden.
Some zinnias in mixed colors, pink candytuft, morn-
ing glory (mixed), golden glow, daisy and double white
hollyhocks. If any of the sisters would like some and
will send stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be
glad to send them.
I am making a silk quilt and if the sisters have a
few silk or velvet pieces I would be pleased if they
would send me a few.
Wishing every COMFORT reader success,
MRS. BETTIE BEEVER, Challenge, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a silent COMFORT reader ever since I
can remember and appreciate it more every month,
especially the Sisters' Corner which I read soon as
I receive my paper. I get so much information
and useful hints, also recipes which I do not fail to
make use of.
I am a young housekeeper twenty-two years old and
about five feet tall with brown hair and eyes, and
dark complexion. Have one of the best husbands and
a sweet baby boy eight months old. He is so much
company to me when my husband is away at work.
We live in the country and I get very lonely in the
winter. In summer I care for a large garden and
good one. I will send you a jar of large jam, jellies,
preserves and butters. We also had an abundant crop
of summer apples which I dried. So with my house-
hold duties I am kept busy in the summer. Wish the
COMFORT sisters could see in my larger all that I
have in store for the long winter months.
In my family there are father, mother, nine sisters
and three brothers, so you see we could not all stay
at home, and I never had a desire to work in a
factory, for I thought I could not be a perfect house-
keeper if I worked in a factory all the time. So
I have always lived at places where I did a great
deal of cooking and have had quite an experience
in housekeeping. I have a place for everything and
keep it there. When I wash in the darkest place
and get it. I think a great many housekeepers
show lack of system and management in their house-
hold affairs and should be more interested.
The following hints may prove useful:
Never slam the oven door when baking cake or
bread, it is apt to make it heavy.
Paraffine can be used the second time to cover
jelly with if it is washed clean and melted together.
For burns quickly apply baking soda.
To hasten the growth of ferns, palms or lilies,
pour one tablespoonful of Castor oil around the roots.
It will also add greatly to their appearance.
When washing windows put a few drops of kerosene
in the water.
For a bad cold, take ten or twelve drops of kerosene
(coal oil) on loaf sugar every three or four hours;
also rub the chest and neck with it.
For croup, give same treatment, only smaller doses,
according to age of sufferer.
Would like to hear from any of the sisters. With
best wishes to all the COMFORT readers.
MRS. CHARLES REED (nee BAKER), Orrstown, Frank-
lin Co., Penn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Will you allow another Oklahoma sister to join your
happy band?
I have read COMFORT since I was a child and I am
now twenty-five years old. I have two sweet little
blue-eyed boys which are the pride of the home.
Now dear sisters, please allow me to say a few
words regarding Woman's Suffrage. My heart goes out
to those dear sisters that are in favor of prohibition,
and I honestly believe that if the women of Oklahoma
were allowed to vote, prohibition would be permanent
and the saloons forever done away with. Just think
of the glory and honor we could establish if we had
a right to vote! How many a poor mother has to
toll for a living while her husband spends what he has
for drinks!
An old saying which I believe is true that "The
hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks
the world."
Will some kind sister who lives in Arkansas please
write to me and tell me something about that country
as we have been thinking about buying some land
there. All letters received will be greatly appre-
ciated and I know that from the sisters I can learn
the truth. And before I close I must not forget Uncle

\$15.95

AND UPWARD

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Skims warm or cold milk. Makes thick or thin
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Whether your dairy is large or small, get our great
offer and handsome free catalog. ADDRESS,

AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO., BOX 1135, BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.



Charlie. All honor and glory for his noble work.
May it continue to my prayer.
MRS. H. H. KLOHN, El Reno, R. R. 1, Box 45, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have only been a reader of COMFORT since March,
1910, and must say we can hardly wait for it to come
each month.
Dear Mrs. Lizzie Spencer. I certainly think as
you do concerning the little ones. I have two dear
little boys, one aged twenty-three months, and the
other two months. I was married at seventeen, and
must say I have one of the best of husbands.

Mildred Knapp. For cramps in the legs, take one
pint of vinegar, one pint of turpentine and two eggs.
Shake together and rub thoroughly into the flesh. I
think if Mrs. Hattie King will use the same it will
help her, as it makes an excellent remedy for head-
ache and rheumatism.
I will be twenty the fourteenth of January and
would like to receive a letter shower.
Wishing COMFORT and all the sisters success,
MRS. A. C. SPENCER Lonejack, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Will you allow me to enter this great circle with my
budget of help?

To Mrs. M. E. Harkrader, who wants to earn some
money as she is left alone. I think that poultry rais-
ing is the easiest way of making money that I know
of. I have a nice flock of Barred Plymouth Rocks
that run around the place costing but very little,
while the income from them is large. Raising chickens
for the market pays less than selling the eggs. Any-
one can make money by selling their eggs at seven-
ty-five cents a setting, and those having a flock of
pure strained hens can get from one dollar and fifty
cents to five dollars a setting.
Here is a recipe for washing clothes which does
not require rubbing. I paid five dollars for it and
would not take twenty-five and do without it. Five
pounds of borax, one pound of lye, one half ounce of
indigo. Pulverize and mix this well, let stand one
and one half hours and mix again, when it is ready
for use.

When washing, take water enough to cover clothes
and enough of the washing powder to turn the water
blue. Soap of any kind to make a good suds. Now
put the clothes in and let soak a few hours. Have
a boiling suds prepared as you did to soak them in
and let boil one hour. Stir well while boiling.
Sisters, if any of you would send me piece of quilt
padding, from any kind of goods, I would be very
grateful. I also would like a few rose slips or any
kind of a bulb that requires no protection from the
cold weather. I have red and canary yellow canna
lilies and would like to add to my variety of colors.
A delicious and wholesome dessert is made by slic-
ing one pint of bananas. Take one pint of cream,
with half a cup of sugar and beat until it thickens and
pour over bananas.
With love to all.
MRS. ROSALIE MULLIKIN, Kossuth, R. R. 2, Miss.

DEAR SISTERS:
Will you admit a bride of five weeks to your dear
corner?
I guess when I tell you my age you will think I
was foolish to marry so young. Mother tells me so.
You see I am only sixteen, but my husband is twenty-
six, and a dear old fellow he is.

We live on a farm in S. E. North Carolina, but
are thinking of going out West to homestead. I wish
very much to homestead in North Dakota. Will
some sister living on a homestead write and tell me
the terms on which you get your land. I would be
ever so glad if someone would.

Will some of the newly-weds write to me?
Mrs. Ada Christy Cutter. I am like you and wish
some of the sisters would discuss their favorite books
and authors. I dearly love books. My favorite authors
are Dickens, the Nelsons, George, Augusta J. Evans of
"St. Elmo" fame, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Sir Gil-
bert Parker.
MRS. SHEPARD SESSOMS, Haynes, N. C.

Mrs. Sessoms. The following letter from Mrs.
Minnie E. Wade may interest you.
I want to wish you and your "dear old fel-
low" husband a long and happy life and may
prosperity enter the new home which you seek. I
can understand how your mother would think her
sixteen-year-old daughter was too young to
marry, because only a mother knows how neces-
sary experience is with which to meet many of
the ordeals of life. You are going out into life
full of courage and ambition, and your strong-
hold will be strength of purpose, loyalty, and
confidence in each other.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT CORNER:
As I have received over three hundred letters from
COMFORT sisters in regard to the homestead land, and
as it is impossible to give all an immediate reply, I
am asking space for this letter in COMFORT for the
benefit of those whom I haven't been able to answer
as yet.

We are in Kit Carson county, about thirty miles
from the Kansas line, on the C. R. I. & P. railroad.
Stratton is a thriving little town with about forty
business places, two churches and a fine school.
There is but very little land left which is vacant,
and what is, is at a distance of twenty to thirty miles
from the railroad. One is allowed three hundred and
twenty acres of land as a homestead, eighty of which
must be under cultivation and live on the land five
years before they can make proof.

One can buy relinquishments very reasonable. I
know a number of claims to be had at from one hun-
dred to two thousand and eight hundred dollars, ac-
cording to the amount of improvements and distance
from town. The land is quite level, except along the
creeks, which (by the way), are dry. The soil is
dark and rich and contains some sand.
Our principal crops are corn, milo, cane, potatoes
and all varieties of small grain. We do not depend
upon irrigation to produce crops.

There is very little fruit raised here as yet, although
peaches, cherries, plums and strawberries do well.
The climate here is fine. Winters are not as long
and severe as in the East. During the summer, the
evenings are cool and pleasant. The altitude is
high, which, with our abundance of sunshine, makes a
very healthy atmosphere, especially adapted for lung
or throat trouble, catarrh or asthma.
The water is cool and pure; contains no alkali or
minerals as it does farther West. Wells are from
fifty to three hundred feet deep.

We have good schools, with nine in this district,
employing thirteen teachers at salaries from forty to
seventy-five dollars per school month, with seven and
nine month terms.

There is ready money in stock of all varieties (also
poultry), here.
There is no herd law, and a person can just
let their cattle and horses range on the prairies, and
they do well, too. It is very unusual for people to
feed horses in the winter, as those on the range do
as well as those fed.

There are a number of country stores which are a
great benefit to those living a long distance from town.
With best wishes to COMFORT,
MRS. MINNIE E. WADE, Stratton, Colorado.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I wonder if a Blue Grass girl "way down in
old Kentucky" may come in for a visit? I have been
a silent reader of COMFORT for several years and
am a member of Uncle Charlie's cousins and I must
say for the blues he is a sure cure. How I have
laughed at his fun and puns, but when he must
handle the "Pots" isn't it great? I'll never trust him
to handle "pottery" for me, for I'm sure it would be
broken.

I live in old Kentucky, reared amidst its high moun-
tains and no other place could ever seem as much like
home to me. Yet I would just love to turn "wan-
dering Willie" and visit other states and countries.

Dear girls, be kind to mother and love her, and
father too, for they are your best friends and when
they are gone no one will ever give you the love and
sympathy that they do. No doubt sometimes you think
"pa and ma" are cross. Did you ever pause and
think that they are tired instead of cross? They do
the hard work for you girls and boys in order that
you may have some good times. Please don't call them
cross when they are only tired. Father and mother
may soon be gone and never till then can you know
what they really were. I've had no mother since I
was twelve years old and when I see careless, thought-
less girls and boys seeming never to notice mother's
tired face, how I long for a mother to love me, and for
me to love. My father died in January, 1907, and I
know what it is to be without love of father and
mother.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"Robert, I have something rich to tell you and Mr. Whitfield."

"Ah! is that so? Then let us have it at once, by all means," he returned, glancing fondly down into her face.

She told her story then, in such a charming, animated way, and with such keen appreciation of both its drollery and pathos, that both gentlemen were greatly delighted.

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Mr. Whitfield, heartily, when she had concluded, while there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes; "of course I will see him! I do not know when I have felt so honored. And he has come three hundred miles to see a brother man, simply because he happened to touch a poetic chord in his own nature and make it vibrate!"

He turned as if to leave the room immediately, but somebody claimed his attention and he was detained, though, in a whispered aside, he told Ruby to ask Mr. Ruggles to wait, and he would come to him just as soon as he could find an opportunity to do so.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

Ruby slipped out of the drawing-room again to take the poet's message to Mr. Ruggles, but she was waylaid in the hallway by Edmund Carpenter, who said that he wished to introduce her to a friend; and before she was aware of his intention, he had led her back and into the center of a merry group of young people, from whom it was impossible to get away for some time.

She felt uneasy and anxious until she saw Mr. Whitfield quietly leave the room, and knew that he had gone to meet his eccentric visitor, and then she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment, and soon became so absorbed in the merriment surrounding her that she almost forgot the amusing episode of a half-hour previous until a suppressed titter behind her caused her to turn around, when she was astonished and somewhat dismayed to behold Mr. Owen Ruggles seated upon an elegant blue velvet chair in a conspicuous portion of the room, and gazing upon the gay and brilliant scene about him with a face expressive of mingled wonder and enjoyment.

Edmund Carpenter who had remained by her side, also turned at the same moment, and she saw him give a violent start, while he flushed hotly, and a dark frown settled over his face.

He took a step forward, as if to go to the man; then, suddenly changing his mind, he turned his back squarely upon him, as if desirous of avoiding his notice.

Ruby's first thought was for her proud-spirited sister; but a glance showed her surrounded by a coterie of literary people, and she knew she had not yet espied her uninvited guest. She then set her keen little wits to work to devise some way of entangling him from the place, without wounding him or attracting attention.

She slipped quietly away from her friends, and gliding over to where Mr. Ruggles sat, asked him if he had seen Mr. Whitfield.

The man's face glowed with pleasure. Yes, he told her, the poet had come to him, talked with him a few moments, and then written his name in a little book that he had "brought along on purpose."

"I wouldn't part with it for a thousand dollars, miss," he said, fumbling in his pocket for it to show her. "I come three hundred miles to get it, and I'm the proudest man in the city tonight. Guess I've left it in the other room, after all," he added, as he did not seem to find it. "I'll get it before I go. I couldn't leave without saying good by to you, miss, and thanking you for being so kind. I saw you in here, but didn't like to step in between you and your friends, so sat down to wait until you were free. I shan't forget your kindness, you may be sure."

"You are very welcome to what little I have done," Ruby replied, smiling; "and now, since you are so fond of Mr. Whitfield's poems, wouldn't you like to come with me and look at some pictures which illustrate some of them?"

"I'm afraid it will put you out, besides taking you from your friends," returned Mr. Ruggles, doubtfully.

"Oh, no; it will be a pleasure," and without waiting for further objections, Ruby led him back to the library.

There she showed him several engravings, among which there were two or three scenes taken from poems which he particularly admired. He appeared greatly interested, and while talking about them, repeated some stanzas in his quaint, homely way which showed that he both understood and appreciated their peculiar beauty.

"I never saw anyone more fond of Mr. Whitfield's poems than you are," Ruby said, smiling at him, after one of these recitations.

"I couldn't help liking them, for my Anna used to read them to me by the hour, during that last year of her life, and when she got too weak to hold the book, I used to read them to her," he said, slyly brushing a tear from his eyes.

"You have a right to love them, then," the young girl answered, in a tone of sympathy; "but," as a sudden thought occurred to her, "what edition have you, Mr. Ruggles?"

"It is the diamond, I believe; it's a homely little book, and it's most worn out, but I wouldn't part with it for a whole handful of diamonds."

"Of course not; it must be very sacred to you. But, if you will allow me, I should like to give you an edition that is illustrated," Ruby said, hesitatingly adding, "I have two, and I know you would enjoy it, while it would please me to know that you had it."

"Well, now, that is what I call mighty kind, and I such a stranger to you. I'm sure you've used me handsomely tonight and I shan't forget it," he answered, with an earnestness that touched her deeply.

She excused herself for a few moments, and ran up to her own room, where, after taking from her bookcase a handsomely bound volume, she retraced her steps to present it to her new acquaintance.

As she reached the library door again she found it ajar, while she heard an angry, excited voice say:

"Whatever brought you here, of all places in the world?"

Then Mr. Ruggles explained why he had come. "It was the most outlandish thing I ever heard of," returned that other voice; "don't you know any better than to intrude into a private residence like this? and of all times upon such an occasion as this? If you must have the man's autograph, why on earth couldn't you go to the hotel where he is stopping to get it?"

"I didn't know where he put it up, Edmund," replied Mr. Ruggles, in a humble, hurt tone, "and I didn't think anybody would begrudge me a sight of him. I did not know as I should ever have another chance, and—and I've loved him for years."

"Pshaw! that is all maudlin sentiment. What do you suppose this company must have thought to see such a guy as you are in yonder drawing-room?—in that coat and those boots! Man! man! hadn't you no sense?" and Edmund Carpenter's tone was obnoxious in the extreme.

"Really, Edmund, I consider that I look very respectable," responded Mr. Ruggles, with some show of spirit. To be sure, his coat isn't hacked down to a point at the tails, and my shirt-bosom isn't all out of doors. But as for my boots, they'll outwear a dozen pair of yours. The young lady, Miss Gordon, hasn't acted as if there was anything out of the way about my clothes. She has treated me just like any of the rest of the folks."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, don't let her know that you are anything to me," was the irritable rejoinder; "and if you'll take my advice, you'll make yourself scarce as quickly as possible."

"But the young lady is going to give me a book. She'd think it very unhandsome of me to leave before she comes back," objected Mr. Ruggles.

"I'll make you excuses to her, and if she is very anxious for you to have the book, I will send it to you by mail."

"I guess I shan't go till she comes," replied the man, doggedly; "and I take it as rather hard, Edmund, that my brother's son should be ashamed of me, and say such cutting things to me."

"My father was not your brother," was the haughty retort to this claim of relationship.

"Well, we were brought up together like brothers, if we did not have the same father, and I am sure I loved him like one. By the way, where is your brother, Walter?"

"I have no brother. Walter Richardson became apprenticed to a carpenter after my father's death."

"What! Didn't he have any of the property?" "Why should he? He had no legal claim upon any of us."

"Then there was no will. I heard so, but I couldn't believe it, for I know that Ralph loved the boy, and it was not like him to leave him unprotected for. We didn't get your letter in season to come to the funeral; so I've never had a chance to learn how matters were settled; but I suppose you will see him well started in the world."

"Indeed I shall not," replied Mr. Carpenter, decidedly. "Walter Richardson is nothing to me, and has already been benefited at my expense more than he had any right to expect."

"And you made him give up college?"

"Well," said Edmund, growing warm in the face over the reproach implied in the man's tones. "I thought it was time he began to do something for himself. I offered him a place in the office, but he refused it and went to work as a carpenter, so I let him go his own way."

"Well, well, I am sorry, for he is a promising young man. I did think I'd go out to Forestvale to make you a call and ask about him, tomorrow."

"I have an engagement for tomorrow and shall not be at home; but Mrs. Coxon will be there to entertain you, if you care to go out to the house," Edmund returned, coldly.

"Where can I find Walter?" Mr. Ruggles asked, in a grave tone.

"I believe he lives with a man by the name of Wayland; though I've heard he is in the office of Conant, the architect, some of the time."

"It is too late for that," said Mr. Ruggles, reflectively. "You'd better adopt him then and let him go on," retorted young Carpenter, with a sneer.

"That's not a bad idea, Edmund," said his companion, in an eager tone.

The young man gave a little scornful laugh at this.

"Perhaps you imagine Walter wouldn't gain very much by the transaction," remarked Mr. Ruggles, dryly. "You haven't heard, may be, that there's been a coal mine discovered on the old farm."

"No!" replied the young man, a note of eager interest in his tone.

"Yes, sir, and a valuable one too, besides indications of oil in various spots. I've known it for years, and, little by little, I've been buying up all the land west of me, that I could get hold of, and I've got it for a mere song, for it wasn't considered good for much. There have been a great many people who've thought Owen Ruggles was a little cracked in the upper story for wasting his money in such a way. But I reckon since a shaft was sunk this fall and the black diamonds have been pouring out as fast as they could be carried off, the boot has pinched 'other foot.'"

"Really, Uncle Owen, you astonish me," returned Edmund Carpenter, in a tone that had changed perceptibly. "I don't see but you bid fair to be a rich man if that is the case. I suppose you'll be forming a company, and I shouldn't wonder if I should want to take some stock. Perhaps I will run up to Redvale and look into the thing before snow flies."

"Ahem! I guess I shan't have any 'engagement,' and I'll show you round with pleasure. I don't know about the 'company' though—I ain't so poor as I might be, and I guess I can manage the thing for myself for the present," was the dry response.

Ruby nearly laughed outright at this shaft.

She had been waiting for an opportunity to enter the room to give Mr. Ruggles his book, but upon discovering that the conversation was of a personal nature she did not like to intrude.

She had not meant to be a listener to anything not intended for her ears; but she kept hoping they would stop so that she could go in, and thus had heard what we have recorded.

A good deal had been revealed to her that she had never suspected before. One thing particularly surprised her, and that was that Walter Richardson had been a protégé of Edmund Carpenter's father, and that he had been heartlessly sent adrift upon the world since his friend's death; his education cut short, and his prospects darkened by one who should have been a kind protector and counselor, while the insight which she had gained regarding the character of her would-be suitor was not calculated to increase her respect for him.

She made a bold venture, however, at this last pause in the conversation, pushed the door open, and entered the room.

Mr. Ruggles' face lighted with pleasure at her appearance, and Edmund Carpenter, though he started slightly as he thus became conscious that the door had not been securely closed, approached her with a most affable smile, and remarked:

"Really, Miss Ruby, I have had quite a surprise this evening in finding my uncle, Mr. Ruggles, a guest here, while he informs me that you have shown him a marked favor."

Ruby could with difficulty control her countenance at this unexpected speech, for only a few moments previous she had heard him begging that the man would not claim kinship with him, and now he was actually calling him "uncle" in her presence in spite of his being such a "guy."

Mr. Ruggles' round gray eyes also twinkled with amusement at this sudden change in the young man's deportment.

"I am sure I was very glad to oblige Mr. Ruggles," Ruby answered, somewhat coldly, and then she turned to her new friend, adding: "This is the book I told you about, and I am sure you will enjoy it, for the illustrations are very fine. Please accept it, with my compliments."

"It is very good of you, miss, to take so much pains for a rough old man like me, and I shan't forget it you. I'm afraid," he added, in an apologetic tone, "that I haven't done just the right thing to come here tonight, where there is such a company of high-toned people. I hope you'll forgive me for taking so much of your time, and ask your brother, too, to excuse me for—for being so bold."

"I am very glad you came, Mr. Ruggles," Ruby answered, cordially; and she was glad for several reasons.

It had shown her what a noble nature could be concealed beneath a rough exterior, while she had also discovered that broadcloth and polished manners may sometimes cover an unfeeling heart, a warped and despicable character.

"Pray do not feel uncomfortable because you came without a special invitation," she con-



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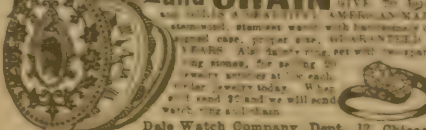
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THE ANSWER

By Arthur W. Peach

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WESTON was slowly pushing his big car through the narrow street of the tenement district when as he turned a corner a slight mist his eyes that caused him to throw his brakes with a jerk. In front was a dense crowd gathering as if by some magnetism around a huddled little figure that lay limp and quiet. He knew what had happened—another accident.

With the strength of his six feet he shoved himself through, anxious to be of service. He found himself bending over a little girl, held in the arms of a young woman, who was gently, but swiftly, wiping the dirt and blood from the little one's face. At his inquiry, the woman raised her head, and in the brief glance Weston caught a glimpse of a wonderfully sweet womanly face. In the next moment he was guiding her to his car for the quick run to the hospital. A policeman running up, climbed in with them, and offered to take the child, but the little moaning youngster clung to her first friend with pain-strengthened arms.

In a moment, under the care of his directing skill, the big machine was working its way swiftly to the big city hospital. Only once did he turn to look and then he asked for the comfort of the little one, and again the sweet womanly face held his attention for a brief second; in it was blended thanks and appreciation for what he had offered. She was small and looked a little weary and careworn, but something stirred within him and made him determined to see the whole thing through.

At the hospital attendants came to take the child, but she clung with feverish grasp to her friend, and she went in with her. Weston waited outside, planning in some way to know more of her. Dusk came rapidly and in a little while the lights began to flare about him; but still he waited, knowing that in all probability the little injured one had begged her to stay. But as he stood lighting the lamps of the car, a slight figure hurried out of the big doors and started down the steps. He called to her.

She paused a moment with a little startled exclamation. "Why—I thought—do you wish to know how she is?"

He looked up. "Yes, but I want more to know if I may take you the rest of your way? You have been under some strain and—"

"Well," she answered quickly, but he saw that she was much in doubt, so he swung the door for her; but she hesitated, and he saw that she was looking or trying to look into her watch. Then he grew attentive sharply when he caught her low gasp and saw her hands clench.

"Yes, you may—please, and hurry, I will—"

she paused breathlessly. "I had no idea I was spending all this time—what will—?"

He swung her in beside him, and she looked at him dark and winsome, in the flare of the big lamps, but he caught a frightened look on her face—a look that made her eyes large and bright.

The big car rolled swiftly down the concrete way, turning into the street he shot it forward toward the city. "Now where?" he queried. Without hesitation, her voice anxious and eager, she told him the name of one of the great dry-goods stores. She was evidently one of the salesgirls who went on for the evening force.

"You have had a nerve-racking time of it," he suggested, "why don't you let me take you home?"

She looked up at him with a faint little laugh. "Nobody knows how I would like to, but I am one of those who toll and spin."

He stared into the night ahead, and vowed that he was getting no information, but that he would, and Weston was in the habit of getting what he went after; and she, probably glad to free her mind from the stress of her thoughts, and feeling the manhood of the one who questioned her, seemed very willing to answer.

He learned the old story of a young girl of moderate education and of innate gentleness bearing the burden of support of an aged father and mother. More than that he learned that she was doing it cheerfully and gladly, as a true woman would.

The rest of the way he kept silent, wondering just what had caused her to act so strangely at the hospital, but spending most of his time handling the big machine in the crowded streets. At last, he swung up before the brightly lighted store, and she was gone with a swift look and word of gratitude. He stared into the bright door where she had vanished, the words he intended to speak already on his lips. "Well, I'll be bumped," he muttered, "but I—"

he stopped as his hand bent to the gear crank—"Great guns! I know what was wrong." He jumped from his machine and hurried in.

She in the meantime had gone swiftly to her place of duty, the picture of the big, strong, manly looking fellow whom she had left blending in her mind with the fear of what was to be hers. She found her department crowded with customers. As quickly as she could she went to her counter, but another girl was there. One of those who had been ever on the alert to make her life there uncomfortable, for she, herself, because of gentle ways and manners had been popular with customers. The other girl smiled maliciously. "You've lost your job, Miss Gifford."

She seemed to feel as if she were reeling when she heard the words. The next she heard was the voice of the department manager; his face was flushed and a light in his eyes was flashing snappily. He came up close to her, and spoke in sharp, hissing words, his breath beating in her face. Now he was going to have his revenge for the cool way in which she had treated him.

"Say, do you think you can gad around all you want, come in here any old time and hold this job? Say! where you been?"

The answer on her lips was stilled; she thought of all that the salary meant to her and hers; she tried to draw herself away from his close face, and answer gently; but he broke in on her attempt.

"Care for a street kid, that sounds like! you with your aristocratic ways, don't it? Don't hand me anything like that! You get your duds and go!"

She felt herself fainting and leaned against the cloth behind her. Then she saw a big form loom through the interested shoppers; through her tear-filled eyes she caught one swift glance from even brows that knitted; then she knew—it was Weston. With one hand he jerked the spinning manager back by the collar until he gasped for breath.

"What's that?" Weston's even voice asked. "Suppose you apologize!"

The man turned with a curse in the attempt to reach his questioner, but Weston held him off with one hand and repeated his order. The other struggled and gasped and called for help, until finally Weston shook him until he was limp and weak and shot him onto a stool with a parting word that made the gathered girls start and the help running up to aid their chief fall back.

"If you've got anything to say see the old man. You'll be on a hunt for another job tomorrow. My name is Weston—Dick Weston."

The name reached her as through a haze. It was the name of the son of the store owner—a son the "old man" was known to worship as an idol. Suddenly he came toward her, the heat of his anger still on his face, using toward her the quick, masterful manner he had used to the manager. "You are faint," he said, his voice softening, "and have had enough of this for one night. I will take you home—come."

Outside, the cool air revived her, and her mind

was full of many things as she watched him crank the car. He started off, but not in the direction she had given, with the quiet sentence—"I want to talk with you a little."

On the great driveway outside the city they rolled on, softly and silently. Every mile was a happy one for him, as he glanced down at the calm round face beside him with its wavy dark hair loosened by the wind blowing softly about it. Under the frank good nature that came from his words, the little mysterious something that fills a voice when the heart is warming, the reserve that she had put between them slowly was taken down; and when after the long ride, the great machine purred to silence before the dingy boarding house, they were speaking as friends speak who have known each other for years.

As he left her, he took her small gloved hand in his for a brief moment; in his voice was little smiling and a great tenderness. He looked up to her on the step, a small, dainty figure in the dusk.

"There will be a better position for you at the store, tomorrow. And, too, I shall want to see you—now and then—for I am going to teach you—may I?" He turned quickly.

She waved, caught in the net of his quick question.

He waited silently.

She looked at him as if weighing many things in the balance. Then slipping her hand from his before he could stop her, she went lightly up the next step to the door and turned. Her voice came back to him with a tenderness and a plea that he might if he was worthy and honorable—"Teach me—what?"

"To love me," he answered gently.

She waved him, after a moment, a swift kiss, and vanished.

And that was his answer.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

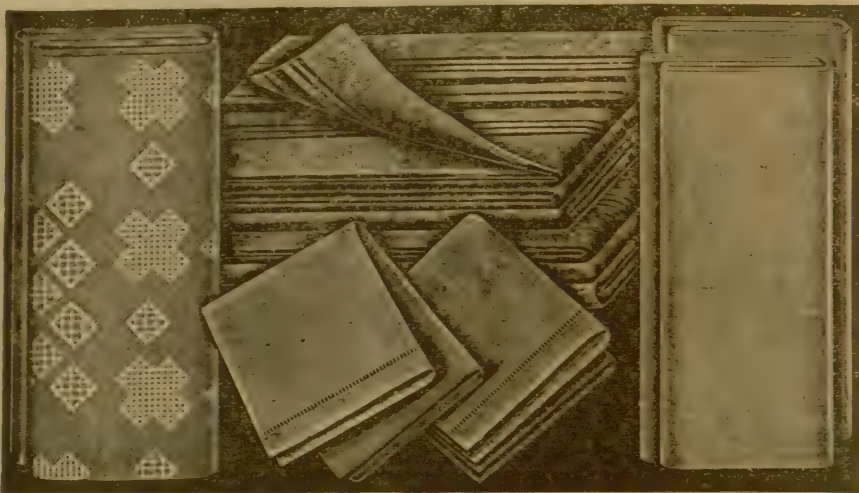
Now Uncle, don't let Billy chew this for I've something of a chewing disposition myself.

Hoping you'll send me a wireless telegram when you receive this, I am, your niece, DOVIE MOSS.

Dovie, I am glad to hear from you. You have done considerable traveling for a young lady of fifteen. I am glad to note that though knocking around the world, you have retained enough adipose tissue to keep warm. Traveling generally has a tendency to make people thin, and from the fact that you weigh one hundred and forty pounds I gather that you are not a "lungster." I am glad you are living in a place where people can get well of lung trouble at least. Should my lungs need any attention maybe I could ship them out to you, and you could hang them up on the back fence until they were in first-class shape, then ship them back to me. I would like to come, myself, but walking is not good at this time of the year, and I have not owned a pair of shoes for nearly fourteen years. Dovie, I think you might do a roaring lung cure business with the cousins. Dovie, many alas! have not the means to enable them to make a trip to your health-giving state. To those who have weak or affected lungs, and who are threatened with tuberculosis I have something to say of interest. Dr. William Osler, the great physician says: "When tuberculosis is limited to an apex in a man of fairly good personal and family history, the chances are that he may fight a winning battle if he lives out of doors in any climate, whether high, dry and cold, or low, moist and warm. The cure of tuberculosis is a question of nutrition; digestion and assimilation control the situation. Make a patient grow fat, and the local disease may be left to take care of itself."

Now let me give you the experience of a man who had inherited a rugged constitution and was also blessed with good digestion. This man was taken with tuberculosis, or in other words consumption. He had money and good medical advice, and thus had practically no worries outside of his physical condition. He went West to New Mexico, and spent four and a half years there. Sometimes he seemed to get the better of the disease, and sometimes it seemed to get the better of him. At last he realized that the disease was winning out. A specialist advised him to go back to his home in Vermont, and go to bed in the open air and stay there. This was in October, 1908. He did as the doctor ordered, ate the same food as the rest of the family, and took in addition several pints of milk and six raw eggs daily. He improved with marvellous rapidity. By the middle of May 1909 his weight had increased from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty pounds, and his cough had almost entirely disappeared. Three examinations of his sputum by a bacteriologist failed to reveal the presence of any tubercular bacilli. Rest and fresh air snatched this man from the grave. He had been afflicted with tuberculosis for nearly five years and both lungs were badly involved. If fresh air and rest could do that for a case of five years' standing, think how quickly this treatment would help an incipient case. Here is something else that is very interesting. A prominent physician advises those suffering from tuberculosis, or those who are run down and debilitated from disease, to drink large quantities of milk strippings, that is fresh cream. The very last of the milking, which is all cream should be used. Of course a great deal depends on selecting a healthy cow. A Jersey cow is best. The milk should be taken hot from the cow immediately after milking and before it has had time to cool. You begin by drinking a small quantity night and morning until able to drink a quart or more at each milking. This rich, creamy milk, quickly passes into the circulation. Of course the ordinary meals should be taken as usual. One woman who had lost forty pounds and had a terrible cough, under this milk diet, gained nearly a pound a day. In three months her cough had left her, and soon she was able to return to her work and was as well as she had ever been. She took no medicine, except something to aid digestion, and a simple cough remedy. That news ought to cheer many a troubled mind. Fresh air costs nothing, but alas, how few of us can rest. It costs money to rest, lots of it. Three months' rest to most of us means the loss of our positions, bankruptcy and the poorhouse. Those people who go West and who have an idea that they can regain their health while working, had better stay home, for the good work the climate is trying to do. As I have already shown, absolute rest alone will enable a man to throw off consumption, but I advise everyone of you whether you have consumption or not, to always sleep with the window open at night, no matter how cold it may be. So many people get up in the morning and complain that they feel more tired than when they went to bed at night. That's because they have been sleeping in a stuffy room without proper ventilation, and breathing air which has already passed through the lungs and become poisonous. Another thing learn how to breathe properly. The majority of people never use more than half their lungs, and the result is the unused half quickly falls a victim to disease. Practice breathing exercises, throw up your window in the morning, and take a number of long, deep breaths until every atom of your lungs is brought into play. Do that night and morning and as many times during the day as is convenient. Soon you will be taking long, deep breaths all the time. In India they have learned how to breathe and consumption is unknown there. Digest what I have written, and you won't need to go out to Dovie Moss's country and be a "lungster." Remember also, no medicine on earth ever has, or ever will, cure

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consumption. Consumption destroys. All you have to do is to build up faster than the disease can tear down, and you will win out. Fresh air, rest and diet, will do the trick. While sleeping out of doors during a cold winter, a hunter's jacket lined with sheepskin and a coat sweater were used.

MOORE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As I haven't seen any letters from this part of Idaho I thought I would let you know that Idaho is settled also.

Say, Uncle, would you please put Billy the Goat, to bed while you read this letter? He might like a Western letter for his supper.

I guess I had better describe myself. I am sixteen years old, five feet and nine inches tall, and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Have light complexion.

I guess I will also have to tell you what I can do. Well I can handle any horse and can plough. I can milk a cow and cut wood and do quite a few more tricks.

I have an Indian horse for my pony, he is easy to ride and is good for many things. I can sit on his back and shoot off any big gun.

Say Uncle, you get as many cousins as you can and come out here to Lost River Valley and I will take you out on a big fishing trip and teach you how to ride a broncho, herd sheep, trap and make a real cow puncher of you. And you could stay here until you got about two hundred years old, then I would send you up to the happy hunting grounds.

I like to trap, how about you? We have a splendid schoolhouse, and a good school, too. We also have a post-office, one store, one hotel, and a fire water house.

I will close with six hundred tons of love for Uncle and the cousins.

Your loving nephew, HAMILTON SWENSON.

Hamilton, in compliance with your instructions, I put Billy the Goat to bed and tucked that individual snugly in between two nice sheets—sheets of wrapping paper. That's the only kind of sheets we have in our chicken coop. I think your letter is safe now, as Billy has decided to eat the bed springs instead. I am glad to hear that Idaho is settled. When I read of those terrible forest fires last summer I was afraid your glorious place was settled entirely, but am glad, Hamilton, that you at least were spared. I am quite interested in knowing that you can milk a cow and cut wood. I have cooked considerable wood myself, but I never succeeded in extracting milk from anything in the wood line. We'll all come around some morning, Hamilton, and watch you milk a fence rail. I should think the cows must be quite jealous around where you live. I notice you say you have a horse for a pony. That's going some. I suppose when you get tired of going a horse for a pony you'll have a pony for a horse. It's kind of you to promise to teach me how to "herd sheep," as I have not heard or seen a sheep for fourteen years. There was a time though, previous to that, when I heard sheep night and day. They used to get under my window and say ma-a-a-a. Fancy a lot of sheep calling a gentleman "ma." I don't know what there was in my appearance that made these sheep address me as ma except possibly that I looked sheepish. I think, Hamilton, you mean herd sheep, don't you? That's quite a different proposition. Considering you have a splendid school to go to, I think you ought to know the difference between herd and herd. You ask me if I like to trap. No, my dear boy, I do not. I think trapping is a cruel, revolting, abominable practice. I suppose we must kill animals for their skins, but kill them at least mercifully by shooting; don't trap and torture them. Animals know that trap means death, and they suffer untold misery until the end comes. How would you like to be caught in a trap with the certain knowledge that within a day or so, some wild animal would come and rend you to pieces? You would not like that at all would you? Be merciful, even as you hope for mercy. We don't allow boys in the League who are cruel to animals. Cruelty is the basest of sins, and is a detestable sport that owes its pleasure to another's pain. All cruelty springs from weakness of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Eggs for Future Hatchery

WITH the coming of the new year our attention should be centered on the birds which are to provide the eggs for future hatching. Select the very best hens you own, and when possible, separate them from the rest of the flock and then get good male birds to mate with them. If you are keeping the heavy breeds, such as Rocks, Dories, or Orpingtons, it is useless to allow more than seven hens to run with one rooster, but if you have not enough houses or compartments to enable you to make up a number of small flocks, you must practice the alternating plan, which means shutting up fifteen or twenty hens in one house in the yard, and getting three roosters to run with them. Keep the roosters in a small coop with a yard attached so that they can have plenty of exercise, and change the rooster each week. If you have twenty hens, three males will have to be kept; then each will have two weeks' solitary confinement between visits to the hens. It is never wise to allow two male birds to run with hens at the same time, when they are restricted to yard space, because one is sure to become boss and have favorites among the hens. But by changing them alternately, favoritism is entirely done away with, and all the eggs are pretty sure to be fertile.

If you want to add ducks, geese, or turkeys to your poultry stock, don't lose any time in buying them, for birds of all kinds need time to settle down in new places, before the setting season begins. Geese are early layers, and faithful to their homes, so they are really not much good if moved after January. In buying geese, remember that the birds should be two or three years of age, as all eggs laid by young geese are usually not much good for incubation. They hatch poorly, and the goslings are undersized and weakly.

Turkeys may be bought as late as March, and if the hens have been running with a small flock, headed by a good tom, the eggs will be fertile, even if you have no gobblers.

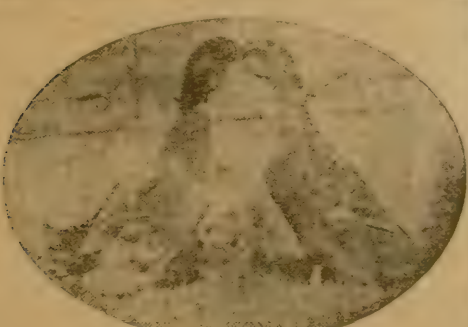
As many as five ducks may run with one drake. Be careful about gathering and keeping eggs of all sorts, for if they become chilled, they are ruined for hatching. Be very vigorous about fighting vermin. Give the hens a thorough dusting two nights a week for three weeks, and put fresh, dry earth into the boxes they use for dust baths; for the freer from vermin you can get the breeders, the cleaner and healthier will the chicks be.

There are nine varieties of body lice affecting poultry. Each variety has some favorite part of the fowl's body which is its camping ground in preference to other parts and it seldom trespasses on the neighboring claims. There are, however, two varieties which are wandering lice and may be found on all parts of the fowl. These lice not only travel from fowl to fowl on the roosts at night, but frequently leave the fowls to attach themselves to persons handling them, and even to the walls of the henhouse. Lice spread rapidly, one infested bird being capable of spreading the vermin through a large flock. In young fowls they cause dumpyishness, drooping wings, indifference to food, and may stunt or even kill the chicks.

Bowel trouble is almost sure to follow from the practice of giving milk and water from the same fountain on the theory that all the hen wants is a drink and that either is satisfactory. If the fountain was scalded after having contained milk and sunned frequently, there would be no harm aside from depriving the fowls of the water for which milk is at no time a substitute, but we have seen fowls watered in a pan sour with milk from the day before, and in a fountain the sides of which were covered with stale curd. While watering the chickens is a chore which children can attend to part of the time, they should never be given the sole charge of it unless it is desired to invite trouble.

Correspondence

H. A. R.—Please tell me what is the matter with my chickens. They have free range. I feed nothing but corn and oats in summer, as they find so many bugs. I keep my flock young and change often. Last summer the head of a two-year-old hen swelled; had difficulty in breathing—always through mouth. Often makes snorting noise and shakes the head. After a week or two she died. Soon another hen began snorting and breathing through the mouth, but had no other symptoms. Ate well and seemed healthy. It spreads quite rapidly, but no more die. In dressing the affected ones, I find a heart enlarged, a liver spotted, the lights nearly white, or a hard bunch on the gizzard, but sometimes with an entirely perfect. During the winter, I killed off my chickens, cleaned the house thoroughly, and this spring bought chickens. I'm afraid it is roup. Can that be cured, and how soon? This morning, I found a duck



A PAIR OF BOWEN DUCKS.

dead. Had always seemed healthy. On opening it, found that the inward looked as if covered with mold, and had a disagreeable odor. If it took the disease from the hens, it is affected differently. I will be very grateful for your advice.

A.—After considering all the points in your letter, I think there must be some unsuspected reason for the condition of your hens, especially as you say that you killed off all your old birds. Clean the house, and start it in the spring with an entirely fresh stock. I should have thought the birds had ordinary roup if it was not for the condition of the liver and intestines, but that points to blackhead, a disease which attacks turkeys usually; yet the duck's death, and the old appearance of the intestines suggests that there may be some stagnant water or drainage about the place. Where does the waste pipe of the kitchen sink empty? Any place where the poultry might get at it? As it is evidently a serious trouble, I realize that it might be well to ship the next bird that dies to the nearest agricultural experiment station, which I think is Storer's College, Connecticut. You see, the case you describe is so complicated, that I don't feel justified in diagnosing it, but I am sure it requires expert care. Meantime, use every precaution to check infection. Use a good disinfectant; keep everything scrupulously clean, and also try to locate the source of trouble I have suggested.

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The Bible Alphabet

"The Bible, though it is first as the teacher of the Christian," said a clergyman, "is not less a teacher for all denominations and any man, no matter what his religious belief is, will be a better man by following the directions of the Bible. Now I have with me what I call the Bible alphabet and I recommend that everybody should carry one around with him in his pocket and learn it by heart. Here it is and all of it is the following:

A—betain from all appearance of evil. I Thess. v. 22.
B—ear one another's burdens. Galatians. vii. 2.
C—leanse from all filthiness. I Cor. vii. 1.
D—eny self. Matt. xvi. 14.
E—dify one another. I Thess. v. 11.
F—orgive one another. Col. i. 10.
G—iving not grudgingly, or of necessity. II Cor. ix. 7.
H—old fast that which is good. I Thess. v. 21.
I—crease in the knowledge of God. Col. i. 10.
J—udge one another no more. Rom. xiv. 13.
K—eep unspotted from the world. James i. 27.
L—ay aside all malice and all guile. I Peter ii. 1.
M—erciful and obtaining mercy. Matt. v. 7.
N—et weary in well doing. Gal. vi. 9.
O—we no man anything. Rom. xiii. 8.
P—atient in tribulation. Rom. xii. 12.
Q—uest not the spirit. I Thess. v. 19.
R—efrain the tongue from evil. I Peter iii. 10.
S—earch the Scriptures. John v. 39.
T—hink as you would be thought. I Cor. xiv. 5.
U—se this world as not abusing it. I Cor. vii. 31.
V—igilant against our adversary the devil I Peter. v. 8.
W—alk in the light. I John i. 7.
X—The Cross.
Y—ielded unto temptation. Matt. vi. 13.
Z—ealous unto good works. Titus ii. 14.

Erer C.—I found part of this in a curious book and made up and worked over the balance. It strikes me as something COMFORT readers would like to have as a pocketpiece.

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and Saint Valentine COMFORT coming in February interests everybody and makes it easy to get up subscription clubs and earn fine premiums and win good cash prizes, if you only tell people about it and about the beautiful calendar which they get free with their subscription.

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

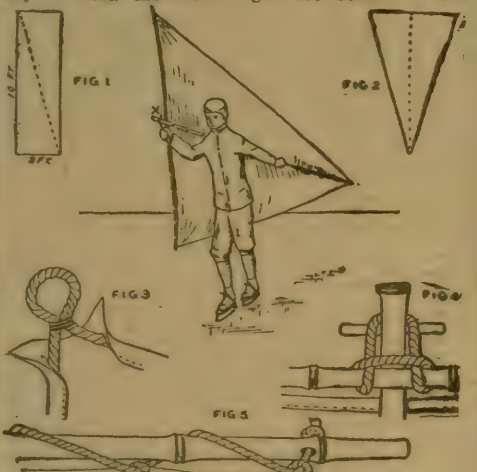
ANOTHER year has rolled past, almost without our noticing it. So it will be all through life. We are moving rapidly and the milestones that mark the way fly towards us swiftly. You should try and improve every minute of your time. There is no way you can do this to better advantage than by making and using some of the articles explained and pictured below. I am constantly searching for good things for you and I think this month's lot is a banner one.

Saving for a College Course

I have a friend who provided for a college career for his son in quite a novel and effective way. The man is poor and works for a salary, but on the day the boy was born and each day thereafter until he had reached the age of twenty he deposited ten cents in a savings bank to his credit. At the end of this period the nest egg amounted to \$890.72. The son was a chip of the old block in the saving line. When he was old enough to do so, he carried a newspaper route and of the money he earned saved \$2 per month. When he celebrated his twenty-first birthday, the amount had grown to \$504.00. This along with his father's gift gave him the neat sum of \$1,394.72. Of course, such a boy would study hard and prosper and today he is a successful young lawyer. A great many COMFORT lads could follow in his steps if they had perseverance and ambition enough.

A Skating Sail

Skating is exhilarating sport, but letting the wind drive you over the shiny surface of a lake or large pond is several degrees more enjoyable. It has been my earnest effort to design a skating sail that any boy of ordinary intelligence can make and use, and also to keep the cost of it down to a point where it might be said to cost nothing. I believe I have come pretty close to accomplishing this and I want every COMFORT lad to try the plan. Get ten lineal feet of yard-wide canvas and cut it from corner to corner as in Fig. 1, sewing it up in triangular form as in Fig. 2. To keep the canvas spread out two sticks are used, one six feet long that goes across the top of Fig. 2, the other ten feet long that goes along the dotted line in the same cut. Bamboo fishing rods are good for this purpose on account of their lightness and toughness. Fig. 5 shows how the shorter pole is lashed to the edge of the canvas. Note the hem that goes all around the edge and the light rope that is threaded through it. Fig. 3 shows the corner arrangement and Fig. 4 shows how the two poles are held together at "X." A little experience will show you the best way to hold the sail to get the benefit of the



PLEASURE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.
wind and when you have a few weeks' practice you will be surprised to find that you can hold it in any direction. Another thing that may surprise you is the fact that very little wind is needed to propel you at a good rate of speed.

An Outdoor Game

A good outdoor game never dies. I have studied the subject quite a lot and find that nearly all the games we play today are simply developments of ancient pastimes of our forefathers, some of them being traceable back



AN OLDTIME GAME.

thousands of years. Golf is taken from the oldtime game of shinnny. I have here pictured one form of the game of shinnny which we will call "Captain." Fig. 1 is a diagram of the playing field. A hole as big as half a pumpkin is scooped out of the center, and each player, by twisting on his heel, digs a small hole about fifteen feet from the center or "Captain's" home. When everyone is provided with a club and has selected his station someone is chosen for "Cap." A tin can is tossed into the group and it is "Cap's" duty to try and get it into the center hole. The others try to prevent him from doing so. If he succeeds he may name anyone he chooses to take his place as "Captain." The first one getting his club into a hole owns it and the other former owner must scam e for a new place. The "Cap." may steal a hole in this way any time he gets a chance. Besides whaling away at the battered can each one must guard his hole. This makes the game very interesting. Try it and you will agree with me.

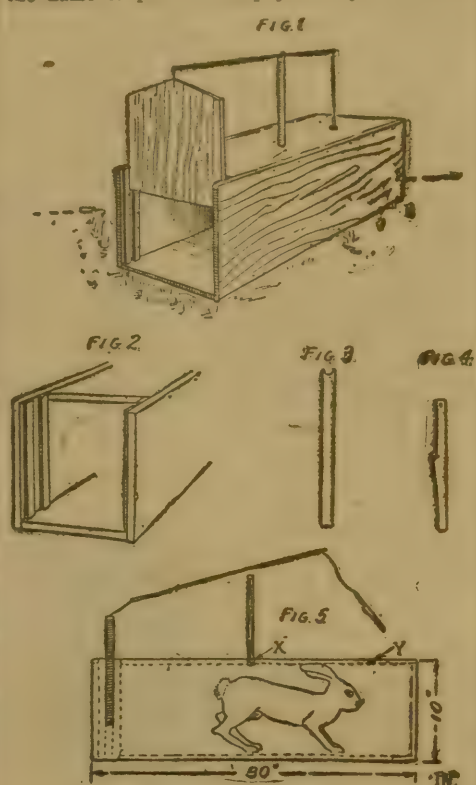
Stay on the Farm

Country boys should not get the idea that their life is very dull and hard and that the big city offers them a chance to earn an easy living and dress in the finest clothes. Many a lad with a brave heart and honest intention has gone into the maelstroms of population only to be bitterly disappointed in what he found there. There are beggars and thieves and cripples, and crooks and even people who will murder for money in the big cities and a boy is far safer at home under the family tree than trying to make a living where there are three men for every job.

Put your arm around your dear old mother's neck or young mother if she is not old and tell her that while she lives you will be guided by her advice. If you have exceptional talent for business and perhaps some capital and friends in the large city it might be a good move to go there and try your luck, but if you are a lone country boy without either you had better stay at home.

A Simple Trap

A great many of the boy readers of this column live in regions where rabbits and other small animals are numerous enough to deserve the name of pest. To help you in your warfare



THERE IS NO ESCAPE.
against them I print this little trap plan. You can see at a glance that it consists of a long box with a sliding door at one end. A groove for the door to slide in is made by nailing two upright strips to each side. The trigger arrangement is simple. Near the closed end of the box a hole is bored through the top and a stick whittled to the shape of Fig. 4 is inserted, the notched part being caught in the top of the trap. The string leading from the trigger passes over a support (Fig. 3) and is attached to the slide. A stiff wire or rod reinforces the cord. When the rabbit touches the trigger it flies up through the hole and the door drops down. The lower drawing shows this. For a bait you can use chicken heads, bits of meat or vegetables.

It is to Laugh

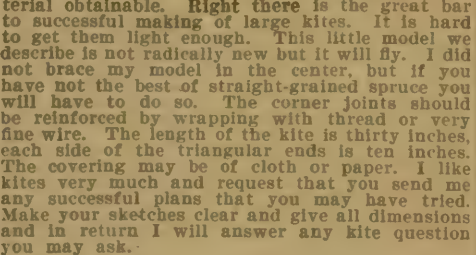
Here is a funny and clever little poem I run across in a quaint old book. It is something like that old riddle about, why did the fly and the answer, because the spider spid her.

"To pelt a cat a catapult you'll pull,
But seldom will her wound or wind her wool;
The bullet does not often hit the bull.
Now why did the old crow crow?
Can't you guess? Try again?
A beastly what? A beastly twister?
Why, of course, because the Mr. Mr.

Other variations of the same kind might be mentioned, for instance: Why did the quail quail? Because the adder had her. Why did the owl howl? Because the woodpecker would peck her. Did the whale wall when the smelt smelt? Only the gnu knew.

A Novel Kite

In the past few years, owing to the interest taken in aerial navigation, there has been great interest taken in kite flying by men and even ladies. As a result of this a lot of thought has been given to the subject and many new models have appeared. Most of those are very large and built of the lightest material obtainable. Right there is the great bar to successful making of large kites. It is hard to get them light enough. This little model we describe is not radically new but it will fly. I did not brace my model in the center, but if you have not the best of straight-grained spruce you will have to do so. The corner joints should be reinforced by wrapping with thread or very fine wire. The length of the kite is thirty inches, each side of the triangular ends is ten inches. The covering may be of cloth or paper. I like kites very much and request that you send me any successful plans that you may have tried. Make your sketches clear and give all dimensions and in return I will answer any kite question you may ask.



A Hardware Puzzle

Each of the nine pictures represent an article usually found in a hardware store. See if you



can guess what they are. The answers will be published next month.

An Amusing Game

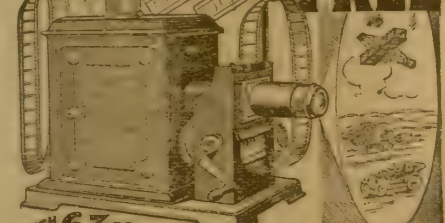
Whenever four or more young people assemble this game may be played and it will be found a good method of entertainment for winter evenings. Tell the company that you have in mind an article that is known everywhere, in use in nearly all homes every day, and smells good. They will ask "What is the initial letter?" Your answer is "C." They will begin to think of things beginning with that letter that might answer your description and will probably guess, coal, candy, cinnamon and so on. You will finally tell them that the second letter is "o" and a new batch of guesses will result. At last you tell

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The man who is admired is the well-dressed man whose clothes are fashionable, and are 1911 styles.
You will be that man in your neighborhood! An all-wool, tailor-made suit of flashy 1911 Broadway clothes awaits the first man in your neighborhood who answers this spring announcement. 1911 styles are just in. You get this suit—the swiftest, classiest, snippiest style we ever created—and better your appearance! This is our idea: We want one man as our representative in your neighborhood. You've got a lot of friends. They wear clothes. It is the easiest thing in the world to get them to order their clothes from you. Prices, \$7.50 and up. These orders mean a big business that more than doubles your salary, and the work is the easiest, cleanest, nicest occupation in the world. New representatives make \$5 to \$10 a day. You simply take the order and measurements and mail them to us. We make the clothes, ship them on approval to your friend and hand you the profit-money. A Regular Client, the beauty of being in business for yourself. Sit right down now; write us a postal or a letter for the free outfit to representatives. And you get the swiftest suit of fashionable tailor-made, all-wool clothes ever worn in your neighborhood. If your personal appearance and a big business is worth a postal or a 2c stamp to you, then act now—write us today. Address

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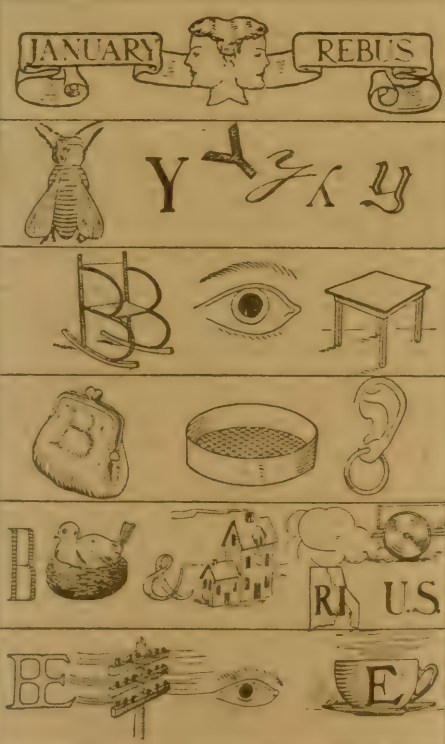
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the third letter "F" and add that the article is boiled and used for breakfast. Then someone can easily guess "Coffee," which is correct. Use any word you wish, preferring the longest possible as they have so many letters it is difficult to guess when only the first three are known.

January Puzzle

The puzzle this month differs slightly from the previous ones, but it will prove just as interesting.



ing and instructive. Each line of pictures represents a certain resolution which you will no doubt make at the beginning of the glad new year.

December Answers

The list of answers for last month's puzzles is here given in the same order in which the pictures appeared.

1. As shepherds watched their flocks by night.
2. Waiting for Santa Claus.
3. Bringing in the Yule log.
4. Illinois, Indiana, Iowa.
5. Boston tea party.

Problems for January

Again we publish a trio of questions that will keep you up late at night in an effort to solve them, but it is great satisfaction when you get the right answer. If you do not have success in working them send to Uncle John and if you inclose stamp he will send you a full analysis of each.

1. A child was born in November and on the tenth day of December he is as many days old as the month was on the day he was born. When was he born?
2. Divide the number 90 into four such parts that the first increased by 2, the second diminished by 2 the third multiplied by 2, and the fourth divided by 2 will all be equal.
3. A and B have equal amounts of money and A says that if B gives him 60 dollars and he gives B 20 dollars he will have three times as much as B. How much has each?

Answer to December Problems

1. The number is 19. 2. First cup and cover 16 pounds, second cup 8 pounds. 3. The number is 15, three times it is 45.

Now that should keep you busy for a month. The glad new year is coming in very well laden with good things for the readers of this department. Next month the Corner will be bigger and brighter than ever. Do not miss that number and see to it that your subscription is paid up. I will close with best wishes and with a desire to hear from all of you.

UNCLE JOHN.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Simple Corrective Exercises

HERE are countless women in the world who are afflicted with liver trouble, uneven shoulders, bowed back, indigestion, etc., and it is to them that this article is addressed.

There is no need for them to go through life with defective health or imperfect forms, as the practicing of certain exercises daily will give them beautiful healthy bodies and contented minds. This sounds encouraging, does it not? It isn't this good sense nowadays to succumb to your afflictions. The modern woman is expected to fight against disease and I want to help her. Two heads are better than one, you know, and I haven't the slightest doubt but what we will prove conquerors in the end.

Perhaps you are a busy woman who would infinitely prefer to take a dose of medicine three times a day and let it go at that. However, I am afraid medicine won't straighten your back or supple your stiff fingers, so we must content ourselves with physical culture exercises. They may take quite a little of your valuable time but on the other hand they don't cost a cent and that is something you cannot say about medicine. Now we have gossiped long enough. To work! To work!

First let me give you an exercise which will cure you of indigestion. It is of the utmost importance to have the stomach in good working order, else your skin will become yellowed and dry, your eyes dull, and a crop of pimples will put in their appearance.

Exercise for Indigestion

Stand erect in front of an open window and inhale a deep breath to the count of five. Hold breath and spring from standing position with your feet widely separated, and at one and the same time, raise your arms until they are poised gracefully over your head. Exhale slowly and then inhale again to the count of five. Now bend to the floor, lowering the arms until they are between the knees; then with another leap, bring the feet close together and the arms to the sides. Exhale. Repeat until tired.

Perhaps your dressmaker, when fitting your frocks or waists, has commented upon your crooked shoulders and resorted to padding to make the shoulders of the same height. If such is the case, you will be doubtless interested in an exercise for making your shoulders two of a kind. No woman likes to resort to pads and that is what she must do if she wants this defect to pass unnoticed. Equalize the shoulders and then there will be no necessity for pads.

Exercise for Uneven Shoulders

Sit down in a stiff-backed chair and practice depressing the higher shoulder for fifteen or twenty minutes daily. Look at the girl in the picture and you will know just what to do.

Another simple way of correcting this defect is to hold the arm of the lower shoulder upward, the hand grasping a light weight flatiron, while the arm on the other side should be lowered and the hand should hold a heavy flatiron or better still, a dumbbell. This is quite a strenuous exercise and should not be practiced for more than five minutes at a time.

Don't disdain these two exercises, as perfect shoulders add much to Milady's beauty. Round shoulders are in another class and need different treatment. The following breathing and arm exercise will do much to correct that ugly stoop.

Exercise for a Bowed Back

Let the arms hang loosely from the shoulders, placing the hands side by side, with thumbs twined together. Now take a deep, full breath and raise the arms until they are extended straight up. Hold the arms in this position until you count five, then slowly return them to original position and exhale breath. Practice this exercise for ten minutes, night and morning.

Another way of obtaining straight shoulders is to stand against a door in such a pose that the back of the head, shoulders, back, elbows, palms and heels will be pressed against it. Keep this position for ten minutes.

And now let me have a little chat with the girl whose face is covered with liver spots. Naturally she is humiliated by these blemishes and longs for a clear skin and I am determined that she shall have her wish. All that I ask of her is to practice the following exercise for twenty minutes daily. No matter how torpid your liver is this exercise is warranted to wake it up.

Exercise for Liver

Stand erect with feet close together, chest well thrown out chin up and shoulders back and down. Now raise the left arm as high as you can and reach downward with the other hand as if you were trying to grasp something. On no account must you bend your back! Alternate the movements raising the right and lowering the left arm. Go through this exercise with the utmost rapidity.

If any of you have stiffened fingers, perhaps you would like me to give you an exercise which will remedy this defect. Pretty hands lose much of their charm when the fingers become unsupple.

Exercise for Stiff Fingers

Hold the hands out in front of you and spread the fingers as far apart as they will go. Now raise the little finger of one hand and bring it down on an imaginary surface with considerable force. Take the next finger and repeat movement and go on in this way until all the fingers have had their share of exercise. Ten minutes twice a day, is none too long to practice these movements.

Rapidly opening and closing the fists will also do much to make the fingers flexible. With two such exercises at your command it will be your own fault if your fingers lose their suppleness. Constipation is responsible for many complexion ills, to say nothing of scalp troubles consequently it behooves us to see that our internal organs do their duty. Why not call to your aid the following exercise, which is extremely effective in restoring the normal functions. Try it and see if it doesn't enable you to stop dosing yourself with cathartics.

Abdominal Exercise

Bend the body forward from the waist, then move it to the left, back and right in suc-

cession, before straightening up. Now reverse the directions, moving the body to the right, back and left. Do not resume upright position until the completion of each set of movements.

This exercise brings into play the muscles of the back, bowels and abdomen, and as a consequence, the abdominal organs are forced to do their work.

Do you suffer from cold feet? You do? Then that shows you have a very poor circulation and I would suggest practicing the following exercise, which will bring about such a remarkable change that you will no longer need to keep a hot water bottle in constant attendance to get the needed comfort and warmth.

Stretch your ten pink toes down to the extreme limit, then vigorously work the feet up and down for several minutes. Follow this up by shaking the feet from the ankles. How do you do this? Just as you do when you shake your hands from the wrists. Easy, isn't it? And how nice and warm your feet will be after your practice time is up and then you will never resort to any other device. Here's wishing you all a very LIVER SQUEEZER. Happy New Year and all the blessing's you so richly earned and so richly deserve.

Correspondence

Maggie, S. C., Bertha, Mrs. J. B.—The soap you mention is perfectly safe to use in my opinion.

Mrs. Lydia, Carmen.—I am so sorry but I do not know the address of the lady you mention, nor do I know where you can secure that wonderful drug, since it is not carried by druggists.

Lucetta, S. J., Texan, Miss M., Tan and others.—Indeed, I think you are having a real hard time, but let us see if we can't stop your hair coming out and banish that horrid dandruff. To remove, dandruff saturate the head and hair with sweet almond oil the night before a shampoo. It is best to tie your head up in a towel before slipping into bed as otherwise the bedclothes will become soiled. Next morning wash your hair thoroughly in warm water, using the following shampoo:

Soap Jelly Shampoo

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

When the hair has been rinsed free of lather and dried in the sun, the dandruff will have disappeared. A twenty minute massage of the scalp every day with a good hair tonic, will stop the falling out and start a new growth.

Quinine Tonic for Hair

Sulphate of quinine, twenty grains; tincture of cantharides (alcoholic), two drams; extract of jaborandi, two drams; deodorized alcohol, two drams; glycerine, one ounce; bay rum, six ounces; elderflower water sufficient to make a pint.

Edna.—I do not answer letters personally. There is no way to darken red hair to an auburn or brown unless you use a dye and that you are evidently too sensible to do. Don't you like red hair? It is all the rage now and I think you are a fortunate girl.

Adeline, Fatty, Anxious May, Youngster, Mrs. X. Y. Z., Hattie and others.—The sample root which you mailed me, is, I think, the Amole Root. Of course I could not swear positively to this, but it looks just like what I have, so I think you would be safe in using it. You weigh about fifteen pounds too much. A good way to reduce would be to live almost entirely on skimmed milk for two or three weeks. The average loss in flesh on this diet would be half a pound a day. I certainly pity you as styves are so disgusting. A good way to bring them to a head is to apply a warm poultice of flaxseed or bread and milk; lance with a fine needle, and bathe with warm or hot water, following this up by applying an astringent lotion.

Mrs. D. H. C., Lou, Lotus, Mrs. A. B. D., Miss F., Suzette and others.—I am so glad you liked the face bleach that I sent you two or three years ago and that it did such good work. As you have lost the formula I gladly print it again.

Norwegian Face Bleach

Corrosive sublimate, seven and one half grains; tincture of benzoin, one dram; water, one half pint.

Remember that corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison if swallowed and do not allow it to get into the hands of children. It would also be well to test the strength of this lotion on the arm before applying it to the face.

Ruth and many others.—And so you want a pimple, blackhead and freckle recipe! Well, I am giving a good blackhead lotion, herewith, but it will do little good unless you keep the face immaculately clean. This is accomplished by washing it every night with heaps of soap and hot water before going to bed.

Blackhead Lotion

Carbonate of magnesia, one dram; zinc oxide, one dram; rosewater, four ounces.

Shake bottle and mop on spots. Later the bulk of the "worm" must be pressed out, after the face has been softened with hot water. Pimples are usually the result of insufficient exercise and bathing, too rich food and constipation. If you want a brilliantly clear complexion you must take a daily bath, stop eating cake, pie, candy, pudding, ice cream, etc., and walk in the open air an hour every day. For constipation, take a mild vegetable or fruit cathartic. A good external remedy for pimples is given below:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Apply to pimple points several times a day. Washing the face in sour milk twice daily will finally banish faint freckles.

Genevra, Honey Girl, Mary, Jennie, Miss S., Mrs. T. B., The Widow and others.—At your age the complexion is quite likely to deteriorate for two or three years, after which, with proper care, it should become clear and white again. See my reply to Mrs. D. H. C. Now as to your dry, yellow hands, I think they need to be massaged with skin food for a few minutes every night. If you do this I think your hands will become soft, plump and white. To hasten results soak hands in warm, sweet almond oil for fifteen minutes every other day.

Mrs. Ethel.—Thin hair is hereditary sometimes, so perhaps that is the explanation of your puzzle. However it might be the fever you had way back. Now what I would suggest would be for you to give your scalp an electric massage. Probably you have some one in your town who does this work. I think it would be worth trying, since the ordinary home massage with vaseline, quinine tonics, etc., do you no good. I am quite sure that the application of electricity to the scalp, in connection with a good pomade, would start your refractory hair to growing.

A New York Subscriber.—I would not care to recommend the preparation you speak of. You should weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds if you are four feet, five inches. Malt is a liquid and can be bought at any drug-store.

Mrs. A. P. S.—Well, I do not know exactly how to answer you. Some people mean a dessertspoon when they say a soup-spoon and others mean a tablespoon. I would call a dessertspoon a soup-spoon. Few people have the regular soup-spoons and the tablespoon is altogether too large.

Miss Mae H.—I certainly think you must live in a postcard and hope I may see it sometime. If you want a postcard shower on January 14th, why not send your name to the postcard club?



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Name.....

P. O.County.....State.....R. F. D.

Golden Rod, Thin Molly, Worried Mother and others.—As you cannot take the Milk Diet, why don't you build yourself up by taking olive oil? Two dessert-spoonfuls after each meal would make you gain considerably. Two tablespoonfuls of extract of malt would also work in well on this fattening treatment.

Desire.—It would take about a year for eyelashes to grow half an inch. To reduce your nose, steam it for ten minutes at night and then slip on a tiny rubber nose cap. You can buy a piece of thin rubber sheeting and make the cap yourself. Wear it every night but don't forget before putting it on that the nose must be steamed for at least ten minutes.

Kate.—I am glad that your complexion has improved so much since you began washing it in buttermilk. No, I do not think a thirty-six-inch bust is too large. You are about ten pounds too heavy according to your height. There is no way, my dear, of making a low forehead high. Of course, by wearing the hair off the forehead, you can make it look much higher than if you let your hair droop forward.

Bess.—I am glad that you find that the buttermilk improves your complexion. I would part my hair if I were you. Pompadour hair has gone out of fashion. As to your hands see my reply to Genevra.

Florentine, Illinois Inquirer, Dixie and others.—To reduce your too large waist, practice the following exercise daily: Stand erect with hands stretched above head. Now bend from the waist line until fingertips touch the ground. Do not bend the knees. See my reply to Adeline. Read my article on Corrective Exercises and you will find an exercise for round shoulders.

S. B.—A three per cent. solution of boric acid makes a splendid wash for the eyes. If, after washing the eyes out every day for a week or two, the "scum" doesn't go away, consult a doctor.

Rose, Lily, Lydia, Little Girl, Papa's baby, Miss Jess and others.—Following is a remedy which I think will remove sunburn from your face, also tan:

Rosewater, six ounces; glycerine, one half ounce; bitter almond water, two and one half drams; tincture of benzoin, two and one half drams; borax, one and one half drams.

Rob the borax up with the glycerine; gradually adding the rose and almond waters, lastly the tincture of benzoin, agitating the mixture all the time. Apply night and morning. Before applying to face test its strength on the arm, as it may be too strong for your skin. See my reply to Ruth about a blotchy skin. I cannot give names of advertised tonics in these columns. A simple way to restore gray hair to its original color is to anoint scalp with yolk of egg and take internally equal doses of sulphur and iron. Your druggist would have to give you the size of doses. See reply to Lucetta about hair tonics.

A Subscriber.—Peanuts are fattening, also soup beans, but pop corn and pickles are not.

Discouraged.—You should have your druggist put up that astringent for you. Liquids are easy to combine but when it comes to blending evenly a powder and a liquid it is best to let your druggist do the work for you.

Mrs. Honey Boy, Anxious, Miss K. T., Subscriber and others.—The bust developing formula you mention I do not like. Why don't you try massaging bust with warm cocoa butter for twenty minutes every day? This will gradually increase your bust measurement. Drinking plenty of milk is even a better bust developer. Apply tan remedy given Rose and Lily to the brown spots on your face. I think they are liver spots, which means you must drink quantities of water and watch carefully that you do not become constipated. Also take the juice of half a lemon in a quarter of a cupful of cool water, half an hour before breakfast.

Rose-bud, Foolish Girl.—Please read my article on Corrective exercises and you will find out how to straighten your back and develop one hip so it is the same size as the other. See my reply to Lucetta. You will obtain the prettiest skin imaginable if you will drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. Also see my reply to Ruth about what not to eat, etc., etc. The face should be washed thoroughly every night before you go to bed so the little pores may go to bed clean as clean can be. Otherwise they absorb the dust and powder on your face all night and next morning you have a crop of blackheads. Certainly you can make the hair wavy, but not permanently. To do this apply the following lotion and let hair dry for sixty minutes:

Carbonate of potash, one and one quarter drams; powdered cochineal, one half dram; ammonia water,



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A Submerged Mystery

A Detective Story

By Mary R. P. Hatch

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PART.

Policeman Pierce passing the Clarendon House in Annapolis, Md., sees a party at dinner. Going into the office he glances at the register and finds the names Mr. Luce, Mr. Connote, Mr. James Jackson, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Neal and Miss Scranton, all of Annapolis. After dinner the party separate. Mr. Connote goes to his hotel. Mrs. Hopkins, the chaplain, disappears with Miss Scranton. Mr. Luce and Miss Neal, securing a wheel chair, start for the theater. On the way Mr. Luce is shot by a masked man who makes his escape. Mr. Luce is carried to St. Luke's Hospital. Mrs. Hopkins appears and takes Miss Neal to her room. Conjectures run high as to the identity of the assailant and the cause of shooting. Wilbur Chandler, a detective, interviews Miss Neal's guardian. He is undisturbed and professes to believe her to be in Boston. The detective comes away nonplussed and decides to call on the wounded man. In the meantime he finds Miss Neal. Her friends advise her not to talk of the shooting. The detective inspires confidence and Miss Neal convinces him that the motive for the crime is not jealousy as far as she is concerned and he leaves her, in love for the first time in his life. He calls at the hospital and makes nothing out of Mr. Luce. As he is about to leave, he mentions Miss Neal's name. Mr. Luce, who knows her but slightly says he has frequently heard a certain man rave over her perfection. He refuses to divulge his name and Wilbur Chandler is positive there is no affection between them. There is another man; but who is he? Chandler does not dare broach the subject to Miss Neal.

PART II.

HERE seemed to be but one way, and that was to discover the intimate friends of Frank Luce and through them he might learn of the man who raved by the hour about Miss Neal. He shrank from the task. First, because he distrusted the truth of the statement and second because of bringing her name into so unsavory a question. He decided not to use the name, nor inquire openly until it became necessary. Perhaps events might prove there was no such man. They might prove what he suspected, that Luce had craftily dropped the remark in order to turn his investigations away from the true field of inquiry. That he was quite capable of it, the detective was convinced.

If, on the other hand, there was such a man—one so deeply in love with the young woman as to rave about her, why should he put on a mask and hold up the couple, as had been done, unless he was jealous and so madly jealous as to desire to kill a man who was not his rival after all, but instead to whom he told his love freely, even fulsomely. The more he thought the matter over, the more decided was he that there was nothing in it.

One thing, however, he could and would do if possible. He would seek out and question Mr. Connote the man who was one of the party at the supper given by Mr. Luce at the Clarendon on the night of the shooting and this plan he proceeded to put into operation.

This man had been detained by the authorities as a witness in the case when Luce should appear and make complaint in person.

It was accounted strange by the public that complaint had not been lodged already through his lawyers, but such was the situation at the present time.

Several witnesses had been notified, among them Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Scranton and Miss Neal, beside Mr. Connote. Meanwhile the wounded man stood a good chance to recover and as no one knew better than the detective, all proceedings might be stopped if Luce failed to focus legal inquiries upon some strongly suspected person.

Meanwhile, the disagreeable notoriety of the matter was a great source of mortification to Miss Neal. On the second occasion of his seeing her, Chandler was much impressed by the change in her appearance. She was deeply moved when she saw him and her voice rang sharp with nervousness as she said:

"Oh, Mr. Chandler, do tell me when the horrible matter will end? Is it true that the whole country is watching and am I a by-word? Tell me." She looked into his face almost frantically and clasped her hands in agony as she waited for his reply.

"No indeed," he said soothingly, "very few know of it at all, there are so many things happening all the time, you know. Your friends are interested, of course, but outsiders do not know or care."

"But I am a marked girl henceforth. There is no place where I can go to hide myself, is there Mr. Chandler?"

"My dear Miss Neal, you overestimate the matter. Who has been talking to you?"

A change instantly came over her face at the question.

"Don't ask me," she said, "I cannot tell you. I don't dare!"

"It must be some one who is no friend to you who talks to you in such a way as to make you unhappy. Surely Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Scranton do not tell you such things."

"They are very much annoyed themselves and neither will go out without being heavily veiled, and even so, they are photographed and forced to listen to unpleasant remarks. And I—I haven't left the house for a week. There are men hiding over there, ready to photograph me for the papers."

"How do you know?" asked Chandler in his straightforward manner.

"I have seen them. There, look over there, just beyond that placard board!" Chandler glanced, she was right and he was tempted to go over and give the camera man a sound thrashing but knew only too well it would serve but to cause more gossip, so he said soothingly:

"Now will you take my advice? I know I am young, but I have seen a good deal of life and I know that very soon all will be forgotten, so far as you are concerned. You have been drawn into an unpleasant affair through no fault of your own, and the fact is fast becoming known. Think as little of it as possible, read interesting books and enjoy life as usual. Do not go out if you find it too much of a strain, but just be happy."

"Oh, if I could! If I could just believe you, Mr. Chandler. I have thought of it night and day and have almost become frantic. I was always very nervous and sensitive," she explained apologetically.

Chandler could well believe it. Moreover, it was evident that, disagreeable as newspaper notoriety is to all women of refinement, to this girl it was actual torture.

"Miss Neal," he said gently, "it will soon blow over. Nothing is remembered long and even now people are saying that in all probability it is a mistake. Your uncle still affirms that you are in Boston and this helps the police."

"You mean my guardian, do you not? And he says I am in Boston?"

"Yes, he told me himself that you wrote to him that you were going there."

"So I did, but he knew quite well—" she stopped a moment, then went on, "but afterwards he knew that I was with Mrs. Hopkins."

"Perhaps he persists in the statement, to shield you."

"Oh, no, quite the other way!" She declared with flaming cheeks. "I could tell you of a letter I received from him this morning in which he declared that I am disgraced—disgraced, that's what he said, and that there was—" She stopped suddenly and began to pace the apartment with quick, nervous strides.

"I feel as if caught in a trap. I need exercise, and I do not dare go out." She concluded, inconsequently it seemed to Chandler. The desire to go out did not account for that tragic walk and clenching of the hands, nor for the tears which welled up out of her eyes a moment afterward.

"Mr. Chandler, I am a most unhappy girl," she said, "I have no one to go to for advice or sympathy."

He longed to say, "Come to me for both," but the folly of such a course was only too evident. So he said instead:

"I think it would be all right to go out for a walk early in the day. Go openly, as if nothing had happened. Then, if people recognize you, they will see that you have nothing to fear from public opinion."

"But the photographers!"

"I will see to that part," he said grimly. "I will give them something else to do more in keeping with their cameras. I have just learned of a most sensational affair in another part of the city, and will send them over there."

"Oh, how good you are!"

"Not at all," replied the young man lamely. Soon after he went away, without having asked her about her admirer. Indeed he had had no opportunity, having been filled with sympathy so great as to have made him forget even the existence of the man himself.

However, late in the day he succeeded in finding Mr. Connote and talking with him about Mr. Luce.

Mr. Connote was a jolly, talkative man, somewhat resembling a gossiping woman, in his love for rolling under his tongue morsels of social delinquencies occurring in his world. A man of something over the half century mark, but he had retired from active business much sooner than he ought, even with middle-aged inertia full upon him, for he found his snug fortune all too small for his expanding ideas. At twenty-five he had been a decent, studious man; at fifty-five he was a rake, with pretty nearly all that the term implies. Fixed in the set where Luce's friends congregated, he was known as a good-looking, "bon vivant" man, rather close and one not to be trusted too far.

"No," he told Chandler, "he had not gone to ride. Luce asked him with the rest, but it was raining," he said and "those chairs cost like the deuce. Besides Luce took the only good-looking girl in the bunch."

"She is much admired," said Chandler, hating himself for the leading question.

"Yes, now that she is out in the world. Her guardian kept her housed till it is said she escaped."

"Escaped?"

"Yes, you see he wanted to marry her. She was adopted by his father, old Abel Stephens Norton. He was a bad lot in his youth and ran away. The old man thought he was dead, so he left everything to the girl. Norton returned, to find his dish had been cooked. So he goes for the girl, declares himself her guardian, and all that. She signs the papers, doesn't know any better, and stays there in the house with him until his love-making becomes unpleasant. Then Mrs. Hopkins takes her home. He is in his old family mansion, but he doesn't own a penny in it. Pretty hard on him, but no excuse for his other actions."

"What other actions?"

"I don't know."

Connote pursed his lips into a whistle and looked sideways at his interlocutor.

"But you suspect?"

"So do a great many people."

"What do they suspect?"

"I am not going to tell you that I suspect a conspiracy and get hauled into court as a witness. I don't know anything."

But he had told the astute young man, when he mentioned a conspiracy and the fear of being hauled into court as a witness. Chandler asked no more questions, but securing the address of Mr. Jackson, he called at the apartments of the latter, only to learn that he had gone away for the winter and had left no address.

Then Mr. Chandler called on Mrs. Hopkins, believing that he had begun to see his way clear to some understanding of the case. To be sure, he had to call imagination into play somewhat, but he had always found imagination to be an excellent auxiliary of the reasoning faculties. At the present time he could see not far in the distance a perfect solution of the mystery, but whether it would stand the cold analysis of facts, remained to be proved.

Mrs. Hopkins was at home, and said she would see him, after the young man had sent up to her a note in explanation of his errand.

"But you are the detective who was here before," said the lady doubtfully as she looked for a moment into the young man's honest eyes and noted his irreproachable morning garb.

"Yes, but I assure you I do not come wholly in a professional capacity. I am working on my own responsibility to clear Miss Neal of a troublesome notoriety. She is very sensitive to such things, is she not?"

"Oh, very! That was one reason, although not the principal one, why she came to us. It began to be said that her guardian was too young and too much in love with her to act as her guardian, and all that, you know."

But the young man's gentle as affirmative, couched in the leading question was unnoticed. Instead, Mrs. Hopkins thought she had said too much already and showed it by closing her lips resolutely.

He could get nothing more from her but, all in all, considered that he had done a good morning's work. He had learned who was in love with Miss Neal and why she had left the house which had been willed to her, together with the other property, by the young man's father.

He did not again see Miss Neal until a week had passed, when one day, just at nightfall, she glided into his office like a slim white wraith. Her big eyes looked bigger than he had ever seen them and far darker. In fact, the pupils were dilated so much as to make the whole eye seem to be black, deeply, intensely black.

"Oh, Mr. Chandler," she said abruptly, and putting out her hands, "Was it right for me to come to see you here?"

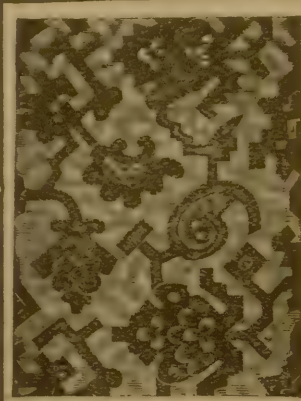
"Perfectly," he said, "I receive clients here frequently and it is not yet time to close. What can I do for you?"

Striving to make his manner businesslike, he succeeded in appearing careless and indifferent. She seemed to feel it and shrank back into the shadows which were beginning to form in the corners of the room.

"I wouldn't have come, but I have no one else who can advise me except Mrs. Hopkins and she advised me to see you about this. She said that you seemed genuine. That is a good deal for Mrs. Hopkins to say."

"I think that I am genuine," he replied. "Do you wish me to read these letters? They appear to have been written by your guardian," glancing at the signature of one which lay upmost.

"They are from my guardian and I want you to read them. He says that all the world has read of my escapade and is talking about it. He



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says there will be no let-up unless I marry him and leave the country. I do not know what to do. See these clippings that he enclosed."

Half-a-dozen slips of printed matter fluttered from a letter which she selected.

"I think the same hand wrote them all," he said quietly. "I recognize the mannerisms of a man I know, who can be bought to do this sort of thing very cleverly. Listen," and he read a phrase which was repeated identically in another clipping and slightly paraphrased in a third.

"Oh, you don't think he would do it?"

"I do, Miss Neal, and I believe he is responsible for the whole trouble. He knows how sensitive you are, and has tried to play upon your fears. What did he say when you left the house, to live with Mrs. Hopkins?"

"He said that people were beginning to talk about us and that I had better marry him to stop it."

"And afterwards?"

"He wrote in that letter you have in your hand that people were saying disagreeable things because I left and that it would be best for us to be married quietly and go abroad."

"That is a strange way to conduct a courtship. I never heard of anything so absurd. Hadn't he anything else to approach you with?"

"Oh, of course. In the first place he told me how much he loved me, but I told him I did not care for him in that way. Then he talked about his father's injustice in leaving me all and I offered to divide with him."

"You have had the deed of gift executed, have you not?"

"Yes."

"And still he pursues you with threats of talk, talk, talk. If I were you, Miss Neal, I would simply ignore the whole matter."

"But those dreadful things," pointing to the clippings. "Oh, I cannot, I cannot bear much more. I have almost decided to marry him and leave the country."

"Miss Neal, you have almost hypnotized yourself with these fears. Believe me, they are not worth your tears. Leave the country, but not with that scoundrel. He is the cause of it all. I believe it will yet be proved that it was he who shot Luce. Who else could it be, if it is true, as the pusher claimed, that he said: 'I didn't mean to shoot you, Frank. I believe that it was planned between the two men to get you so talked about that you would be willing to marry him as an escape from further notoriety. Everything goes to prove this view of the matter so far. He was absent from Annapolis at the time of the shooting. The man was masked, but his general appearance was similar to Mr. Norton.'"

"Oh, Mr. Chandler, can it be possible?"

"I fully believe it not only possible, but the true solution of the mystery. See what I will do."

Sitting down to his desk, the young man wrote rapidly a letter which, upon completion, he handed to her to read. It ran thus:

"MR. NORTON. SIR—Your attempts to injure the reputation of Miss Neal are discovered. Mr. Luce has not actually confessed to the conspiracy, which included his being shot by yourself, but his manner was such, on the occasion when I saw him, as to prove it to me."

The letters, which you have sent my client, Miss Neal, are damaging papers—to you—and you will be prosecuted if you continue sending her such. The clippings are the writings of a worthless man whom I know of as having done this sort of work before."

All in all, you have made yourself liable to prosecution, for conspiring to injure the reputation of my client and unless you cause other and totally dissimilar stories to be written by you and your tool, you will be publicly prosecuted. There are plenty of witnesses who will prove that the most foul conspiracy has been attempted by you."

(Signed) "WILBUR CHANDLER."

"Oh, Mr. Chandler, I don't want to injure Mr. Norton. His father was so kind to me and it does seem hard that I should have been made the heir instead of the son."

"That is foolishly sentimental, Miss Neal. Excuse me for saying so. But if he heeds my letter and does all that he can to stop this tide of

notoriety, you would prefer not to prosecute, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, I do not want to ever even think of it again. It has made me almost wild for weeks. Do you think it will stop now? I mean, when you send that letter. But suppose it isn't true about the shooting, and all that. Suppose it goes right on. Oh, Mr. Chandler, I shall die or go crazy. I think it will be the last."

She raised her tortured face to his and gazed at him until his own worked with sympathy. Until that moment he did not really know how much he loved her and how he longed to soothe her sorrows. She had come to him for comfort and he had been unable to give her a sip of comfort, for he knew his letter was a bluff which might be disregarded, and probably would be. He himself was convinced that Norton was the man who shot Frank Luce, and for the reason stated in his letter. But could he make the public believe it and in doing so, would it not be necessary to stir up more of that notoriety from which the frail, fair, cowering girl shrank?

In the goodness of her heart, she had gone to ride with Mr. Luce, because she feared the refusal of the others would hurt his feelings. She had left the home to Mr. Norton and deeded him half her fortune, and still she was persecuted.

Like lightning, these thoughts passed through his mind and the next moment he was holding her hand whispering eagerly:

"Miss Neal, Agnes, be my wife, and let me take you away. I haven't much money, but enough so that I do not feel like a rascal in asking you to marry me. You do love me a little, don't you?"

"I think I love you a great deal," she said simply, "although I did not know it until now. But you do not want to marry a girl who has been so talked about, do you?" she asked tremulously. His answer need not be chronicled.

The story of the shooting of Frank Luce was never made public. Indeed, it is believed to have never been solved. Such is the history of many a crime; those most concerned allow it to drop, rather than stir up a troublesome notoriety.

However, in this case great happiness came to the two young people, made known to one another by the incidents which took place that memorable evening at the ocean city.

They were quietly married and went abroad for a year's travel.

What were the emotions of Norton, when he read of the marriage of the young girl whom he had so systematically tortured, can only be imagined. A great deal of undercurrent gossip in the world inhabited by such men as Luce, Connote and Norton might instruct the public, could it become known. But it never will be. It is another of those submerged mysteries, known to a few although suspected by many.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

I shall now tell you of myself. I shall soon be thirty years old and have been nearly deaf for many years. I am afflicted in many ways, but I won't complain, for I can walk and that does mean so much. I am a member of the Baptist church.

I am fond of reading nice books, but I'm tired of old papers and tracts, and it's a waste of stamps to send a shut-in such things. I some day hope to have for my very own a copy of several books I want, especially "The Princess," "Maud," and "In Memoriam," by Tennyson. Also "Pilgrim's Progress," by Bunyan, and "Lucile," by Meredith, and oh, I can't tell you all for you would laugh. I very much want "The Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens, and "The Prince of the House of David," by Ingraham.

COMFORT does get better and better all the time. I like the Sisters' Corner best of all for it does have such fine letters. Wish I could see everyone of you.

Now, my dear sisters, I want to especially ask a great favor of you and that is a satin ribbon shower. I would prefer new ribbon and in gay colors, from two, two and one half or three inches wide to six inches in length or as much longer as you care to send. I want them to make into articles. I should be pleased with some nice silk floss also.

With best wishes to good old COMFORT and its host of readers, I am, very much yours,
Miss REBECCA PENNINGTON, 618 East Winchester Ave., Ashland, Kentucky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to give you two remedies that have proven beneficial in many cases:

For piles, mix one teaspoonful of sulphur with two of pure lard and use as an ointment.

For pneumonia, slice six or eight onions and cover with one pint of good vinegar and let boil a few minutes. Add enough rye meal to make a poultice, let come to a boil and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear it. I have another ready as fast as they cool. This remedy has relieved some serious cases.

I should like to correspond with sisters of my age, forty-four, who possess relics. I have a set of scales which were used in weighing rations during the Revolutionary War.

With love to all and God bless Uncle Charlie and the shut-ins is the wish of your sister,
Mrs. ELLEN HARDIN, Topton, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I feel very much impressed this morning to write to the sisters and tell them what we are trying to do. I live quite near a stone quarry that is worked by convicts. They have a good superintendent and very good buildings. The W. C. T. U. co-superintendent of prison work and myself have taken it upon ourselves to brighten their lives, aside from the religious services that they have whenever she can come. Work among the prisoners was only begun here last July and there have been over twenty-one Bibles given besides other literature.

Any religious or scientific books donated toward the library that we hope to have for the prisoners would be gratefully received. Only such literature as teaches that Christ came to save, and died to save us, is wanted.

I want the prisoners to have COMFORT so will have it sent to them.

Your sister in Jesus' name,
Mrs. IDA I. BOWER, Dewey, Skagit Co., Wash.

Mrs. Bower. I want to say just a few words regarding literature for the convicts. While these unfortunate and misguided beings are shut out from the world, don't you think they still hold their interest in it the same as you and I? Somehow I can't but think that literature of a more general character, of a kind that speaks of our country, and of men that have begun at the foot of the ladder and worked up, that deals with subjects likely to incite ambition and discourage all that's immoral and wrong because it leads to man's undoing would be elevating and uplifting along with the religious and scientific reading. I may be in the wrong, but I have given considerable thought to, and had some experience with the mind that has through vice become (as the physician says) diseased, and to broaden their views and show them that they are not utterly barred from mankind because they have fallen and live within the prison walls. Is the first step toward a religious life. I suppose these men are not all serving a life sentence and it seems to me that to teach them how to act honestly and point out the man who won because he was honorable and just to his fellow beings, is a lesson that must be impressive and Christ-like.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

My little daughter, three years old, has been hoarse all summer and I am wondering if any of you have had the same experience and can give me any advice. Some days she is so hoarse for a while that I can scarcely hear what she says. Then again for several days, her voice will be much clearer, but it has clung to her all summer and I would like very much to get relief for her. She doesn't complain, but it seems an effort for her to talk.

Do the sisters know that in making sweet cucumber pickles, if you use equal parts of vinegar and water, you can use as much sugar as you wish and they will not wrinkle or shrivel up. I learned of it only last summer and gladly pass it along.

I love to correspond and have gained some dear friends through our good paper COMFORT, which has been a monthly visitor in our home for eight years, and I mean to have it as long as I live if it is at all possible.

With love and best wishes to each and all,
Mrs. EDNA EISENBERG, Lanark, R. E. 3, Ill.

Mrs. Eisenberg. Your little daughter's condition seems serious. I should judge the affection was in the bronchial tubes. I would give her pure olive oil with her food. Some children like it on their bread and baked potato, or if she does not like it you may have to manage otherwise, but I would not miss giving her three teaspoonfuls a day. If she is underweight, this will build her up. I, too, would consult a good general physician.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time and its various departments have helped me in many ways; it certainly deserves its name.

I am twenty-nine years old and have three little girls. I would like a position as housekeeper, country preferred, where I can have my children with me. Willing to work for board and clothes. Can give good references. Address,
Mrs. H. Goff, St. John, Kansas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a West Virginia shut-in into your corner?

I have been an invalid for twelve years, neither walking nor feeding myself. My hands are drawn out of shape from rheumatism.

I am twenty-eight years of age. I try to be content with my suffering. Many of the sisters believe in Divine healing. Won't you who believe in prayer, please pray for me that I may be healed?

I have a wheel chair and go to Sunday school in summer and enjoy it very much. I take COMFORT and always read your letters first.

I remain your sister and cousin,
Miss DOROTHY BLUNDLEY, Fayetteville, W. Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a helpless shut-in from rheumatism, not having taken a step in six years; neither can I see myself, and I have the added affliction of being deaf. I can read and would be thankful for letters and reading matter.

It is hard to be so helpless and won't you extend to me some of your good cheer?
Mrs. ELIZABETH C. YATES, Courtland, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Having received so many good things from the Sisters' Corner I thought it time to return the favor. Mrs. Olivia Groby, Rushford, Minn. I am sending a sure remedy to destroy ants.

The recipe given in the October number for cooking a tough steak I have just proved, and I am certain it is the best steak I've eaten in months, although it was a round steak, and heretofore I have used the best cuts. It was delicious!

I also tried the recipe for green tomato butter of some copy of COMFORT, and this was excellent also. I have taken COMFORT for three years and sometimes wonder how I ever did manage without it. It is a nice paper and I often think if we had more such as our sister (Mr. Gamett) and Uncle Charlie, our paper and country would not be as demoralized as it is. It is a source of joy and inspiration when I think of the influence that we are supposed to be to lead men and girls astray. How many sisters suffered as I do,

that sex does not excuse a man (young or old) for doing wrong? If young men would get the same reception as girls do for wrong conduct, it would take only a short time to stamp out wrong, but too often mothers open their doors and give the "glad hand" to men, who, in many cases, have robbed some (would be pure and virtuous) young girl of character and sent her on the downward path from which very few ever return. I, for one, will always teach my boy that conduct unbecoming to a girl, is also unbecoming to a boy, and sex does not excuse them. But, I find there are always ten to pull down where there is one to build up, and I wonder many times what will be the outcome in a few years, if mothers do not awake to a sense of their duty! If all (or a greater part) of mothers did their duty, it would not be so hard for the few who are striving to lead the boy aright.

How many sisters have Uncle Charlie's song book and book of poems? I have and think the poems fine, and the song book the best collection I ever bought. I would not take many times the price of them for them.

Will the sisters write me on Jan. 5, 1911. I would love a birthday shower.

My description would not be flattering so I will not give it. Am forty-four years old, and a grandmother. My eldest is married, and on July 27, my second child, a young man twenty years old, was called suddenly away in death; struck by an engine in the night. I hope none of the sisters will ever encounter such a shock and loss. I have one boy left, fourteen years old, and a girl of ten years. We are living on a farm and find it very lonely, as my husband is away the entire week, except Sundays.

I lived all my married life, until five years ago, in the city, so you can imagine why I am lonely. I see very few letters from my state. If some of the sisters care to write, I will answer.

Mrs. MARGARET HOPKINS HILBORN, Cortu, Box 145, Gen. Co., N. Y.

COMFORT SISTERS:

All of the sisters who are not satisfied with my description of the country, and desire further information please write to the following address: State Board of Immigration, Capitol Bldg., Denver, Colo.

The State Legislature hires these people to give information and aid to all seeking homes in our state. Respectfully, Mrs. E. D. REDMON, Somerset, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and have often thought I would like to write to this department.

I have been a cripple nearly all my life and a great sufferer, but not one of those who can give up and be blue about it, for no one can help it, so I try to be cheerful and thankful that it is as well with me as it is. When I walk I have to put one, and sometimes, both hands on my knees, my side and hips are so drawn in, but even that way of getting about does not keep me from work, for I have learned to do most everything anyone else can do. I have to make my own living.

I have raised poultry for about twenty years, but there are many things I don't know about the business, so if Mrs. P. O. Dorsett will give a few points on the business it will be appreciated by one, and, I believe, several of the readers. One thing I have learned is that one teaspoonful of pure carbolic acid to one gallon of water is a cure for cholera, and if used in time will prevent that disease among fowl.

Will someone send me the song containing the words something like this:

"Just tonight I have stopped drinking,
No more shame upon my brow,
Oh! the old folks would be happy,
Could they see their boy just now."

Now you see I am putting out the whisky, and if I could vote, my vote, as well as my prayers would be for the saving of souls. Your friend,
GERTRAUDE BROWN, Lebanon, R. E. 2, Mo.

Miss Brown. I want to give you an extract from the letter of Mrs. Elizabeth Main, Barnsveld, R. E. 1, Wis., the whole of which I am sorry not to give. "To kill lice in hens' nests: Plaster of Paris wet with turpentine and rolled into balls. When dry, shape like eggs with a knife. I found that it killed them and gave comfort to the hens."

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I am an appreciative reader of COMFORT and I believe I enjoy this corner most of all. So I will add my mite.

Honey and lemon juice well mixed and taken often will prove beneficial in case of a cold in the throat or lungs.

Castor oil mixed with sugar and flavored with most any extract is a fine thing for croup.

Now, just a word about the care and feeding of children. The custom of letting children eat anything as soon as they begin cutting their teeth, is exceedingly dangerous as I have proven by some rather sad experiences. Potatoes are almost indigestible for so young a child and children should eat but very few of them before they are at least three years old. Meat is hard to digest, and bear scraps are the worst possible thing to feed to any child.

I have known of little ones being thrown into convulsions from eating them. Mothers should always keep a small nurse's thermometer on hand and if a child is feverish, ascertain the cause immediately. If it comes from indigestion give a dose of Castor oil at once and follow soon with a copious injection of warm water. Many use soap in it, but I never do, as soap is too strong on the little bowels. Indigestion is probably the worst thing that can attack children and the most common. Some raw vegetables are all right, but potatoes are not.

Eruptive diseases of almost any form can often be traced to a disordered digestive tract. Colds can usually be best treated by a dose of physic and a good sweat. Another sure help in case of fever is to bathe the patient in warm water to which is added vinegar, salt and cooking soda. A sponge bath is, I believe, the best.

Grease the top of baby's head to stop the smudges when he has taken cold.

Wool dannel is best for children. It is light weight and protects them much better than cotton.

I am not a Suffragist, but I do believe in Woman's Rights. I think voting begins at home, and women can best do their part by a proper training of their boys and girls and keeping a good home influence over their voters. This, if anything, will incite men to vote right. Most men today are looking forward to bettering our country. If women would all use their attractions and influence to better men's natures and ideals, there would be no need of women voting. And those of our sex who still shame women by their bad influence over our men, are going to get in just as much bad work when they can vote as ever, and the good women will have really no more to say than now. Wake up, sisters, and make an effort to control the voters first, then the country will become what you want it to be. Teach your girls right and when young men find out they are not wanted around by the nice, attractive girls unless they are as good and pure themselves, they will soon better themselves and their companions.

Young people need amusement and it is the duty of parents to provide it and to invite their children's friends into their homes and to help give them a good time. This is the surest way to keep them out of mischief. I have four little girls, ranging in age from seven months to five years and I find it a good thing to keep them employed. They are learning to work too, and will be, I hope, useful women some day.

I have one of the good "Johns," a farmer, and we both have plenty of hard work.

We live in the Black Hills country, on a homestead. If Mrs. Olivia Groby of Rushford, Minn., is still interested in government land I will be pleased to hear from her.

Wishing all COMFORT's editors and readers success, especially Uncle Charlie, I remain,
Mrs. J. H. DIEHL, Fairburn, South Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been taking COMFORT for a long time and think it a grand paper.

I like to hear the sisters express themselves on church work and the care of children.

I belong to the M. E. Church Aid Society, and I like to hear of how others make money, as it might help us. Ours is a little, new church just started.

I am twenty-four years old, have been married eight years and have a sweet baby girl, two years old, with curly hair and blue eyes. She has been sick a great deal. She seems to take cold and it settles in her bowels.

I can sympathize with mothers that have lost little ones. God has given me three children, but has taken two of them away at the age of two months. I have a good husband and when we married, we had little, if anything, to start with, but we saved the money to make a payment on a lot and build one room on it, and we kept saving and building until we have two three-room cottages on our lot. We rent one of them and live in the other. So you see what anyone can do by being saving.

Wishing grand success to the editor and all the sisters, I am your loving friend,

Mrs. LILLIAN EPPES, 919 Blythe Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Eppes. You speak of your little two-year-old taking cold in the bowels. Keep her feet and legs well protected and I would advise keeping her off the floor as much as possible, and be sure she is not exposed to drafts. Try and have her play on a heavy rug when it is necessary for her to be on the floor. Of course it's hard to confine or restrict a child at that age, but probably she is particularly sensitive to any slight exposure, but will overcome it if carefully looked after for a few years.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just read your many nice letters in the September COMFORT, and words cannot express the comfort and pleasure they afforded me. Your kind words of love and sympathy went straight to my heart. I am one of the unfortunate shut-ins. I have not walked for sixteen years. Seventeen years ago I was taken with rheumatism. I am entirely helpless, not even able to feed myself. I can write a little and turn the leaves of my book as I read. For many days at a time I am denied this pleasure. There is no one to wait on me but my dear old mother. She is so good to me that I have to be attended to the same as an infant, but she never complains.

Sisters, I want to ask you all to remember me in my loneliness, and write to me. I will be, oh, so glad to get bright, cheerful letters. I live thirteen miles from the nearest town, and not close to any neighbors, so you see I get very lonely at times. My mail is the greatest pleasure I have. I will try to answer all who send a stamp.

I live in the central part of the state, which is very hilly. It is a fine farming country, cotton and corn being the principal crops. Now, I must tell you all good by. I want you all to pray for me, that I may be patient and bear my afflictions with Christian fortitude. Lovingly your little sister,
Miss VIRILIA SWANN, Sprott, Ala.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a new reader of COMFORT and think it a grand paper for information of all kinds.

I am going to ask a favor of you: Can anyone send me "I Stand on Memory's Golden Shore," words and music if possible, or tell me where I can get it? It is an old piece. Will return postage.

Best wishes to all and to COMFORT,
Mrs. THOS. NEFFER, 2813 Stoddard St., St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for the last ten or twelve years and would not know how to get along without it.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Why not keep in style?
Make your light mustache
a rich brown or black. Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to E. F. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

\$18. TO \$30

A WEEK SURE SELLING EVER-READY TOOL KIT
DOUBLE THAT, IF YOU'RE A HUSTLER.

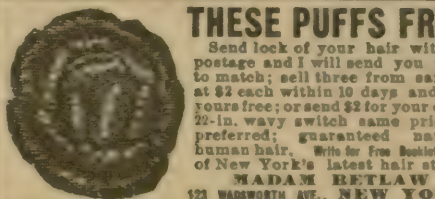


Here agents is the biggest winner yet. Broken all records. Weaver, Farmer made \$1,500 last year. (Only worked odd times. Just think of the enormous profit. You trade in cars. Hauls, Lest, Hammer, Pickaxe, Drifter, Wrench, Pipe Tongs, Nail Puller, Wire Cutters, Pinchers, etc. Requires no effort. Just show and take money. J. W. Whitely, Tex., sold 3 in 1 hour, profit \$19.00. W. Whitely, Tex., sold 3 in 1 hour, profit \$19.00. J. Whitely, Tex., sold 3 in 1 hour, profit \$19.00. No canvasser but can sell hundreds of these parts. Send 'em on, money order enclosed. Think how handy. Every home, store, shop, factory—all need it—all buy. No scattered tools. No hunting right ones. Nothing like it. Field unlimited; rewards great; hustlers getting rich. A. Hanson, O., sold 21 first day. Frank Clayton, Mich., says: "Hatched all you claimed. Neighbors all clamoring. Took 24 orders one day." Made of forged steel. Not sold in stores. Free Sample to Workers. Unparalleled chance for ambitious men to get rich. Why not go to work supplying demand, appointing agents, collecting. Get this easy money. Yours for the asking. We'll help you make big success. Only act now—send no money—just a card.
FOOTE MFG. CO., Dept. 412 DAYTON, OHIO

MUSIC LESSONS FREE

In Your Own Home

In order to make our home study courses known in your locality we will give you—absolutely free—25 lessons for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, or Cornet. In return we ask that you recommend our Institute to your friends after you learn to play. It matters not whether you are a beginner or an advanced pupil, the lessons will be made suitable to your need. It is not necessary that you know one note from another. The lessons are so simple and easy that any person or little child who can read English can learn to play. You will receive one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Thousands have learned by mail and you can do the same. Don't say you cannot learn music, but send for our free booklet and we will offer. It will be sent by return mail free. INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC, 98 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 150, New York City.

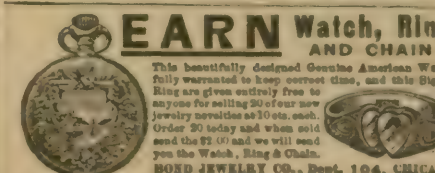


THESE PUFFS FREE

Send lock of your hair with 6c postage and I will send you puffs to match; sell three from sample at \$2 each within 10 days and get yours free; or send \$2 for your own; 22-in. wavy switch same price if preferred; guaranteed natural human hair. Write for free booklet "I" of New York's latest hair styles.
W. D. A. FETLAW, 111 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

123 WADSWORTH AVE., NEW YORK.

FREE CARMEN ADJUSTABLE BRACELET. With bracelets all the rage, the beautiful Carmen Bracelet easily leads in popularity and merit. Gold chased and plain links, warranted to wear years. Given absolutely FREE for selling only 19 of our liberal bargain packages of beautiful, assorted Post Cards only 10c each. Your friends will gladly buy several each. No money required, we trust you.
R. W. Eldridge, 54 Eldridge Bldg., Orleans, Vt.



EARN Watch, Ring and Chain

This beautifully designed Genuine American Watch fully warranted to keep correct time, and this Signet Ring are given entirely free to anyone for selling 30 of our new jewelry packages at 10c each. Order 30 today and when sold send the \$2.00 and we will send you the Watch, Ring and Chain.
BOND JEWELRY CO., Dept. 104, CHICAGO

\$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer Treas., 1112, CHICAGO.

YOU NEED NO MONEY. MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED 112-PIECE DINNER SET FREE WE PREPAY FREIGHT On Premiums, Baking Powder, etc.



To every lady who distributes only a few pounds of our Belle Baking Powder, we will give ABSOLUTELY FREE this beautifully embossed, 112-PIECE DINNER SET—MAGNIFICENTLY FLORAL DECORATED and full size for family use. With each pound Baking Powder, you may give either Six Full Size Crystal White Glass Tumblers or Six Jelly Glasses with Tin Caps, as per plan 400, (the glasses alone are worth almost as much as the price of the entire plan). Many other Tea, Coffee, Soap and Groceries offered equally as cheap in price. If preferred, you can have choice of hundreds of other useful premiums, such as Toilet Sets, Furniture, Linen Sets, Graniteware, Lamps, Etc., or we WILL PAY YOU A LARGE CASH COMMISSION for your work. Best of all, NO MONEY IS NEEDED.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT on everything to your nearest Railroad Station, allowing plenty of time to examine and deliver before paying us. Write at once for our FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT and other things. If after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement. WE ALSO GIVE ELEGANT PRESENTS FOR APPOINTING ONE OR MORE AGENTS TO WORK FOR US. Remember, the Special Premium and Sample Outfit are both absolutely free. Write today.

THE PURE FOOD CO. 707 W. Pearl St., CINCINNATI, O.

We can safely recommend The Pure Food Co., as being a thoroughly reliable and responsible firm.

CLUB OFFER: A COMB and BARRETT free for a Club of only two 15-months subscriptions to **CONFORT** at 25 cents each.
Address **CONFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

est catalogue prepaid for only 10cts; 6 pkgs 50cts.
Seymour Card Co., Dept. 60, Topeka, Kan.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Cloth bound,
Song Book,
Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine

KIRKUS DUGDALE CO.
Box 153, Washington, D. C.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

I am just thirty years old and have six children, the oldest, a boy of eleven years, and the youngest, a boy of nine months.

We live in the edge of the timber and have black and white pine, red and white fir, and tamarack all around us in abundance. In the spring everything is covered with wild flowers until you can hardly see the ground.

Will some of the sisters who have house plants to spare please write to me about them, as we moved here this fall and have no plants to cheer things up inside when everything outside looks dreary.

Wishing COMFORT a long and happy life, I remain your sister, Mrs. CHAS. PATRICK, Dayton, Wash.

DEAR SISTERS AND EDITOR: This is my first attempt to write. I take the COMFORT and like it fine. We live on a nice farm and in a framed house. There are five of us children, three boys and two girls. We all go to school. My brother Frank has sore eyes and has missed one week. My papa is a school teacher and a lawyer.

I will not try to write a long letter for I fear that old waste basket that sits just at the end of the editor's desk.

I am a girl of fourteen and have dark eyes and hair, and I am as large as I ever will be.

WINNIE MAJOR MASSIE, Launa, W. Va.

DEAR SISTERS: Will some of you tell me where I can get a quiet young person, male or female to live with me? Husband and I are both growing old and desire some young person with us. Anyone over ten years of age that needs a home.

Mrs. E. W. Fie, Cullman, R. R. 5, Box 60, Ala.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I am still receiving dozens of letters each week from COMFORT readers. Quite a number have arrived in Phoenix and are being benefited. Some are satisfied with Arizona and some are not. I don't know whether my letter gave people the impression that Arizona is perfect or not. It has faults, of course, as any state has. Some would call one thing a fault, and some another. It is dusty here at times, as in any irrigated country. Our summers are hot at times, and long. The vegetables won't taste as good as "back East".

I've tried to answer all letters of inquiry, but know I've failed to answer a few, and if these will write again, I will answer.

I've found many dear friends through COMFORT and many sad, desolate cases. I wish I could help the sick and needy. A great many would be benefited here if they had the means to come. Medicine is necessary at times, but I find it seldom, if ever, cures. Most any ailment person will tell you they have taken a course of it without being benefited.

none of us abide by nature enough. Clean living, plenty of fresh air, day and night, proper exercise and food will cure any disease that is not in its last stages. Of course hereditary diseases are harder to overcome and you who are badly diseased and come here, do not expect to get well in a day. Write your "COMFORT Doctor" and ask him how long it will take. It may take weeks or even two or three years.

You can't expect a few weeks to undo what it has taken years to do. I see "COMFORT Doctor" advises a great many of you to come to Arizona. You'll find several classes and nationalities of people here, but all are industrious and attend to their own business and are a law-abiding people.

Westerners are far more friendly than in the East, but of course, if you want to keep friends you must be friendly and cheerful.

I'm twenty-five years old and have seen sorrow, sickness and death. My life was given me to waste or enjoy, and am going to enjoy it if possible. We can't help the clouds that come, but we can chase them away if we try.

Try to be cheerful and see how much happier you will be and how many more friends you will have! Mrs. Bessie Groom, 15 North 1st Ave., Phoenix, Arizona.

Requests

Mrs. Jennie Scammon, Golden Dale, Wash., birthday letters on February 22nd.

Miss Senabel Beers, Beersford, N. Y., sent direct to her the following songs: "Wait Till the Moonlight Falls on the Water," "Home to Our Mountains," "At Rest," "Write to Me Over the Water," and "Beautiful Nell."

Mrs. L. A. Nelson, Luther, Mich., how to exterminate cockroaches.

Mrs. Janie Wilson, Thebes, Ill., is lonely and would like reading matter.

Mrs. Clara E. Fellows, Molalla, R. R. 2, Oregon, what will destroy apple (plant lice).

Mrs. Maude E. Bryant, Seary, W. Va., song, "Redwing," sent direct to her.

Miss Florence Deling, Shawano, R. R. 3, Box 82, Wis., birthday letters, St. Valentine's day.

Mrs. Dottie Keasling, 115 W. Reel Ave., Vincennes, Ind., how to make chile con carne.

Mrs. J. W. Richter, 620 W. 3rd St., Centralia, Wash., January and August, 1910, COMFORTS.

Mrs. W. L. Giles, Brandon, Colo., birthday letters on Jan. 26, 1911.

Mrs. Mattie Thompson, Kenneth P. O., Nogi, Mich., song, "Just Plain Folks."

Miss Margaret Skeen, Vienna, Mo., letter shower in January.

Jeannette Dietrich, 1154 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., correspond.

Mrs. Julia Phipps, Pettis Camp, Miss., correspond with sisters in Florida.

Mrs. Maud Knox, New Ross, R. R. 1, Ind., reading matter.

Mrs. M. Grim, Willamette, Oregon, song, "Under the Harvest Moon."

Mrs. Alexia Emard, Red Lake Falls, Minn., song, "Ella Ree."

Emma Winn, Shelbyville, R. R. 2, Tenn., reading matter.

Mrs. J. S. Moore, 730 Leasher Ave., San Bernardino, Cal., songs, "Just After the Battle," and "Warren and Fair."

Mrs. Lucy Wagner, Sterlingville, N. Y., a lonely shut-in, cards and letters.

Miss S. A. Malles, Maysville, N. C., an invalid, reading matter.

Mrs. A. M. Cook, Slocum, Texas, birthday letters on February 28th.

Mrs. Annie Turner (nee Snelling), West, R. R. 2, Miss., quilt pieces and COMFORTS containing "Speckled Bird."

Mrs. John Keller, Tremont, Ill., old story papers, with continued stories. Will pay postage if first written to.

Mrs. Christina Gordon, 147 North 3rd St., Pater-son, N. J., how to make sour kroust.

Mrs. Wilbert Dillon, Bloomingburg, R. R. 2, Ohio, correspond.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Hard water may be made as good as soft for the purpose of rinsing clothes, if to every half tub of water one quart of sweet milk is added. By pre-paring it in this way bluing may be added without it sticking to the clothes unevenly.

phur and apply to the white spots in the throat after each gargling.

Mrs. DOTTIE KEASLING, 115 W. Reel Ave., Vincennes, Ind.

SORE MOUTH OR THROAT.—Dissolve one level tea-spoonful of chloride of potash in one cupful of water and bottle. Wash or gargle several times a day.

Mrs. LAURA PATRICK, San Antonio, Texas.

MUTTON TALLOW.—This simple remedy is found in every home and the following are a few of its uses: When hanging out clothes in cold weather, warm a small amount of tallow and rub onto the hands to prevent chapping. Rub onto sore joints on the feet and apply a little to the stocking over joints, and wear old boots for a few hours daily. Use after wash-ing dishes in cold weather. Useful for piles.—Ed.

EYSIPELAS.—Dissolve thirty cents' worth of Iodine in Potash in one pint of water. Dose, one tea-spoonful, three times a day. This entirely cured me after suffering from erysipelas for years.

Mrs. FANNIE SPITZER, Harrisonburg, Va.

CHILDRENS.—Soak the feet in water in which potatoes have been boiled. If first treatment does not cure, repeat.

E. L. D.

COLD AND COUGH REMEDY.—To one quart of water add two table-spoonfuls of flaxseed and one tea-spoonful of dry horseradish; boil moderately twenty-five minutes and strain. Add one sliced lemon, one stick of licorice (broken fine) and one ounce of gum-arabic. In the absence of lemon use one table-spoonful of good vinegar. Dose.—For a child, one tea-spoonful. Adult, one table-spoonful. To be taken four or five times a day. Will cure hoarseness.

Mrs. MAMIE S. JESSIE, Willard, N. Mex.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as established as letter writing, and more con-venient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange list it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next annual of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Marie Spesser, Stonington, R. R. 3, Ill. Views only. Lewis Clouse, Kimmell, Ind. Miss Grace Short, Pontiac, R. R. 6, Mich. Frances E. Cleary, Walkers Point, Mich. Views wanted. George B. Riese, 545 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Miss A. Beyers, 5510 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Cora Friend, Rives Junction, R. R. 1, Mich. James R. Tuttle, 3513 Boulevard, Jersey City, New Jersey. Views and scenery preferred. John Springer, Bedford, Ill. Edith M. Smith, Bowling Green, R. R. 3, Box 52, Ohio. K. chlo. N. leather. Mrs. Eva Gray, San Diego, R. R. 1, B. 276 A., San Diego Co., Cal. Miss Laura Edwards, Henryetta, Okla. Views only.

Grace E. Searles, Byron, New York. Bertha Williams, Batavia, New York. Louisa Gilstrap, 3392 La Grange St., Toledo, Ohio. Miss Charlotte Grey, Remington, Ind. Care Melville Julian, Miss Grace Haskell, care Str. Jessie Markins, Portland, Oregon. Mahlon Frantz, Grand Lodge, Mich. Alice Young, 1019 S. Clay St., Beardstown, Ill. Buildings and scenery. M. Nichols, 533 South Ave. B., Canton, Ill. No comics or leather. Mrs. Wm. Stinton, Irroquois, R. R. 1, Box 24, S. Dak. Mrs. F. W. Krid, No. 110 Franklin St., Norwich, Conn. Grover Beeve, Nauvoo, Ala. Views preferred.

Miss Nora Nicely, Proctor, W. Va. Edward Rucks, South Haven, R. R. 1, Minn. Photo postals. (No comics.) Wm. A. Durham, Guthrie, R. R. 5, Ky. Mrs. Bert Boyd, Millstone, Box 4, Pa. Myrtle Wing, Millstone, Pa. Miss F. B. Standford, Oval, Box 108, Texas. Miss Elva Fremming, Forest Dale, Box 67, Yt. Mrs. C. H. Moore, 2051 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill. Dwight Waterman, 1400 Hawthorne Ave., Portland, Oregon. Buildings and scenery preferred. Minnie Eaton, 3116 Jessie St., East Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. Joe Stone-burner, Prescott, Box 33, Wash. Miss Hulda Wilke, Lyons, E. R. 2, Clinton Co., Iowa. Earl Shabasky, 3145 Washington St., Dubuque, Iowa. Miss Ethelyn Beaver, 610 S. Esplanade, Leavenworth, Kans. Miss Laura Mickle, Butler, Pa. Gen. Del. Miss Bessie Smith, Tamehill, La. Lloyd Kelley, Duulap, Kans. Miss Anna Wells, Newton, Conn. E. E. Chisholm, 160 East Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. Alice E. Stoneking, Newkirk, Box 501, Okla. Views only.

Just as the Sun Went Down

BY LYN UDALL

After the din of the battle roar, just at the close of wounded and bleeding upon the field, two dying soldiers lay:

One held a ringlet of thin gray hair; one held a lock of brown.

Bidding each other a last farewell, just as the sun went down.

CHORUS.

One thought of mother, at home alone, feeble and old and gray:

One of the sweetest he left in town, happy and young and gay.

One kissed a ringlet of thin gray hair, one kissed a lock of brown,

Bidding farewell to the Stars and Stripes, just as the sun went down.

One knew the joy of a mother's love, one of a sweet-heart fair,

Thinking of home, they lay side by side, breathing a farewell prayer;

One for his mother so old and gray, one for his love in town;

They closed their eyes to the earth and skies, just as the sun went down.

CHORUS.

The above poem was sent in by Mrs. Susie Lewis, Stillabrook, Ga.

The Wild Cowboy

"As I passed by Tom Sherman's barroom, Tom Sherman's barroom quite early one morn, I spied a young cowboy all dressed in his buckskins, All dressed in his buckskins, all fit for the grave.

CHORUS.

"Then beat the drum lowly, and play the life slowly, Beat up the death march as they carry me along; Take me to the prairie and fire a volley o'er me, For I'm a young cowboy and dying alone.

CHORUS.

WRITE YOUR OWN WILL. Absolute secrecy assured. Complete instructions, legal forms and blanks sent for \$2 Money Order. Federal Legal Bureau, Bv. C. Washington, D. C.

DIABETES CURED. For particulars send FULL DESCRIPTION of your case to C. COVEY, R. D. 5, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

TEST PELVIC PINK CONES for all cases of Box | rectal, prostatic or bladder dis- | ease and COMPLAINTS OF WOMEN | Dr. Foote, 137 E. 28th St., New York

ALL THE NEW SONGS & MUSIC 10c

4 Rings Given

LADIES OR WATCH FREE

GENTS

Send your name and address for 12 of our jewelry novelties to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the \$1.20 and we will send you 4 RINGS FREE. STANDARD JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 64, CHICAGO.

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"Oh, once in my saddle I used to go dashing, Oh, once in my saddle I used to ride gay, But I just took to drinking, and then the card playing, Got shot by a gambler and dying today.

CHORUS.

"Go gather around me a lot of wild cowboys, And tell them the story of a cowman's sad fate, And warn them quite gently, to give up all wild roving, To give up all wild roving before it's too late.

CHORUS.

Someone write a letter to my gray-headed mother, And then to my sister, my sister so dear, But there is another far dearer than mother— Who'd bitterly weep if she knew I were here.

CHORUS.

"Oh, bury beside me my knife and six-shooter, My spurs on my heels, my rifle by my side, And over my coffin put a bottle of brandy, That the cowboys may drink, as they carry me along.

CHORUS.

"Someone go bring me a drink of cold water, A drink of cold water, the poor fellow said, But as they turned his soul had departed, He had gone on the roundup, and the cowboy was dead."

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Are You Ready?

Should you fall sick today—be injured, accidentally crippled—die—your income stop, would your loved ones have to skimp and save—do without life's necessities—live on the generosity of friends—or fall into the clutches of loan sharks? Would their provider's rankle within them against you, their provider upon whom they lovingly depended, for your neglect to provide for them? Avoid this—look ahead. Protect your income now, before it is too late. Join the I.-L.-U. Founded on the golden rule—fraternal love—co-operation. Pays cash benefits for illness, injury, accident, death. No matter where you live or what you do—you cannot afford to be unprotected. 50c. a month and up will carry full membership. Now—today—this very hour—this great society calls you. It will help you, gain you friends—make you influential—pay you in many ways to be a member.

ORGANIZE DIRECT LEAD

Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife



Used Golden Remedy, The Great Home Treatment For Drunkards.

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly At Home In Tea, Coffee Or Food.

Costs Nothing To Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
488 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

G. H. M., Asherton, Texas.—Write to Sup't Zoological Garden, Central Park, New York, N. Y. If he cannot supply you he can tell you where you can get all you want, if you have the price. You know swans are rather expensive.

J. E. S., Ft. Covington, N. Y.—Peterson's magazine is not published. Youth's Companion is published at Boston.

J. A. J., Winchester, Ky.—You cannot be as anxious as you say you are to know what your enclosed Hebrew writing means or you would have gone to any one of a half dozen intelligent Jews in your town and got a translation in a minute. It's a long way from the Bluegrass to the Sprucegum to get information.

C. E. K., Calamus, Ia.—The remedy is no better than anyone of a dozen or twenty claiming to cure the same trouble. We do not know the address. Try any other, it is just as good.

P. A. O., Mentone, Ala.—Birmingham is the best city in your state and you could find there educational institutions for your boy, and work for yourself if you want it. Go to Birmingham and look it over before moving there. Nashville, Tenn., not very far to the north, has more schools than any city of its size in the country.

Twenty-three, Uniontown, W. Va.—Write to Editor Physical Culture Magazine, New York, N. Y. Or to H. Maiken, No. 42 Broadway, New York, and he will make up a list for you along physical culture lines.

X. Y. Z., Jackson, Mo.—Don't know the address. Address your letter to Miller Bros., 101 Rancho, Okla., and the mail people will find it.

B. R., Black Rock, Ark.—C. L. Magee, Secretary Red Cross, Room No. 341, War Dep't. Washington, D. C., will give you all the information you want.

J. C., Bank, Tenn.—Coin experts advertising in COMFORT will give you the desired information. Write to them. We are not experts.

D. H., Hudsonville, Mich.—We do not know whether the company is still in existence or not. Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, for the information. Inclose postage.

Subscriber, Billings, Okla.—Those advertising in COMFORT are quite as reliable as any. (2) What kind of a laboratory are you looking for?

E. L. De Lamere, N. Dak.—We believe most of the correspondence schools have a law course. You will find their advertisements in the current magazines. (2) The U. S. Treasurer, Washington, D. C. can give you the information.

J. K., Jackson, Ohio.—Inquire of any dealer handling leather in your city.

S. L. B., Brookneal, Va.—A letter addressed Sun's Colored Orphan Asylum, Nashville, Tenn., should reach. Write in one corner of envelope: "If not there, please forward."

E. E. T., Salisbury, Md.—Try the larger drug-stores in Baltimore. Your local druggist should be able to tell you where to get it.

L. B., Harrold, Texas.—We dropped the heir list because we thought it only meant a waste of time and money trying to get anything out of chancery, and we advise you now not to bother with that sort of search. You will only be disappointed and have a fee to pay besides.

A. S. S., Biddeford, Maine.—Write to Oliver Ditson Company, New York, N. Y.

J. C., Walling, Tenn.—There is no law in our neighborhood compelling doctors to weigh newly born babies, and we don't believe there is anywhere. Ask your local lawyer. (2) See advertisements in COMFORT.

D. B., Hardesty, Okla.—Put an ad. in Oklahoma City papers asking for mistletoe. We do not know where it grows in your state.

H. O., Edwardsville, Ala.—You can get such a position as that only by advertising in city papers for it.

J. B. C., Kemper, Texas.—Write to the Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., for the information.

M. K., Shelbyville, Ill.—Until you know a great deal more than you do about what the theatrical profession means and how to get next to it, you have no chance whatever to become an actress. Go to Chicago and mingle with theatrical people for three or four months as a preliminary education. By that time you will have all of it you want and will be glad enough to get back to sanity and Shelbyville.

L. H. L., Red Oak, Ia.—Write to Moving Picture World, No. 180 Washington St., Chicago, for copy of magazine. You may not find all you want in that, but you will find where you can go to get it.

Mrs. J. W., Salisbury, Conn.—Nearly every town of any size has a Woman's Exchange. Try a letter to Woman's Exchange, New Haven, Conn.

W. R. M., Wenatchee, Wash.—Golden Days is published at Philadelphia, Pa.

C. H., Chicago, Ill.—Inquire of any Chicago music dealer about "Comrades." Automobiles were invented in one form or another as long ago as a hundred and fifty years, but they did not get fairly on the way until about a dozen years ago, with air ships, but they have only got up in the air within the past two or three years.

A. D. M., Armada, Ark.—The Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., is the only reliable authority on pensions of all kinds. Write to him.

B. M., Boise, Idaho.—We don't know of a combined school. Write to Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., for details. Also College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Forget-me-not, Convent, La.—Bret Harte wrote "Tennessee's Partner," but we do not know who dramatized it. Nor the other. Inquire of Editor Dramatic Mirror, New York, N. Y.

Harrie, Magazine, Ark.—Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

C. M. P., Newtown, Conn.—The first name is not so important and we think you would have no trouble in obtaining a marriage license under the name by which you have always been known. However, ask the man who issues the licenses, he knows. Just to save trouble though, why not get your license in your christened name?

J. E. B., Manistique, Mich.—Advertise what you have to sell in Detroit papers. That's the best way to find customers.

F. C. P., Exeter, Cal.—Try Edward H. Mitchell, Post Cards, San Francisco, Cal.; Detroit Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.; Lipschitz Specialty Co., New Orleans, La.; Success Post-card Co., New York, N. Y.

B. C., Gravette, Ark.—See answer above to L. B., Harrold, Texas.

C. J. C., Fountain, Minn.—Send your specimen to State Geologist, St. Paul, or to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. P., Peshtigo, Wis.—Tell the man who offers you work at home that he can take the sum he asks for the outfit, etc., out of your first earnings. Earning money at home by women is a difficult thing to do, and your best plan is to sell butter, eggs and garden truck. You know then what you have to deal with.

L. G. C., Waterville, Maine.—We cannot give you a list of publications having fiction, because many of them using it do not buy from outsiders, or if they do, only on order. You will have to send your stories

to editors and get information direct, as to what they want.

Z. P. I. W., New Comerstown, Ohio.—There is a demand for good chauffeurs, but you will have to be first class to get good wages. The Washington school is all right as far as we know, but why not go to one nearer home?

DAINTY WALL ORNAMENT

Free with Each Subscription
and renewal makes it easy to raise subscription clubs for COMFORT. Our 1910 COMFORT Calendar was immensely popular; everybody wanted one and was bound to have it.

COMFORT'S 1911 Calendar
is even more beautiful and attractive; with pretty, delicately colored picture it is highly decorative. Especially designed and made only for COMFORT, and will be sent free, while our supply lasts, to each and every new subscriber and to all old subscribers who renew their subscriptions promptly.

PILES CURED FREE

F. J. CHENEY & CO., 1229 ADAMS STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO. Makers of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated

Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars.

Dr. R. G. Contrell, Suite 558, No. 400 W. 23rd St., New York.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER. Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), or placement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Firmness and health always result from its use. Gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Try This Free. Stops Backache

Cures Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

My New Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment is Now Saving Thousands From That Back-Breaking, Digging, Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Eases Stiff Joints, Quiets Those Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains, Soothes Those Unbearable Bladder Troubles and Quickly Stops the Pain.

Don't spend another needless day of suffering. I will send you my regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid combined course of treatment—free to try. I don't mean a small, worthless sample, or trial treatment, that you can't tell anything about; I mean a regular full treatment, and when I say a full treatment I mean a full treatment, just as I say. I will send it to you complete, charges paid, delivered to your door, ready for you to use, so you can commence it at once.

You may not believe my offer, because you do not know me personally, and you do not know my word is good as gold. You may have seen ads before, offering full treatments, and then when you answered them found that in each case you got a small trial treatment, lasting a few days or a week, and that you have to send money first to get the full treatment, and you may think this offer just like all the rest—it is not—please don't think I am trying to fool you. No, I don't do that kind of business. Don't think there is a string to this offer—there are no strings to this offer, no indeed. I said I would send you a full, complete treatment, and I will do so, you won't be fooled, I will send you a regular full treatment, just as I say I will. I will send it, charges paid, as soon as I hear from you—the same day—by return mail. There are no promises to make, no papers to sign, no references to give, no charges or C. O. D.'s to pay, and you are not obliged to spend a penny.

I have helped thousands to regain their health—those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and I have made them well—the most chronic, severe, long-standing, obstinate cases—after others had failed to cure them. Hundreds using my treatment in despair have gone their way rejoicing. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I offer my wonderful treatment to you—free to try—take it, use it, and get well.

If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark colored or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smartens and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, you need my treatment without a minute's delay.

Don't Continue Suffering.

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else has failed. I am successful in my life work because I love it. I have no profession. My whole mind and soul are wrapped up in it, and I am happy. You would be happy, too, if you were bringing happiness to thousands of suffering people, as I am now. I love to send my treatment to people to enjoy life, and I want to help you to see the bright side of life and enjoy every minute of true health and happiness.

I want to help you to get well and be strong again, to send the treatment, and to send it, and to send it, so you can work and walk and run and jump without pain, so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to have my regular full complete treatment. My scientific course selected from the best remedies in the world for such diseases. Harmless, soothing, healing, penetrating remedies that reach the spot, drives away uric acid, cleanses, purifies, strengthens, invigorates and encourages the kidneys to properly filter the blood. That stops the pain, gives strength to the nerves, new life and ambition to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time.

Read My Unequaled Offer.

Now here is my offer—I will send you a regular, full complete three-fold Lexoid course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—free to try. I don't mean a sample, or a trial, or a test such as others call proof treatments. I mean a regular, full, complete, course of remedies—so that you can commence at once.

Take it when it comes. Use half of it, and see just what it does. Then when you know it has helped you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part and send me some money, when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me. It will help you quickly. But you are to pay nothing until it does. Use it first, pay afterward when you know. Not before. When you have used half of it, if you are not satisfied, return what's left, and pay nothing. It doesn't cost you a penny to try my treatment—I will send it to you charges paid, take it, try it free, and find out.

A Full Treatment, Free To Try

I am the only one to-day making this offer, sending a full treatment, for such diseases, free to try. I need not afford to do it if I was not positive it would help you—if I wasn't sure. That's why I can afford to send it first—but you are the one to decide—you are the one to be the judge. It must help you, it must satisfy you—before you send a penny. And you are the one to say, I will take your word. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny until it helps you. I would not take a cent that I am not entitled to. I believe in giving every one a square deal—in being honest—it's my religion—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fairest, most liberal, one-sided offer, ever made. When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you will be willing to try it free. Don't send a penny in your letter; not even a postage stamp. Just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this DR. H. MICHELL DEWERTH, 226 Lexoid Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

NOTE—Every suffering reader should write at once for Dr. DeWorth's wonderful treatment. The reme-



Not a sample, not a trial, not a test, not a proof treatment. I will send you a full, complete course

dies have helped thousands to cure themselves at home. The fact that he sends a full treatment, free to try, instead of samples as others do, not only shows his confidence in the treatment, but also, that he is a fair, just, broad, liberal, honest man as well, and worthy of the utmost confidence. It seems now that any one who sometimes to suffer with this wonderful treatment that is helping thousands within their reach. FREE TO TRY at his expense, has no right to complain.

Send No Money; Just This Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DEWERTH, 226 Lexoid Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment as you promise above, all charges paid, free to try. Also your free book about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My name is

Post Office

St. or R. F. D. State

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

50c Package of Remarkable Flesh
Builder, Protone, Sent Free To
Prove What It Will Do.

It is astonishing to see the effects produced by the new flesh-increaser Protone. To put on real, solid, healthy flesh, at the rate of a pound a day, is not at all remarkable with this new wonder.



Which One Will She Choose

Protone induces nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect the assimilation of food, strengthens nerves, increases blood corpuscles, builds up, safely and quickly, muscles and solid, healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who never appear stylish in anything because of thinness, Protone may prove a revelation.

It costs you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of Protone. It is non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Protone Company, 3124 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich., will send you on receipt of your name and address, a free 50c package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work; also their book on "Why Are You Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below today with your name and address.

FREE PROTONE COUPON

This coupon is good for a free 50c package, (all charges prepaid,) of Protone, the remarkable scientific discovery for building up thin people, together with our free book telling why you are thin, if sent with ten cents in silver or stamps to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith, to
The Protone Co., 3124 Protone Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

25 Valentine Post Cards 10c



Every card is unique, all different, each worth up to 10c. All styles of Valentines, from the classic to the modern, are included. Each card is a masterpiece of art and design. Send for yours today!



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and other drug habits are successfully treated by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitué. By mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price \$2.00.
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1108 Holland Building, St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of these symptoms of heart disease, do not fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Thousands of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with his name and address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets free of charge. Don't lose this chance.



The Family Doctor
So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us.
Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

E. E. B. Manor, Texas.—We have heard of no bad results from using the medicine and you might try it. It will hardly do you harm, even if it does no good.

Mrs. M. S. Paragould, Ark.—Write to A. A. Marks, No. 701 Broadway, and to Am. Artificial Limb Co., No. 112 West 21st St., New York City. We advise you trying some nearer dealers, as in St. Louis or Memphis, but we have no addresses in those places. You will find it difficult to have limb properly fitted unless you go in person, or pay to have samples brought or sent to you, which would be even more expensive. Write to these New York firms for full information such as you can only get from them and not from ordinary physicians.

F. E. C. Roanoke, Va.—In our judgment the best climate for catarrh is that of Arizona or New Mexico, where the air is dry and warm, though Colorado with its cold, dry air is good in some cases. The chief object is to get into a dry climate, the drier the better. Some patients are sensitive to cold, and for that reason the warmth of the Southern latitudes is preferable.

Troubled Wife, Pittsburg, Pa.—See answer above to Mrs. C. E. A.

G. C. B. Lockhart, Texas.—Eczema is primarily the result of blood deficiency in part, the sufferer is anemic, in other words and the system must be brought up to standard before permanent results can be expected. For this only a physician in person can prescribe. As an external application to soothe the inflamed skin benzoated oxide of zinc ointment is probably the best. Bind it on with a bandage and make fresh applications several times a day.

Mrs. F. B. Portland, Ore.—The symptoms indicate malarial condition, and if sputum is at all prevalent where you are located, that is probably what is the trouble. No doubt the wet climate of the coast is doing the mischief, and if you get where it is high and dry, your husband would have his health again.

Z. P. D., New-Cornertown, Ohio.—Not being naturally strong, you should not give yourself heavy work. Diet is very largely a matter of what suits you best, and if the milk suits you better than anything else, keep to it. Don't drink it by the glass, but take it in mouthfuls, and keep it in your mouth till the saliva gets through it before swallowing. You might add to its nutrition by breaking an egg into it twice or three times a day and shaking them well together before taking. A little sugar is not bad and is fattening. As to your bad condition of skin, while poor circulation of the blood has much to do with it, you can improve it by daily bathing in hot water followed by cold, or cooler, if you are sensitive. Use a good skin soap, or Castile—get it from drugist—with the hot water and a flesh brush, but don't rub too hard at first. Rub yourself dry with a rough towel. If you haven't a bathroom, stand up in a wash tub, but go all over yourself daily. Do light farmwork till you have got enough to buy a ticket for Arizona or Colorado and get out into the dry open air of either of those states. If you get your stomach right the rest of your body will follow suit.

G. Y. S., Kingston, Tenn.—There are no specifics for ailing vocal cords, except temporary trouble from colds, and you will have to consult a physician who knows the throat and its parts.

Mrs. H. H. S., Meggetts, S. C.—A fourteen months child should be able to stand on its feet and walk some, unless it is deformed, as yours is not. What do you feed it? Have you ever let a physician examine it? If not, you should do so at once.

E. J. P., Miles City, Mont.—Alum is not harmful if used moderately, say, a teaspoonful to half a gallon of water.

T. G. S., New Orleans, La.—Of course, if cutting the nerve for your facial neuralgia did no good the operation should not have been performed, but such operations are successful often enough to warrant the trial. The later operations we do not think should have been performed, though if the first gave you nearly a year's relief, there was a chance that another might complete the cure. We note that the surgeons did not hesitate to charge you enough to have guaranteed a cure. If you have money enough left to go out to Arizona and spend the winter in that warm, dry air, you may find it much more comfortable than New Orleans. Tic douloureux is scarcely curable, but the pain of it may be reduced to the endurable point.

COMFORT Girl, Ashland, Pa.—As long as your general health is good and you don't have any trouble with your physical condition, keep your mind off of your weight and let nature help you out. Don't eat too many apples, or too much acid fruit of any kind. Drink plenty of milk, and put sugar in it. Also a raw egg in the milk helps. Shake it up. You eat enough, but it does not assimilate. Drink a great deal of pure water, but not at meals. Don't drink coffee or tea, but a little cider for the two weeks you have it, will do no harm. The mind has great influence over the body, and if you get to thinking and worrying to have more flesh, you never will have it. Worries makes people thin always. Your health is good, make the most of it, and be glad because it is. Then you'll fatten up, and even if you don't, hadn't you better be thin and well, than fat and unhealthy?

Bonny Dean, Jamestown, N. Y.—Excessive perspiration, or hyperhidrosis, is probably caused by disorders of the vaso-motor nerves. Have you any rheumatism? It sometimes appears in cases of general debility. Wear flannel next the skin, and woolen stockings and sponge the skin with very hot water, or with vinegar and water—one part vinegar to three of water. But first consult a physician who can see you and tell you what to do.

M. P., Waba, Idaho.—For so serious a trouble do not trust anything except a physician who can see the patient at intervals. Quite often patent medicines will answer the purpose, but there is danger when they are of no avail and the physician must be called.

Mrs. H. P., Tennis, S. Dak.—The colic seems to be natural with your babies and with a little advice from your family doctor and the same attention you gave to your first, if given to the second, will no doubt produce as happy results, as their general condition appears to be equally good. (2) No. (3) Your doctor was right about the hard rubber.

E. McG., Camp Verde, Ark.—Thymol is the potent remedy against the hookworm, but do not use it except under a physician's direction.

Mrs. L. M., Sullivan, Mo.—You cannot cure gopher yourself, by applications of iodine. Go to a physician, let him examine it and tell you what to do. A growing gopher is a dangerous neighbor.

T. F., Gifford, Ark.—The noise in your ears and the partial deafness which has come on you lately is due no doubt to a catarrhal condition of the stomach affecting the mucous membrane, the result of indigestion. If you will put yourself on a very plain diet and get your stomach and digestion into good condition, you will probably get rid of the trouble in a few weeks. If you do not, you should consult a physician who can examine your ears.

P. Q. R., Arnegard, N. Dak.—A good memory cure is the practice of memorizing something every day, prose, verse, rows of figures, or anything that requires an effort of your mental faculties. (2) The small bumps in your ears may result from congestion there of some sort. Massage them gently several times a day and they will become absorbed if they are not due to some cause which requires the personal attention of a physician.

Mrs. L. G., Belleville, N. J.—As the itch does not yield to the ordinary external applications, it is probably a form of stubborn eczema and you should have a physician examine it. We might suggest one old-fashioned remedy which you may not have tried, that is, ordinary fish brine, applied, say night and morning. Try it and if no good results, see a doctor.

Mrs. B. H., Paducah, Ky.—The thin air of the higher parts of Colorado are not good for weak hearts, and if you went there, you should try where you would not feel the effects of the rarefied air. Arizona would be better as it is less in altitude and the air is quite

as dry. It is dry air you understand that conquers catarrh, it may be high or low, or hot or cold.

G. W., St. John's, Mich.—You enumerate a list of diseases that are common to mankind and as yet no cure has been found that is sure in all cases. The best you can do is to study your own condition and don't do the things which aggravate the trouble. Indigestion, constipation and rheumatism are found wherever there are human beings and those suffer least from them who take the best care of their diet and the air they breathe.

E. G., New Ulm, Texas.—Diseases of the nails are due to blood conditions, when not caused by blows or hard substances thrust beneath them, and you should consult a physician if they give you much trouble. If the cracking is simple, a manicure might remedy it. You should at least take good care of them by properly paring and keeping the skin from growing on around them. (2) Tell your friend not to worry over his trouble. He will outgrow it by and by. He should marry and have a wife to take care of him, and give him something else to think about than himself.

Mrs. C., Opequon, Va.—Whether your husband has consumption or not, we cannot say, but the symptoms are such that you should not occupy the same room with him at night, and he should sleep with all the windows open so that he could get as much fresh air as possible. He should be in the open air day and night if possible. Have any members of his family had the disease? If he could get to the dry air of the West, he might get his strength back. In any event, though that could not be guaranteed, in any event, keep him in the open air, and as for yourself, see that the air you breathe is pure. Destroy by burning all his expectations.

Belle, Lenapah, Okla.—Unless the birthmark is very pronounced in color we should advise that you wait until the child is older and see if it will not disappear. As such marks often do. Only the most careful treatment is to be administered at night and morning, and we suggest that you get the advice of the best physician you know. There is an old superstition that the touch of a dead person's hand will remove those small birthmarks from young children, and we know of instances where it has been tried successfully, but in our opinion the marks would have disappeared naturally as the children grew older.

M. H., Middletown, Ohio.—The small lump on your forehead does not seem to us to be very serious, and if you will massage it gently several times a day you will rub it away entirely in a few weeks. There is poor circulation with congestion there and the rubbing will produce absorption. (2) Try some of the ointments which will find at the drug-stores for the itching on your arm. Or rub them night and morning with cocoa butter, which you will get at drug-stores by the quarter pound or more. Cocoa butter is excellent for the skin.

F. R. C., Roanoke, Va.—Your question has been answered.

N. F. B., North Stonington, Conn. writes that a home cure for mouth canker may be made by steeping red raspberry leaves and goldthread and putting in a little honey. This is to be used as a wash for the mouth, and the lady says it cures rapidly. We should like to hear from any Comfort reader who tries it. The ingredients may be had at a drug-store.

Anxious One, San Francisco, Cal.—Too much claret will not only redden the cheeks, but the nose. Ordinarily it has little or no effect that way, and is not considered especially fattening. All breads are more or less fattening.

C. V., Dexter, N. M.—There are cases of catarrh which even the dry air of New Mexico, or the damper air of southern Texas or southern California will not cure. You might find that a colder climate than these

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to
Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely
Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

RHEUMATISM

A CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as those who have it know, for over three years, and tried almost everything. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely and it has not returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and it effected a cure in every case. Anyone desiring to give this precious remedy a trial, I will send it free. Address,
Mark H. Jackson, No. 652 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PILES

Let Us Send You Our \$1.00 3-fold Absorption Cure TO TRY FREE.

JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON

We want to send every sufferer from this cruel affliction our \$1 3-fold Absorption Cure TO TRY FREE.

Don't neglect yourself; for a true case of Piles never cures itself, and the penalty for delay is often severe. Write us now. When the treatment comes, try it—you'll be surprised to see how easy and pleasant it is to use—and then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide and we take your word. Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Treatment has cured many thousands of pitiful cases, even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the milder stages. No knife, no pain, but quick and lasting relief and cure. The above offer means that we stand ready to convince any sufferer, at our own cost, that Dr. Van Vleck's is the long sought and true cure for one of the worst curses of the human race. Let us convince you.

Mail This \$1.00 Coupon to Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. 155, Jackson, Mich., with these lines plainly filled in.

Name.....
Address.....

This Coupon is good for a \$1 Treatment TO TRY FREE, as explained above.

FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage, etc. GEN CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

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The Family Doctor

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

mentioned would be better for you. You cannot be told definitely where to go. You will have to try the climate in various places, if you are to be cured by that sort of treatment. If your deafness is due entirely to the catarrh there is not much use doctoring your ears until you can do something for the catarrh in your whole system. Take the advice of the physicians who can see you. They are the only ones who can treat you intelligently.

O. P. M., Phalanx, Ohio.—The twitching you feel in the muscles of your leg is due to nerve disturbance. What the cause of the nerve disturbance is can only be told by a physician who can examine you. The best advice we can offer is that you massage the part thoroughly several times a day and get the blood to circulating freely there. After massaging rub it with cocoa butter.

If E. C., Cadiz, Ill., inquiring in this column for a cure, will write to Mrs. E. H. Schiel, No. 2002 Lock and Scott Ave., Nashville, Tenn., he will hear of a home remedy which may be what is wanted. Inclose postage.

Lonely, Gonzales, Cal.—It is a patent medicine which will do you no harm if you follow directions, nor will it do you any great good, we venture to guess. Reducing flesh by taking medicine for it is the best way to get thin. Dieting is better and more permanent.

E. R., Waldheim, Sask.—If you have no other complaint than that you feel a pain in your chest under your breastbone when testing your lungs to their full capacity we think you are in pretty good shape. Keep on filling your lungs full of good, fresh air, and you'll never have consumption.

J. B., Weaverville, N. C.—Epilepsy in some of its forms may be cured, but there is no sure cure, and it is not a disease to be treated in print. Get the advice of a competent physician.

A. C. R., Carlsbad, N. M.—Nature gets rid of much of the refuse of the body by perspiration, and to stop it, means that you are closing the vents through which the refuse escapes. Don't try to stop it, but if it is unpleasant use a deodorizer. A little ammonia in the water you wash with is about the best.

C. B. M., Albany, N. Y.—You will have to remain thin. You are in too much of a hurry to wait till the fat can accumulate and you don't want to spend money for fattening foods. You are running the flesh off your bones and not eating the right kind of food to make flesh. Go slow a while and eat milk and sugar and potatoes and bread and fat meat and eggs and drink a gallon of pure water every day, more or less. You would be a dead fat woman if you took on flesh as rapidly as you tell us you want to.

Mrs. B. L. C., Rutland, Cal.—Have you ever had a physician examine you to see if your heart was all right? If not we advise you to do so. The trouble you mention may be due to indigestion, but the heart may be affected and you should see a physician at once. (2) The medicines are of the patent kind and will do no harm if taken according to directions.

Mrs. X. Y. Z., London, Tenn.—It is not possible to say whether an operation would be necessary or not, as only that can be known by personal examination and not always definitely then. It is so simple, however, that we do not believe the risk would be at all great to have it performed. If your physician assures you that it is necessary and that he can do it successfully, let him do it. He will answer your other questions much better than we can. A safe and thorough disinfectant is peroxide of hydrogen. You can get it at any drug-store for fifteen or twenty cents a bottle and full directions are on the label.

Reader, Cornucopia, Wis.—Has there been any consumption in your family? We think your cough is bronchial and that it appears only for some time in the fall is an indication that there is no tuberculosis of the lungs. That you cough, though, every year, as you have done for so long, is a sign that something is wrong, and it may be the cold climate. If you could get to the warm, dry air of the southwest you might find permanent relief. What does your doctor tell you?

F. M. F., Glens Falls, N. Y.—The physician who has been seeing you nurse your mother can best inform you about whether or not you are fitted to be a trained nurse and where you should go to receive the training, and all particulars connected with it. We can tell you that unless you are strong and well and have more than ordinary intelligence and patience and love the work you had better not attempt it.

A. B. J., Alton, Ill.—When a person gets an idea into his head that he is going crazy and persists in it the chances are that he will go crazy. It is nerves as yet with your brother, we think, and if you could take him to a St. Louis or Chicago hospital for mental and nervous examination you may have him brought around all right. At least, you will know his real condition and will know better what to do with him and for him.

Mildred, New London, Conn.—If you are catarrhal the noises in your head come from that and you should diet yourself and get your stomach and its attendant mucous membrane in a healthy condition as far as may be. Have you had your ears examined by an aurist to know if he can give you any relief? If not do so. He will tell you whether the trouble is from catarrh or is due to other causes.

B. J., Taylorsville, N. C.—The child has undoubtedly inherited a predisposition to consumption from her father, but with proper care she need never have the disease. Don't give her medicines except of the very simplest sort. Keep her as much as possible in the open air and teach her deep breathing as soon as you can so she will have her lungs always full of air. That is the best tubercle germ killer. Give her plenty of good milk and fattening foods and keep her digestion good.

Reader, Astoria, Fla.—Why should you eat fruits that put your teeth so painfully on edge? You would not eat meat if it hurt you for a week afterwards would you? Don't eat the acid fruit, that is the cure.

A. L., Russellville, Ark.—You will improve the growing toe-nail by cutting a groove in the top of the nail and a notch at the end, and by lifting the edge next the flesh and putting a bit of raw cotton under it to turn the nail away. Scraping the nail thin on top after you have cut the groove in it will relieve the pressure at the sides.

Slim Jim, Hartford, Conn.—The efficacy of any medicine can only be assured by the individual trying it. For some it is efficacious and others not. Tests for purity may be made by the authorities and established, but they have nothing to do with the effect of the medicine upon one patient or another.

Golden Hair, Brookfield, Minn.—Worry about it will make your nose redder because worry affects the digestion and indigestion makes the nose red in the first place. Therefore stop worrying about it, and keep your blood in the proper condition by careful eating and drinking and being regular in your habits. Eat rather too little than too much and don't eat at any time you happen to feel like it and anything you happen to like. Take good care of your stomach and it will take good care of you. Most girls of your age are culpably careless of their living and then wonder why they are not always well and have fine complexions and cheerful spirits. Don't get the habit of bad habits.

Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

PIGEON BEATS TRAIN.—The pigeon for the last month or more has been running with the Iron Mountain crews, has extended its turns and now makes the trip from Walco to Gurdon, Ark., a distance of thirty-four miles. For the last four or five weeks, this pigeon has been flying along with the Iron Mountain trains. Some of the trainmen are said to regard it as a hoodoo and fear that its presence portends some disaster to them, but as yet no accident has happened to a crew while the bird was along. Others, look upon the pigeon as a pet and are always glad to have it join them on a trip. The bird always flies just ahead of the engine. Once the engineer who was in the cab, tried to overtake it, but it was no use—the pigeon always stayed just ahead.

CHURCH COMPLETED IN A SINGLE DAY.—A new church building was completely constructed from the foundation, painted, and the furniture installed in a single day, through the combined efforts of three Christian churches, and a service was held at night. There were about 150 women and the task was finished within ten hours. This happened in Nashville, Tenn.

BALLOON FLIGHT FROM PACIFIC TO ATLANTIC.—A balloon flight from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic coast will be attempted in 1911, as a result of an offer made by a New Yorker, to give \$10,000 to finance the trip, besides a trophy

valued at \$1,000. The offer was immediately accepted. H. Clayton will be the pilot from the coast-to-coast-trip, and is confident that the trip can be made in four days.

NEW BRIDGE OVER MISSISSIPPI.—The states of Illinois and Missouri will soon be linked by an urban trolley service. Announcement that the McKinley bridge will be ready for through travel very soon, has just been made. This structure commands attention not only because of the enormous outlay required to bridge the Mississippi river but because it is also of great importance from the traffic standpoint. The bridge is by far the most important and expensive single engineering undertaking of its kind built by an Electric railway company.

DISCOVERS GOLD WHILE DIGGING POST HOLES.—While digging post holes on his farm near Hensonville, Ky., J. H. Love discovered gold in the dirt. Mr. Love did not report his find to his neighbors, but since getting the report of the assay office at Washington, he has taken out dirt in the same locality which he believes will run at least \$8.00 a ton.

OUR FLEET ABROAD.—The arrival of the American fleet in European waters is an incident of remembrance and also of practical present significance. Our flag on naval vessels is no stranger to those waters. More than 130 years ago it made its first appearance there, and, although it was carried upon a little sloop, it created a far greater sensation than the present formidable armada. Rich with those traditions, the American fleet now visits European waters, but it is on a very different errand. Those were missions of war, the first against a European power with which we shall never again fight, the second against a power which Europe dared not fight, but which, after our visitation, gave the world no further trouble, and the third against a faction of our own nation. The present errand is entirely peaceful. It is not even for the sake of a demonstration. It is a neighborly visit and a practice cruise, and as such, it will increase international confidence and friendship.

GERMANY'S IRON TREASURES.—There is nothing in the system on which the government of European countries is conducted that attracts more attention than Germany's vast army and her great military organization. When France was humbled by the strength of the German arm, she had not only to bear the defeat but to pay an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 to her conqueror. That, she did pay and it is the financial wonder of the world. In one of the German fortresses, there are stored away millions of silver pieces which formed part of that indemnity. They are kept as an emergency fund in case of foreign war, and the Germans call them the "Iron Treasure."

THE LAND OF QUICK DEATH.—India is a country inhabited by about 300,000,000 persons, who are much given to dying early. The average of life is short because of a national disregard for the laws of sanitation and rules of hygiene, and the wild beasts and snakes account for a large number of human beings every year. The latest government blue book shows that in the year 1908, tigers killed 900 persons, leopards killed 392, wolves 269, and "other animals" 685. Snakes killed 19,738. To a certain extent, the population of India gets even with the beasts and reptiles. No less than 17,926 beasts of prey were killed in a year, and 70,000 snakes were slain.

NEW FOOD SUPPLY FOR AMERICA.—It is indeed strange that the people of the United States, have been content to live mostly on the three

food animals that were introduced by the early settlers from Europe. The early pioneers brought the cattle, sheep and swine which were their staple meats because they knew no others. Since then the goat has been added and the reindeer was introduced in Alaska. The reindeer experiment has proven of great value to Alaska. The introduction began in 1891 with sixteen head. Since then they have increased to 25,000. Here is an animal living in a habitat differing from the present food animals and not conflicting in any way with the domestic animals. Such examples support the contention of the New Food Supply movement.

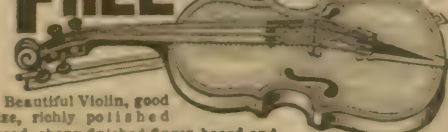
SALVADOR'S ODD LIGHTHOUSE.—The republic of Salvador, a little country on the Pacific side of Central America, is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns. The volcano beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acapulco, and its pillar of cloud by day and its fire at night are visible for many miles out at sea. It erupts every seven minutes and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners in any part of the world. This volcano has been keeping up this seven-minute series of eruptions ever since anyone can remember. Every vessel that puts in there has to pay its lighthouse fees. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano and that is sufficient excuse for the government of Salvador to make a charge for its services.

GIANT WRESTLERS OF JAPAN.—Japanese wrestlers are not to be confused with Japanese exponents of jiu jitsu. The wrestlers belong to the older school, in which weight is a paramount quality. It is a remarkable thing that a race, which is four or five inches under the European standard in point of height, should have produced a special cult of wrestlers who are giant in stature and strength. The leading wrestlers of Tokyo are all men at least six feet in height and weighing 300 pounds. They are a race apart. Wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations.

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to 124 Cash Prizes each month for six months. The possession of the beautiful 1911 COMFORT Calendar lets you into six special calendar Prize Contests offering 124 Cash Prizes each month besides other prizes. Subscribe, renew your subscription or send us a friend's subscription, now, and receive the calendar by return mail.

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Beautiful Violin, good size, richly polished wood, ebony finished finger board and tail piece, full set of strings, also a fine bow and instruction book, free for selling 34 Jewelry Novelties. Write for them. Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 351, East Boston, Mass.

DRINK HABIT

absolutely cured in 5 days, the method for giving secretly. Guaranteed lifelong cure. Successful after all others fail. Gentle, pleasant, harmless, for steady or periodic use. Drinker. Genuine home treatment, medically indorsed; legions of testimonials. Valuable Book, plain wrapper, free, postpaid. E. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Av., 359 N. New York, N.Y.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

Don't Wear Trusses Like These

Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED



Our FREE BOOK tells you why Leg strap appliances and Spring trusses like shown above CANNOT help you and how the Cluette Ball-bearing Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles while Holding with ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable, sent under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring. NO plaster. NO leg-strap to pull pad on pelvic bone. Write NOW for this helpful FREE BOOK with \$500 Public Endorsements on this safe and simple Home Cure. When writing, please give our box number: Box 68—CLUTTE INSTITUTE, 125 East 23rd Street, New York City.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.) ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

To Every Woman in America

I Will Give a Full Fifty-Cent Box of

Balm of Figs—Free

GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE to Prove

That I Can Benefit My Suffering Sisters.

Here is a chance for all women to get well and strong and enjoy 365 healthy, happy days in every year.

Every woman reader of this magazine will probably ask herself a question like this: Why does Harriet Richards give a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs compound free to thousands of women that she doesn't know?

I will tell you why.

Harriet Richards will be honest with you.

My mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors, Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women, and I will send you

A Full Fifty-Cent Box of Balm of Figs Absolutely Free

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire I can readily refer you to many who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But, after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today and remember, if you will simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me, I will gladly send you a Fifty-cent Box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely FREE for the asking, or if you prefer to write a letter you can address me in all confidence.

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS,
SPECIAL BOX C 237, - JOLIET, ILLINOIS

Note:—I will also send you free our book entitled "A Perfect Woman." This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one. H. M. R.



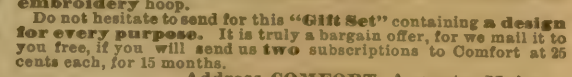
COUPON

Mrs. Harriet M. Richards,
Special Box C 237, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Richards:
As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs, I will be pleased to have you send me free of any cost—one fifty-cent box by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....



ENTER NOW: Win a January Prize; Double or Thribble in February. Win a Grand Prize, too.

Each monthly contest is separate; so beginners this month have as good a chance as anybody to win January prizes.

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You don't have to solicit for COMFORT subscriptions; new and renewal orders are everywhere, only to be collected and sent in to us. The few who have not seen or heard of COMFORT are readily interested and their order secured.

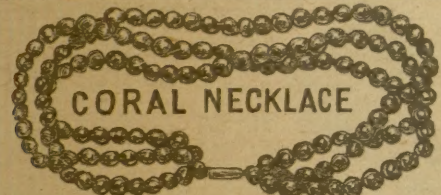
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ter all intently engaged with "baby's first shoes." It is exquisitely lithographed in ten colors perfectly reproducing the color, action and wonderful expression of the original painting. A decoration to any home.

A PRIZE TO EVERYONE THAT TRIES to answer the new prize question as directed on back of the calendar.

TWO PRIZES SURE AND A CHANCE TO WIN FOUR if you send in two answers to the calendar prize question.

*744 CASH PRIZES are included in the list, —SIX OF THEM \$10.00 EACH. And a great Cash Prize Contest offering 863 Cash Prizes for subscriptions, all of which is fully described on another page. You miss it if you overlook the opportunity.



CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of 25 15-month subscribers at 25c. each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We are very proud of our Ring assortment—only new and fashionable novelties are shown with the staple wedding and band rings. All rings are Gold Shell, and warranted to be durable and satisfactory. Be sure and send size and ring number or name to insure correct fit and promptness.

Plain Band Baby Ring



59146

In preference to our Baby, Pet and Darling engraved Baby Rings many prefer a plain gold band. In response to this demand we have just added this new number to our premium list and now offer you a real gold ring for Baby that is dignified and beautiful, will wear indefinitely and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send a club of only two new subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. We will send the ring in a cute box, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Heart Signet Stone Ring



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Just a dear little ring for the young ladies. Small in design and treatment, made exclusively for the young miss, not ready for older styles or advanced customs. The band is slightly engraved near the heart center, which is mounted with a tiny sparkling white stone chip. Little ladies from seven to seventeen are more fond of finger rings than their elders. This is a splendid selection, is made up of good quality material, with gold enough to wear for years, yet not expensive.

A club of only three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions secures one of these mounted Signet Rings in a neat little ring box. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

STONE SIGNET GOLD RING



51062

Introduced this season for first time and at once displaces old style initial signet ring. Stone mountings of every kind are now worn exclusively. Nearly all rings except plain band now are given the added touch of a stone of some kind. This engraved ring has artistic lines, is heavy and durable, a new style in every way, enhanced in beauty by the single imitation chip diamond setting in center. This is a swell ring for young ladies, or old; it can be worn as a man's ring with taste. One of, if not the best of our new rings.

Club Offer. Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and give finger size. We will send ring at once in an attractive ring box. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Solid Gold Wedding Ring



6409

The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either lady or gentleman, it is in proper size and style to-day. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring this is an unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We will and we unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to storekeepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our

Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

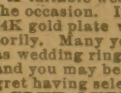
Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.



6409

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For young ladies of all ages, a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time. **CLUB OFFER.** For 25 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

Gold Band Wedding Ring.



6409

A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have they been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order today. **CLUB OFFER.** We send one in a plush lined box free of all expense for a club of four 15-month subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Baby's First Ring

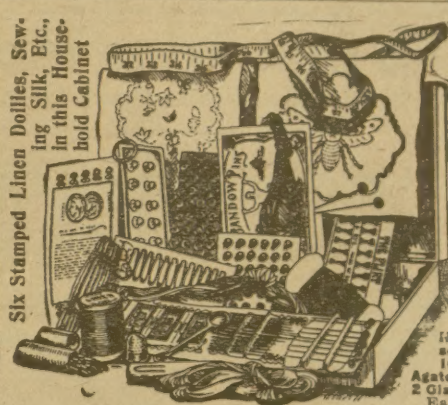
The Little Darling Surely Wants One Now



6409

These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold filled, and will not tarnish. The demand for children's and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers and we are delighted with the pattern. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Papas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string will pack the ring in a cunning plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send us only 25 15-mo. subscribers to this monthly at 25 cents each per year, and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-mo. subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.

Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Paper with 100 best quality Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lintie Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Button. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curles. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW SERIES



Any Woman who wants a Beautiful Book here is the chance to get the handsomest and most artistic many colored cover, in the best of cloth binding Free. Not only is this new edition of Mrs. Southworth's Novels the best bound that have ever been offered, but they are printed from all new type on good paper. As years go on there are none of the modern authors who can touch the pathos and true to life vein put into the stories of Mrs. Southworth. Her works are now more popular than for a long time and the publishers are getting out this new lot of her novels to meet the ever growing demand for the real good love stories written many years ago, but which cannot for their kind be equalled in these days. We only show a few titles in our illustration and they are necessarily reduced so small you can get no idea of the full size books we are able to send you. We are sure if you get a club of only three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for one book you will be so pleased with its beauty that you will surely keep sending in clubs until you own the whole lot of twenty-two books yourself. Decide today just what books from the following list you desire. To start with send in 75 cents to pay for a club of three names. You thus begin your work of club raising for the full list of Mrs. Southworth's books:

Allsworth Abby. A Beautiful Fiend. Th Bride's Fate. Th Madcap Capitola. Changed Brides. Cruel as the Grave. The Curse of Clifton. Deserted Wife.

Discarded Daughter. Hidden Hand. India. Ishmael; or, In the Depths. The Lost Heiress. Miriam, The Avenger. The Missing Bride. The Mother in Law.

Mystery of a Dark Hollow. Retribution. Self-Raised; or, From the Depths. The Three Beauties. Tried for Her Life. Victor's Triumph.

Select the book you want to read most from above list of titles and we will send it post-paid as soon as your club order is received. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory.

A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—CRAZY QUILTS making is very popular. We have a large assortment of the Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 50 to 150 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and e-let introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needle work. Many ladies sell tidies, fans, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 50c. **Grand Offer:** If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell more in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. **BEST WAY.** We send one of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for 15 months' subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book "With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork," or for other ornamental work while you cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching. **REMEMBER** we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4 Augusta, Maine.

A FAMILY BIBLE THE WORDS OF CHRIST PRINTED IN RED WITH

Marriage Certificate, Family Record and Colored Maps.



Printed from new plates cast from new type set this year. New Self-Pronouncing Family Bible containing: The Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments; The words of Christ are all printed in red in this new 1904 edition and although much more expensive to produce is an added feature free of any cost to you. The Standard Concordance; A Self-Pronouncing Dictionary of Proper Names; Maps in Colors; Over 100 Full-Page and other Illustrations; Index to Old and New Testaments; Marriage Certificate; Family Temperance Pledge; Family Record, etc., etc. The largest and best illustrated Bible ever produced for the money. Size 12 1/2 x 10 1/4. This edition excels all others in the excellence of paper and exquisite typography, being printed from an entirely new set of plates costing many thousands of dollars. The size of the pages is 12 1/2 x 10 1/4 inches the print large and clear and over 100 full-page and other illustrations. The colored maps of the points of Biblical interest and a feature not found with the ordinary Bible and are of great help to Bible students and teachers. These and the other features mentioned above make this edition as invaluable one and it should appeal to those who are in need of a thorough and complete Bible. These Bibles are bound in Morocco Buckram Paneled Sides, with the words, "Holy Bible," on the side and back, stamped in gold, weighs over 5 pounds. Specimen page showing size of sheet and type free upon application. Remember the Red Letter feature.

Club Offer. We will send by mail or express at our expense one of these 1000-page Bibles exactly as we have described it for a club of only 12 subscribers to COMFORT at 35c. each for 15 months. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Stereoscope FREE and 50 Views

Scenes from All Parts of the World



We offer a most elegant and beautiful assortment of scenic and commercial views showing places of historic interest and famous for natural beauties. This series of stereoscopic views are especially gotten up at great expense to go with our imported stereoscope which is our world famous aluminum crystal lens aluminum hood, frame is of fine finished cherry wood with beautiful folding handle which closes tightly packs underneath; the sliding bar and every part of the stereoscope is made in the best manner. The lens are of extra fine quality and selected for clearness and brilliancy. Many evenings of entertainment can be gotten from this outfit and you can enjoy a trip around the world by having a stereoscope and set of views in the home. We have just gotten a large number of these outfits at a ridiculously low price and it thus enables us to give our club workers a chance to secure this choice assortment on very favorable terms.

Club Offer. For a club of three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send the complete outfit consisting of Stereoscope and fifty views all securely packed sent post-paid without any cost to you whatever. Do not fail to send at once for this premium so that not only yourself but your friends can enjoy it. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TURKISH STYLE TOWELS

DURABLE AND HEALTH GIVING

After a bath a vigorous drying and rubbing with these heavy linen-like towels will create an invigorated healthy glow of the entire system. Washing in itself cleanses the body, but the beneficial effects of the proper bath is derived from generous exercise of the flesh, opening and closing the pores, carrying away all foreign particles that may come from soap or water. Many times one does not require a bath, others can not bathe frequently; at such times a "dry-rub" with these coarse fabric towels will be of immense benefit and comfort. These towels are woven of heavy twisted thread, and have little nubs on the surface that absorb water like a sponge, leaving your flesh warm dry and glowing all over. Great for Baby's bath or the man who shaves, and therefore you wash them the softer they become. And durable, they wear well and wear long, almost impervious to wear, they are practical every-day towels for either the toiler or the lady's delicate bath. Similar towels made in Turkey of genuine linen are imported into this country and sold by druggists for two, three and four dollars per pair, and yet no more benefit or satisfaction is derived from these sensible American-made Bath Towels. 19x36 inches in size, with red stripe and triple red border, attractive, serviceable and useful, we recommend them strongly to our readers. A splendid family roller towel can be made by sewing together two of these towels; many do this with satisfaction, because they wear better and show the soil less than crash.

Club Offer. For a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

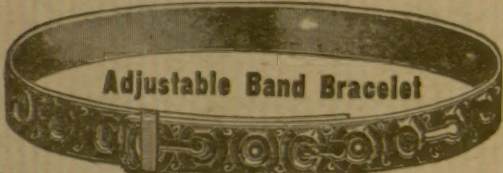
Extra Heavy Silver Plated Spoons Engraved Handles Polished Bowls

This new design and pattern in spoons has been called the new COMFORT ASSORTMENT. Each spoon is EXTRA HEAVY, is full standard length, the bowl is EXTRA DEEP, the embossed and engraved handles are finished with the effective frosted finish now so much preferred, also it greatly enhances the appearance of the embossing. The heavy embossed design, in relief, extends entire length of handle on both sides. For every-day service and special occasions these Spoons embody every requirement; they will withstand constant use, yet they are so delightfully attractive they will materially dress up any DINING-ROOM TABLE. Each Spoon is made up of a GOOD GRADE METAL and SILVER PLATE is quadruple, the bowl is bright polished and the handle finished in the rich frosted effect, a combination at once in accord with the very highest priced STERLING SILVER.

You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more Tea Spoons, especially such very Beautiful Spoons as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

CLUB OFFER As a special inducement to have you send now for a set of SIX OF THESE SILVER PLATED TEA SPOONS we will send them Free and post-paid for only TWO FIFTY-MONTHS subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or A DOZEN TEA SPOONS for only FOUR 15-MONTHS 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

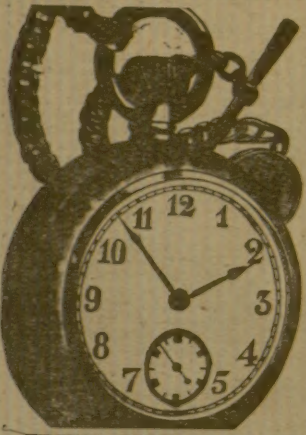
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Adjustable Band Bracelet

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. 15 mo. subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each, delivered post-paid to your home. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only four.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POSTCARD ALBUM FREE

ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE.

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS and COMFORT at these liberal terms.

Club Offer. Send 25 cents for a 15-months subscription to COMFORT, with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, for an Album and 15 cards. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold floral, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will miss a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various reasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling in this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tasteful arranged manner for exhibition.

PRACTICAL FOUNTAIN PEN

Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a fine quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced price. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak. Pen, a pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free Pen Outfit.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Extra Gold FREE Plated Pens -

The Magic Fortune Teller

A Most Marvelous Invention. Answers Quickly.



Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Constructed on strictly scientific principles, the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your voice brings about startling and magical response. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters. You can now tell fortunes for money. If Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought to this Magic Fortune Teller and everything will be clear. They are strongly made and handsomely nicked. There is nothing to get out of order and they will last a lifetime. We will send one for a club of only 25 mo. subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A CAT PILLOW IN A COMBINATION OF HAND PAINTING AND OUTLINE EMBROIDERY



Is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Painted on Art Pillow Cloth of an exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x33 inches square.

Send a new 15-months 25-cent subscriber with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, and we will give you the above described pillow.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA

I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe my Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes with Buckle and all sorts of frills and furbelows.



This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered HAT; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these magnificent, large Dressed Dolls.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

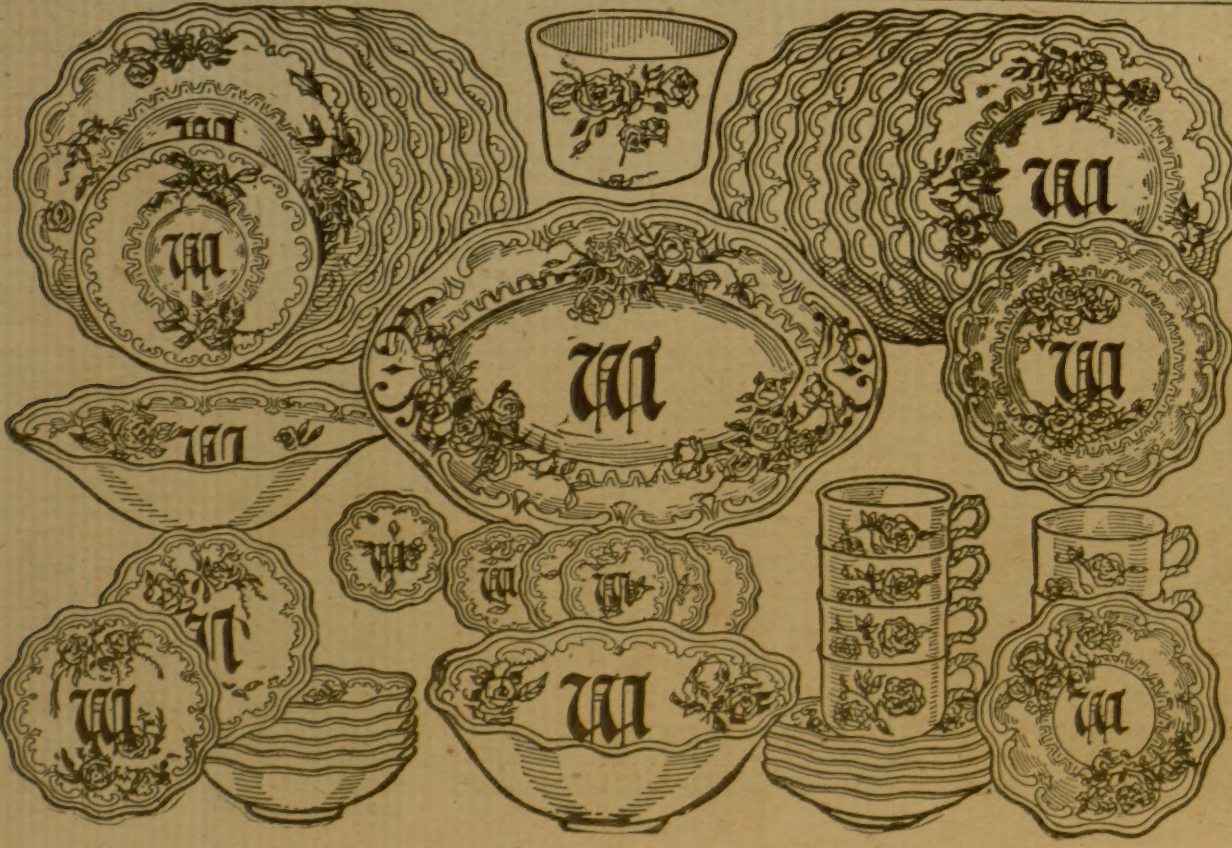
Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

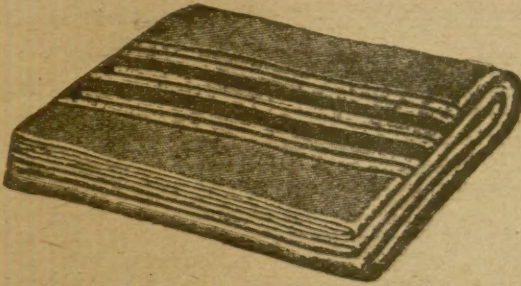
This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





A Soft, Warm White Blanket

well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the borders worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard beds. Regardless of advance in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

CLUB OFFER. For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannelette. 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knit or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or for a club of ten subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and small Blankets. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Three-Piece Bed Set FREE



CLUB OFFER

For a club of only ten subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for fifteen months we will send by mail or express at our expense one of these Nottingham Lace Three-Piece Bed Sets. This is an exceptionally liberal premium offer.

Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

Beautiful Peacock Design Pillow Sham and Spread
The full-size spread is 53 inches long and 60 inches wide. Made of fine quality material in this most beautiful pattern. Then two handsome and effective Pillow Shams to match, made of same material in same manner and 28 x 32 inches in size. Such a Bed Set as this must appeal to your good taste. They are very desirable, extremely fashionable and are something every good housekeeper is anxious to possess.
The beautiful White Lace Spread covers the entire bed, the Shams cover the pillows, and the graceful peacock design distinctly stands out, completes the picture and enraptures you. The Peacock on the spread is very large, very stately and graceful, the spread of tail feathers is natural and effective. No lace design ever more striking than this. Suitable for standard size bed and pillows. You should have a set

for each chamber. If you happen to be one of our thousands of agents who have our Lace Curtains in your home, you will at once feel that you must have also one of these three-piece Lace Bed Sets. They harmonize splendidly.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT

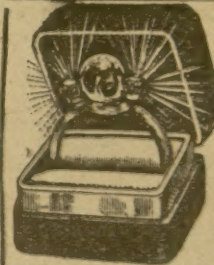
Make Money Printing Cards

All have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing. These complete outfits consist of a six-foot set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pinners to handle type and a metal case everlasting ink pad. We send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate and grown folks make use of sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscribers at 25c. each, must be actual subscribers, not renewals, for which we send post-paid, a complete Outfit. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS

YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR



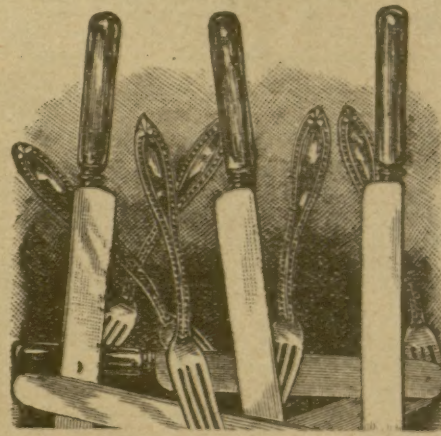
The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.



Opal.
The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Emerald.
We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Tableware In Fine Silver Plate

We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of Six Knives and Six Forks to give away. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handiest ones we ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, in fact is used on most every article made of silver for dainty finish, ornamentation and attractiveness.

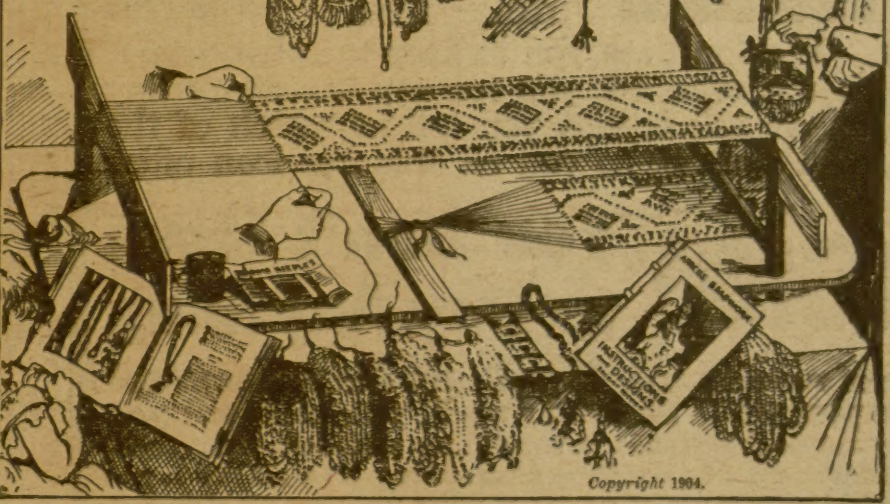
SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER. Send us a club of only two 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each, and we will send you a complete set of Six Knives and Forks, 12 pieces in all, as a premium and send each subscriber our magazine, COMFORT. Or we will give you your choice of Six Knives or Six Forks for a club of only 8 at 25 cents each for 15 months.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. We have also a family size Ten Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give you as a present a Set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 16 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 subscribers at 25 cents each for 15 months. On this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the family, absolutely free, as we pay all shipping charges. Send for samples of COMFORT and further information.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

14,000 BEADS @ LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOR WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

The KANIBAS Bead Loom OUTFIT And Product



The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a Wonderful Loom Invention for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of Venetian Beadwork to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of beautiful color such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more profitable employment or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With the invention of this Bead Loom, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of weaving the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of our grandmothers' beautiful designs can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The Kanibas Loom as illustrated shows the method of working, the hands holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The Outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bunches Black Beads, 2 Bunches Green Beads, 2 Bunches White Beads, 2 Bunches Pink Beads, 2 Bunches Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Spool Special Strong Bead Thread, and the Apache Beadworker of Instruction and Designs. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photograph cover and contains seventy-five different cuts and designs in popular beadwork, giving full detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the Lady Washington Bags illustrated from these old Revolutionary articles themselves that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of Chains, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. All the popular Secret Order Emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for Fob Chains, etc., and this book shows Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arcanum, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get these Fourteen Thousand Beads with the Loom and Book of Directions, Thread, Needles, in fact, the entire outfit above described absolutely free. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Costs You No Money

These GIFT BOXES of 25 VALENTINE Cards have more pretty designs in Post Card VALENTINES than you ever saw. Our full assortment is put up in this PRETTY Decorated Box containing 25 of the choicest varieties in VALENTINES ever gotten up. The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance by sending a PRETTY VALENTINE POST CARD is developing each year. More and better POST CARDS are gotten out now, more than ever before, and our GIFT BOX ASSORTMENT is the best of all.

Thus one need not send a MISSIVE OF LOVE to each person, the most tender and loving tokens are selected for THE SPECIAL ONE. Very often this pet one is sent as a sealed letter. Thus many of the others are used in a general way having TENDER FRIENDLY REMEMBRANCE inscriptions on them so you cannot fail to find a suitable card in the GIFT BOX LOT to fit each and every case among your acquaintances.

Valentine Plan.

One can get this full lot of cards and some or all of the cards can be sold and you can thus MAKE MONEY.

2 BOXES COST YOU NO MONEY

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY TWO SUBSCRIBERS TO COMFORT AT 25 CENTS EACH FOR 15 MONTHS. (Your own or a renewal, or new subscriptions will count as one in the club.) or you may send your own and one new subscription, or join with your neighbor, each sending one 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will send post-paid two of these decorated boxes each containing 25 VALENTINE POST CARDS FREE, and to each subscriber we give a New Year's present of COMFORT'S Household PRIZE CALENDAR. In February COMFORT we shall print, describe and illustrate a lot of Valentine Games and run some soul-stirring VALENTINE STORIES that will make the Heart Beats of both old and young more intense. Send the 50 cents for Club of TWO Subscriptions to COMFORT today and get 2 Boxes.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2 Boxes of 25 Pretty Valentine Post Cards

Cupid, Heart and Dart Designs FREE

Love's Greetings, Sweethearts and many other appropriate tokens of affection in our latest and best colored and GOLD EMBOSSED Post Card Valentines.

BILLY BREECHES

The Boy Who Defended His Honor

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

matter in hand. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll be very patient for a day or two, and see if Sandy Murray doesn't find his pencil. If it is really stolen, we must set to work and find the thief, but perhaps the little rascal left it at home, or has it in some book, and you Billy watch, and if he has it tomorrow, you walk straight up to him after school, and tell him he's got to apologize, to say he's sorry for calling you thief. If he says he's sorry, you'll have to forgive him. But, if he won't apologize, then you are perfectly justified to sail right into him,—thrash him,—pummel him,—wallop him, till he can't stand up!"

Whereupon Grandpop proceeded to show Billy a few maneuvers in the art of combat (after the French), and Billy caught the spirit, as was intended he should, while the light of battle sparkled in his eye. And the two appeared at supper jubilant, and with a greater bond of comradeship between them than had heretofore existed.

And Grandpop was right, he always was right in Billy's opinion. And sure enough, the very next morning in school Sandy coolly produced the gold pencil, and proceeded to do his sums as usual.

Billy never knew how he got through the long day. But at last three o'clock came, and he waited in the big lot adjoining the school until Sandy and his followers came forth, for like all bullies, Sandy had a few craven friends, who half admired, half feared him.

As the group of boys approached, Billy stepped directly in front of Sandy.

"You found your pencil, didn't you?"

"Yep," answered Sandy indifferently, moving to pass on. Billy again blocked his path.

"I would like," he said, "for you to apologize."

"What?"

"I would like," repeated Billy, "for you to say you're sorry you called me thief."

"Sorry nuthin'," answered Sandy, striking an attitude of great insolence.

Billy's face paled, he planted his feet more firmly on the ground.

"I'll give you one more chance. Say, you're sorry you accused me, and called me thief!"

"No, git out of my way, or I'll—"

"You won't say you're sorry!" Billy hesitated no longer, suddenly ducking his head like a little ram, he plunged into Sandy's stomach.

Then followed the most painful scene of humiliation and defeat in Sandy Murray's brief career. Strong and brutal in a rough-and-tumble fight, he was powerless to cope with the unexpected and subtle maneuvers of his little adversary. Twice he went down like a plummet, twice he stumbled to his feet again, desperately lunging right and left, his face red with mortification and rage, sweat breaking out on his brow, profane words on his lips. But, if Billy was quieter, he was nevertheless in terrible earnest too, and moreover had learned his lesson too well to blunder. And if the old man, just rousing from his afternoon nap, could have gazed over the broad fields to the schoolhouse, he would presently have seen the little rufian in the dust, spent and vanquished, and Billy Breeches, his little face pale and grim, towering over him victorious.

Billy reached for his books and cap, and stood for a moment looking down upon his fallen adversary.

"Sandy Murray, I've let you off easy this time. Next time you call me thief, I'll fight you with rapier, and to the death!"

As he turned and walked majestically away, the group of boys watched him in open-eyed amazement, not understanding, but if Grandpop had been there, he would have understood.

History repeats itself, and as Billy marched proudly up the garden path to the house, there

sat mother rocking Baby Betty, just as she had the day before. Billy went directly to her and pulled off his cap, but this time he tossed it high into the air!

"Mother!" he cried exultantly, "Sandy Murray found his pencil, and I thrashed him for calling me a thief, and—gave him a—black eye!"

"What!" cried his mother, horrified, "Oh, Billy! and I thought you such a gentleman!"

"Mother," said Billy quietly, "I had to avenge my honor!" and this statement being unanswerable, the subject was wisely dropped.

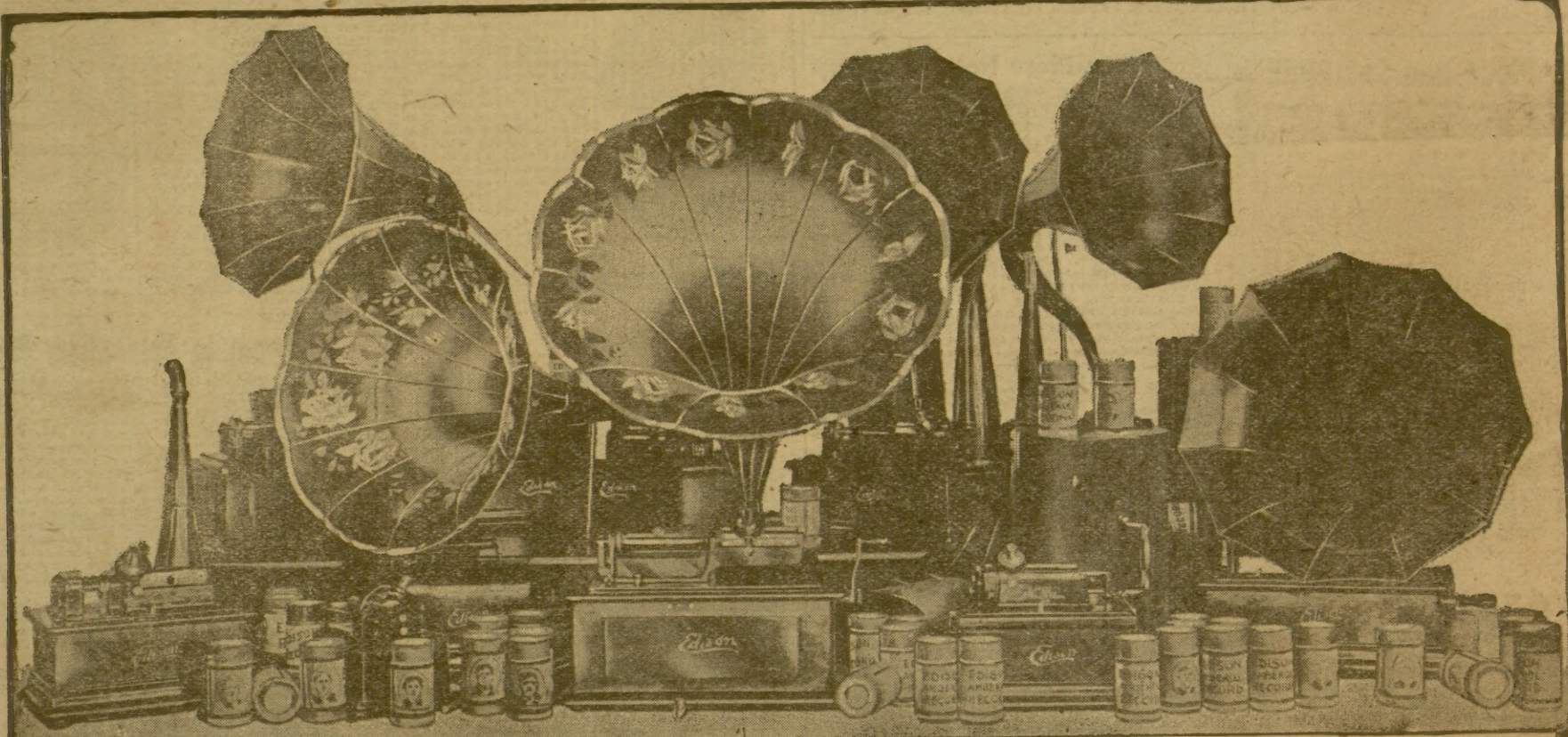
But the old man remained in a state of great excitement throughout the rest of the day. At intervals chuckling softly to himself. At intervals pulling off the little cap and rumpling his hair in the most shocking manner. And when at last night came, and the house was wrapped in slumber, he tiptoed barefooted to Billy's bedside, and called softly:

"Billy Breeches, Billy Breeches!"

Billy opened drowsy eyes.

"Grandpop's got you a new fishin' line—one like the big folks use. And flies, my such flies! green, yellow, red!—And Saturday we're goin' fishin' all day! Yes, and—and—Billy Breeches, you're a chip o' the old block, and Grandpop's proud of you!"

And Billy Breeches turned over on his little pillow with a happy smile, and slept the sleep of the just.



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